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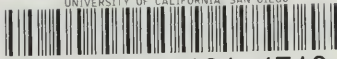
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Illustrated Sterling Edition

THE
FIRST REPUBLIC
OR
THE WHITES AND THE BLUES

TWO VOLUMES IN ONE

BY
ALEXANDRE DUMAS

ILLUSTRATED



BOSTON

DANA ESTES & COMPANY

PUBLISHERS

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PREFACE.

IN the preface to "The Company of Jehu," I told how that novel came to be made; and those who have read the book know very well what I borrowed of Nodier, the eye-witness of the death of the four Companions: I borrowed my finale of him.

Now, "The Whites and the Blues," being a continuation of "The Company of Jehu," no one will be surprised that I borrow again of Nodier. During his long illness, which was only the gradual extinction of his strength, I was one of his most constant visitors; and as he had not had time, owing to his incessant labors, to read my books when he was well, no sooner was he ill and confined to his bed than he collected about him the seven or eight hundred volumes I had published up to that time, and devoured them. The more knowledge he got of my ways of work, the more his confidence in my literary ability increased; and every time I spoke to him of himself he would answer:—

"Oh, as for me, time was always lacking. I never had leisure to do more than pencil sketches; whereas you, if you had taken this or that subject of which I have made a novel in one volume,—you would have made one in ten."

It was then that he related to me the facts filling four pages which I made into the three volumes of "The Company of Jehu," and it was then, also, that he told me the story of Euloge Schneider, declaring that I should probably make ten of it.

"Yes," he said, "some day, my good friend, you will write those volumes, and if any part of us survives hereafter, I shall enjoy your success up there, and my vanity will tell me I had something to do with it."

Well, I wrote "The Company of Jehu," and ever since the success of that book I have been tormented with the idea — taking my point of departure for a new book from Nodier's "Episodes of the Revolution," just as I took my finale from his "Thermidorean Reaction" — I have been tormented, I say, with the idea of writing a great novel on the First Republic, entitled "The Whites and the Blues," from the facts I took from his lips and from his written recollections.

But just as I was beginning to set to work a scruple seized me. This time, it was not a matter of borrowing a few pages from my old friend, it was the actual putting of himself upon the scene. So, I wrote to my dear sister, Marie Mennessier, and asked her to permit me to do a second time, with her permission, that which I had done once without it; that is to say, graft on a wild stock of my own a slip from her paternal tree. To that request she replied as follows: —

Take what you wish and all you wish, my brother Alexandre; I give my father into your hands with as much confidence as if he were your own. His memory is in good hands, and his recollections too.

MARIE MENNESSIER-NODIER.

After that, nothing could stop me; and as my plot was all laid out, I went to work at once. The publication of the book begins to-day; but in giving it to the public I have a duty of the heart to do, and I thus accomplish it:

*This book is dedicated to my illustrious friend and
collaborator,*

CHARLES NODIER.

I say *collaborator*, because if any one takes the trouble to look for another, he will have his trouble for his pains.

ALEX. DUMAS.

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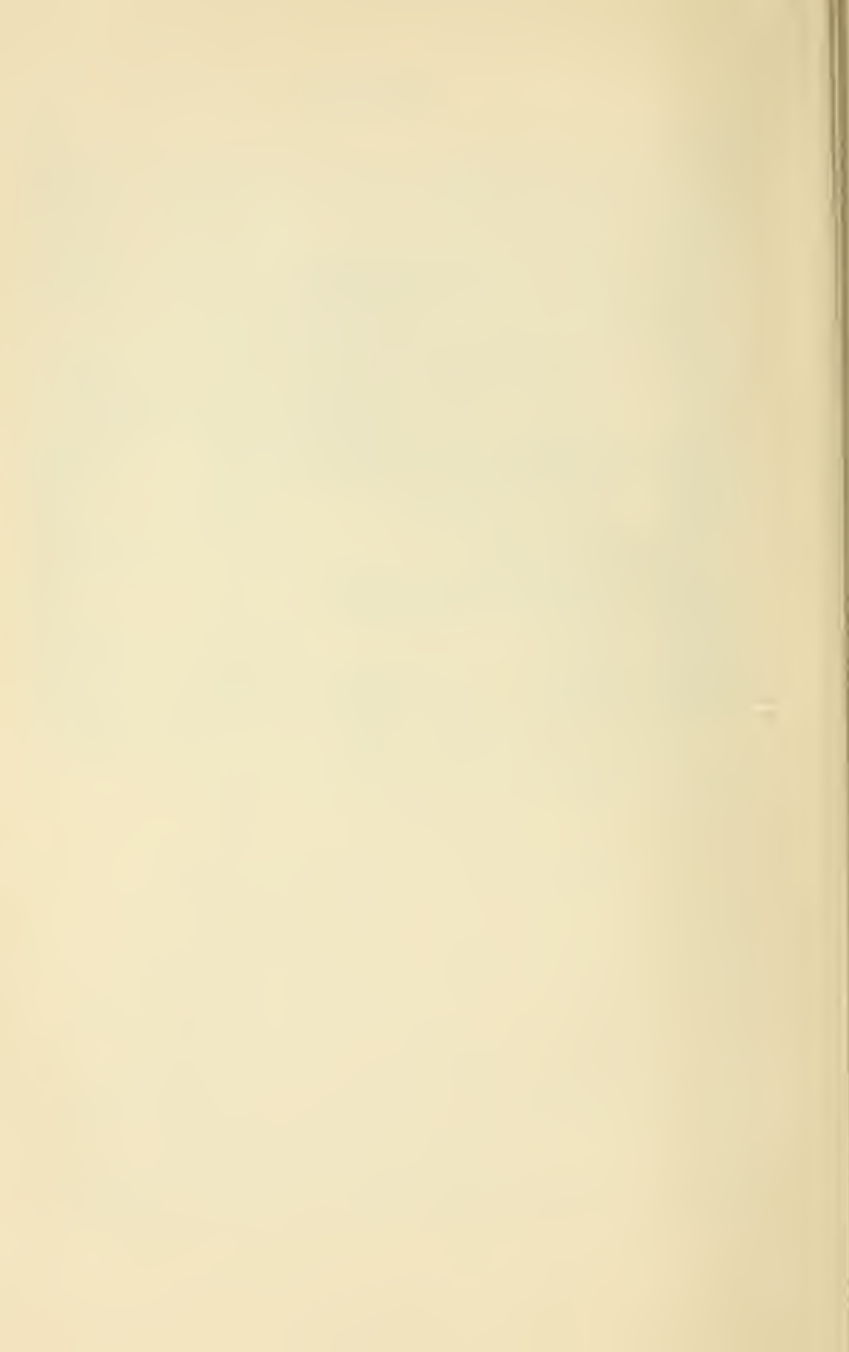
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THE FIRST REPUBLIC.

VOLUME I.

THE FIRST REPUBLIC;
OR,
THE WHITES AND THE BLUES.

PROLOGUE.

THE PRUSSIANS ON THE RHINE.

I.

FROM THE HÔTEL DE LA POSTE TO THE HÔTEL DE LA
LANTERNE.

ON the twenty-first Frimaire, year II. (11th of December, 1793), the diligence from Besançon to Strasbourg drew up, about nine in the evening, in the interior courtyard of the hôtel de la Poste, which stands behind the cathedral.

Five travellers got out; only one of whom, the youngest of the five, will occupy our attention. He was a child, about thirteen or fourteen years of age, thin and pale, who might have been taken for a girl dressed in boy's clothes, so quiet and gentle was the expression of the face. His hair, which was cut à la Titus, a fashion which zealous republicans had copied from Talma, was a dark chestnut; eyebrows of the same color overshadowed a pair of light-blue eyes, which rested on men and things, like piercing interrogations, with remarkable intelligence. The lad's lips were thin, his teeth handsome, his smile charming; and he was dressed in the style of the day, if not elegantly, at least so neatly that it was easy to see a woman's hand had passed that way.

The conductor, who seemed to take some special care of the boy, gave him a little package, not unlike a soldier's

knapsack, which, thanks to a pair of straps, could be carried on the back. Then, looking about him, the conductor called out, —

“Holà! is there any one here from the hôtel de la Lanterne waiting for a young gentleman from Besançon?”

“I am,” said a rough, coarse voice; and a stable-man, hidden by the darkness in spite of the lantern he carried in his hand, which lighted only the pavement at his feet, came up to the lumbering vehicle on the side of the open door.

“Ha! it’s you, Sleepy!” exclaimed the conductor.

“My name’s not Sleepy, I’m called Coelès,” replied the stable-man, in a surly tone, “and I have come to fetch citizen Charles —”

“Sent by the citoyenne Teutch, are not you?” said the lad, in a gentle voice, forming a charming contrast to the rough tones of the hostler.

“Yes, that’s so. Well, are you ready, citizen?”

“Conductor,” said the child, “will you tell them at home —”

“That you got here safe, and they met you — yes, yes, Monsieur Charles.”

“Oh, oh!” exclaimed the stable-man, in a tone that was almost threatening, walking close up to the conductor and the lad, “oh, oh!”

“What do you mean with your ‘oh, ohs!’”

“I mean that the language you are talking may be that of Franche-Comté, but it is n’t that of Alsace.”

“Really!” said the conductor, in a jeering tone; “so that is what you want to say to me, is it?”

“And to give you a bit of advice,” added citizen Coelès, “which is, to leave your *monsieurs* inside your diligence, inasmuch as they are not in fashion in Strasbourg, above all now that we have the honor of receiving within our walls the citizen-representatives Saint-Just and Lebas.”

“A fig for your citizen-representatives; take this young man to the Lanterne.” And without paying further heed

to citizen Coclès' advice, the conductor turned in to the hôtel de la Poste.

The man with the lantern looked after him, muttering; then turning to the lad he said, —

“Come, come on, citizen Charles,” and, walking first, he showed the way.

Strasbourg is at no time a lively city, above all, at two hours after taps; but it was less lively than ever at the time this tale begins, that is to say, early in December, 1793. The Austro-Prussian army was literally at the gates; Pichegru, general-in-chief of the army of the Rhine, after collecting all the remnants of the corps he could find, had, by force of will and example, re-established discipline and resumed the offensive on the 18th Frimaire, that is, three days earlier, organizing (inasmuch as he was too weak to offer battle) a war of skirmishers and sharpshooters. He succeeded Houchard and Custine, both guillotined on account of their reverses, also Alexandre de Beauharnais, who was about to be guillotined also.

Saint-Just and Lebas had come to Strasbourg not only to order Pichegru to conquer, but to decree victory. The guillotine followed them, to execute instantly any sentence they pronounced.

Three decrees had been issued that very day. First: it was ordered that the gates of Strasbourg should be shut at three in the afternoon, under pain of death to whoever delayed the closing even five minutes. Second: it was forbidden to fly before the enemy; the penalty of death was decreed for whoever turned his back on the battle-field, whether a cavalry man who galloped his horse, or a foot-soldier who ran. Third: it was ordained, in consequence of the surprises planned by the enemy, that every man should go to bed in his clothes. Death was decreed for all, soldiers, officers, or chief officials, who should be discovered undressed.

The lad who now entered the town was to see within six days the execution of each of these decrees.

As we have said, all these circumstances, added to the news received from Paris, made Strasbourg, a naturally dull town, duller still. The news from Paris was the death of the queen, the death of the Duc d'Orléans, the death of Madame Roland, the death of Bailly. There was also talk of the probable capture of Toulon by the English; but this was only a rumor which lacked confirmation.

Neither was the hour of the lad's arrival one which was likely to make Strasbourg seem gay to him. By nine o'clock at night the dark and narrow streets were deserted and left to the patrols of the Civil Guard and the Company of the Propaganda, whose duty it was to keep public order. Nothing could be more lugubrious for a traveller just arriving from another city which was neither the scene of war nor a frontier town, than the sound of the nocturnal marching to and fro of these armed bodies, stopping now and then, with gruff orders and clang of weapons, as they met other bodies, exchanged the pass-word, and went on.

Two or three of these patrols had met our young arrival and his conductor without taking any notice of them, when suddenly another body advanced, and the words "Qui vive?" resounded. There were three ways of replying to the nocturnal qui-vive in Strasbourg; all three indicating in a sufficiently characteristic way the different shades of opinion. The Indifferents replied: "Friends." The Moderates replied: "Citizens." The Fanatics replied: "Sans Culottes."

"Sans Culotte!" replied Coelès, energetically.

"Advance!" cried an imperative voice.

"Ha, good!" said Coelès, "I know that voice; it is citizen Tétrell's; that's all right."

"Who is citizen Tétrell?" asked the lad.

"The friend of the people, the terror of aristocrats, a pure patriot." Then, advancing like a man who had nothing to fear, he added: "It is I, citizen Tétrell, it is I!"

"Ah, you know me, do you?" said the leader of the patrol, a giant nearly six feet tall, who attained a height of

seven feet by means of his hat and the feathers that surmounted it.

“Of course!” said Coclès; “who does n’t know citizen Tétréll in Strasbourg?” and then, as he passed the giant, he added: “Good-night to you, citizen Tétréll.”

“You know me, that’s all very well,” returned the giant; “but I don’t know you.”

“Oh, yes, you do! I am citizen Coclès, whom they used to call ‘Sleepy’ in the days of the tyrant. In fact it was you yourself who baptized me with that name when you kept your horses and dogs at the Lanterne. Sleepy! don’t you recollect Sleepy?”

“To be sure I do; and I gave you the name because you were the laziest rascal I ever knew. And that young lad, who is he?”

“That?” said Coclès, raising his lantern to the level of the boy’s face. “Oh, that’s only a brat his father has sent here to be taught Greek by Euloge Schneider.

“What does your father do, little man?” asked Tétréll.

“He is judge of the court at Besançon, citizen,” replied the child.

“But you ought to know Latin before you learn Greek.”

The boy drew himself up. “I know Latin,” he said.

“Know Latin, do you?”

“Yes, at Besançon my father and I never talk anything else.”

“The devil! you seem to me pretty far advanced for your years. How old are you, eleven or twelve?”

“Nearly fourteen.”

“And what makes your father send you here to be taught Greek by citizen Euloge Schneider?”

“My father isn’t as strong in Greek as he is in Latin. He taught me all he knew of it; and now he sends me to citizen Schneider, who speaks it fluently, having held the Greek professorship at Bonn. Here is the letter my father gave me for him. Besides, he wrote him a week ago to let him know I was coming to-night; and it was he who took

a room for me at the 'Lanterne' and sent citizen Coclès to meet me."

So saying, the lad gave a letter to citizen Tétréll, to prove that what he said was true.

"Here, Sleepy, bring your lantern," said Tétréll.

"Coclès, Coclès," insisted the hostler, obeying, nevertheless, the order given him under the other name.

"My young friend," said Tétréll, "let me tell you this letter is not for citizen Schneider, but for citizen Pichegru."

"Ah, I beg your pardon, I have made a mistake; my father gave me two letters, and I must have given you the wrong one."

Taking back the first letter, he handed up the second.

"Ah! this time it is all right," said Tétréll. "'To Citizen Euloge Schneider, public prosecutor.'"

"Eloge Schneider," corrected Coclès, thinking the baptismal name of the public prosecutor was lopped of some merit.

"Give your guide a lesson in Greek," said the leader of the patrol, laughing; "tell him that Euloge is a name which means — come, young man, what does it mean?"

"'Fine speaker,' " replied the boy.

"Well answered, faith! do you hear that, Sleepy?"

"Coclès," repeated the hostler obstinately, more anxious about his own name than that of the public prosecutor.

During this time Tétréll had drawn the boy a little aside, and bending his tall form so as to reach the child's ear, he said, in a low voice, —

"Are you going to the hôtel de la Lanterne?"

"Yes, citizen," replied the lad.

"You will find there two of your townsmen, who have come from Besançon to defend the adjutant-general Perrin, who is accused of treason."

"Yes, citizens Dumont and Ballu."

"That's it. Well, tell them they have not only nothing to hope for their client by remaining here, but it will not be

safe for themselves to do so. It concerns their own heads; you understand?"

"No, I don't understand," said the boy.

"What! you don't see that Saint-Just will chop their necks as if they were a pair of chickens if they stay? Advise them to cut and run, and the sooner the better."

"From you?"

"No, mind you don't say that, or they'll make me pay for all the broken china, — or rather, all that is n't broken." Then, straightening up, he said aloud, "It is all right; you are good citizens, you can go your way. Forward, march!"

And citizen Tétrell, at the head of his patrol, left citizen Coclès proud of having talked for ten minutes with a man of that importance, and citizen Charles much troubled at the confidence just made to him. The pair walked on in silence.

The weather was dull and murky, as it mostly is in December in the north and east of France; and though the moon was nearly at the full, heavy black clouds, racing along like the waves at the equinox, obscured it constantly. In order to reach the hôtel de la Lanterne, situated in what was formerly called the rue de l'Archevêché and is now the rue de la Déesse-Raison, it was necessary to cross the market-place, then occupied by a scaffold, against which the lad, in his absorption, came near jostling.

"Take care, citizen Charles," said the hostler, laughing; "don't knock over the guillotine."

The boy gave a cry of horror and started back.

Just then the moon shone out brilliantly for a few seconds. The horrible instrument was visible, and a pale, sad gleam struck athwart the knife.

"Good God! do they really use it?" said the boy, drawing closer to Coclès.

"Use it!" cried the hostler, joyously; "I should think so, and every day too! To-day it was Mother Raisin's turn. Though she was eighty years old she had to go

under. She called out to the executioner: 'It is n't worth while to kill me; wait a bit and I'll die of myself.' But that didn't help her; they tipped her off as if she was but twenty."

"What had she done?"

"Given a bit of bread to a famished Austrian. She said as he didn't ask for it in German she thought he was a townsman."

The poor lad, who had never before left his father's house, or known so many diverse emotions pressed into one day, felt chilled to the bone. Was it the weather, or was it Coelès' talk? Casting another look at the instrument of death, which the moon, again veiling herself, was sending back into darkness like a phantom of the night, he said, shivering, —

"Are we far from the hôtel de la Lanterne?"

"Faith, no! for here it is;" replied Coelès, pointing to an enormous lantern hanging above a porte-cochère, and lighting the street for fifty feet around it.

"I am glad," muttered the lad, his teeth chattering.

Then, running the rest of the way, which was not more than twenty or thirty feet, he opened the door of the inn, which opened on the street, and sprang, with a cry of satisfaction, into the kitchen, the immense chimney of which had a blazing fire. To this cry another cry responded, — that of Madame Teuteh; who, though she had never seen him, was certain, from the appearance of Coelès with his lantern on the sill of the door, that this was the youth entrusted to her care.

II.

THE CITOYENNE TEUTCH.

THE citoyenne Teutch, a stout, rosy Alsatian from thirty to thirty-five years of age, had a truly maternal affection for the travellers with whom Providence provided her, more especially if they happened to be young and pretty children about the age of the boy who had just come to her kitchen fire, where, by the bye, he was alone. She went to him at once, and seeing him stretch his feet and hands to the blaze, and continue to shudder as if cold, she cried out, —

“Ah, you dear little fellow! what makes you shudder like that? Heavens! how pale he is!”

“Ha, ha!” laughed Coclès, in his coarse way; “he shudders because he’s cold, and he is pale because he went head foremost into the guillotine. It seems he had never seen one, and it scared him. They are such fools, children are!”

“Hold your tongue, you idiot!”

“Thank you, bourgeoisie; is that my pay?”

“No, my friend,” said the lad, taking some money from his pocket; “here it is.”

“Thank you, citizen,” said Coclès, lifting his hat with one hand and holding out the other. “Hang it!—silver money! So there is some still in France! I thought it was all gone; but I see now, as Tétréll said, that was only a rumor those aristocrats have set going.”

“You go and attend to your horses,” cried the citoyenne Teutch, “and leave us in peace!”

Coclès went off grumbling.

Madame Teutch sat down, and, in spite of some opposition from Charles, she took him on her knees. We have said he was fourteen, but he looked to be hardly ten or eleven.

“Listen to me, my little friend,” she said to him; “what I am going to tell you is for your good. If you have silver and gold, don’t let anybody see it. Change some of it for assignats. Assignats being legal tender, and the louis d’or being worth five hundred francs, you will get a great profit, and you won’t be suspected of aristocracy.” Then, passing to another set of ideas, she added, “Poor little fellow, how cold his hands are!” and she held them to the fire as we do those of children. “Now, the next thing to be done,” she said, “is to have some supper.”

“Oh! as for that, no, madame, and thank you very much; we dined at Erbstein, and I’m not a bit hungry. I would rather go to bed; I feel as if I should n’t get completely warm till I am in my bed.”

“Well, then, they shall warm it, and with sugar too; and when you are once in bed you must have a cup of — what? milk, or broth?”

“Milk, if you please.”

“Milk, so be it! Poor little fellow, he is hardly weaned, yet here he is, travelling along the highways all alone, like a man. Ah! we live in dreadful times!”

And she took Charles in both arms, as if he were a child, put him on a chair, and went to see on the key-board what room she could give him.

“Let me think!” she said. “No. 5, that will do — no, the room is too big and the window does n’t shut tight; he’d be cold. No. 9, no, that has two beds. Ah! 14! that’s the very one to suit him; a big closet, and a bed with curtains to keep him from draughts, and a good chimney that does n’t smoke, with an Infant Jesus over it — yes, that’ll keep him safe. Gretchen! Gretchen!”

A handsome Alsatian girl, about twenty, dressed in the charming costume which somewhat resembles that of the women of Arles, ran in when called.

“What is it, mistress?” she asked in German.

“Get No. 14 ready for this cherub; take the finest sheets and see they are dry. I’ll beat him up an egg in milk.”

Gretchen lighted a candle and prepared to obey. Madame Teutch returned to Charles.

"Do you understand German?" she asked.

"No, madame; but if I stay long in Strasbourg, which seems probable, I hope to learn it."

"Do you know why I gave you No. 14?"

"Yes, I heard you say why in your monologue."

"Heavenly Father! my monologue! and what's that?"

"Madame, it is a French word made from two Greek words: *monos* which means *alone*, and *logos* which signifies *speech*."

"And you know Greek at your age, dear child!" said Madame Teutch, clasping her hands.

"Oh! very little, madame; it is to learn more of it that I have come to Strasbourg."

"You came to Strasbourg to learn Greek?"

"Yes, with M. Euloge Schneider."

Madame Teutch shook her head.

"Ah! madame, he knows Greek like Demosthenes," said Charles, thinking that Madame Teutch denied the learning of his future instructor.

"I don't say he does n't; I say that, well as he may know it, he has n't time to teach you."

"What is he doing, then?"

"Do you want me to tell you?"

"Yes, I should like to know."

Madame Teutch lowered her voice.

"He cuts off heads," she said.

Charles quivered.

"He cuts — off — heads?" he said.

"Did n't you know he was the public prosecutor? Ah! my poor boy, your father chose you a strange teacher."

The lad was thoughtful for a moment.

"Was it he," he asked, "who had old Mother Raisin's head cut off to-day?"

"No; that was the Propaganda!"

"What is the Propaganda?"

“It is a society for the propagation of revolutionary ideas. They all work on their own lines: citizen Schneider as public prosecutor; citizen Saint-Just as representative of the people; and citizen Tétrell as the head of the Propaganda.”

“Is one guillotine enough for them all?” said the youth, with a smile that was older than his years.

“They each have one.”

“Ah!” said the boy, “my father certainly did not know all that when he sent me here.”

He reflected a moment; then, with a firmness which showed precocious courage, he said: “But, since I am here, I shall stay.” Turning to another idea, he added: “You were saying, Madame Teutch, that you gave me No. 14 because it was small, and had a bed with curtains, and did not smoke.”

“And for another reason, my little man.”

“What is that?”

“Because in No. 15 you will have a young companion, — a little older than you, but that does n’t signify; you’ll divert his mind.”

“Is he unhappy?”

“Yes, very. He is hardly fifteen, but he is already a man. He is here on a melancholy business. His father, who was commander-in-chief of the Army of the Rhine before citizen Pichegru, is accused of treason! He used to lodge here, dear man; and I’ll bet anything they like that he is no more guilty than you or I. But he’s a *ci-devant*; and nobody trusts *ci-devants*, you know. Well, as I was saying, the young man is here to copy the papers which ought to prove his father innocent. He is a good, pious boy, you see, and he works at his task from morning till night.”

“I could help him,” said Charles; “I write a very good hand.”

“That’s good; that’s what I call being a comrade.” And Madame Teutch, in her enthusiasm, kissed her guest.

“What is his name?” asked Charles.

“He is called citizen Eugène.”

“Eugène is only a first name.”

“Yes. He has a surname, and a queer name, too, if I could only remember it. His father was Marquis — Marquis — stop, wait —”

“I am waiting, Madame Teutch,” said the boy, laughing.

“That’s only a way of speaking; you know what I mean. But the name is — is — what they put on the backs of horses — *Harnais* [harness]. Yes, yes, that’s it, — Beauharnais! — Eugène de Beauharnais. I think it is because of his *de* that they call him citizen Eugène, short off.”

These remarks brought to the lad’s mind what Tétrell had said to him.

“By the bye, Madame Teutch,” he said, “have you two commissioners of the commune of Besançon in the house?”

“Yes; they have come to defend your townsman the Adjutant-General Perrin.”

“Will they get him off?”

“Bah! he has done better than wait for the decision.”

“What has he done?”

“Escaped last night.”

“And they have n’t caught him!”

“No, — not yet.”

“I am glad. He is a friend of my father; and I liked him, too, myself.”

“Don’t say that here.”

“But the other two?”

“Messrs. Dumont and Ballu?”

“Yes. Why do they stay here if the man they came to defend is out of prison?”

“He will be sentenced for contumacy, and they want to defend him absent as if he were present.”

“Oh!” muttered the boy, “I understand what Tétrell meant.” Then, aloud, “Can I see them to-night?” he said.

“Who?”

“Citizens Dumont and Ballu.”

“Certainly you can see them, if you like to sit up; but they’ve gone to the club of the ‘Rights of Man,’ and they are sure not to come in before two in the morning.”

“I’m too tired to sit up,” said the lad; “but you can give them a note from me as soon as they come in, can’t you?”

“Certainly.”

“To them themselves; into their own hands?”

“To them themselves; into their own hands.”

“Where can I write?”

“In the office, if you have warmed yourself.”

“Yes, I have.”

Madame Teutch took a lamp from the table and carried it to a desk in a little office railed off from the kitchen, like a bird-cage. The youth followed her; and there, on paper bearing the stamp of the *hôtel de la Lanterne*, he wrote as follows:—

“A townsman, who knows *on good authority* that you will be arrested soon, advises you to return to Besançon at once.”

Then folding and sealing the note, he gave it to Madame Teutch.

“But you did n’t sign it,” she said.

“There’s no necessity; you can tell them yourself that the paper came from me.”

“Yes, I will.”

“If they are still here to-morrow morning, please let me manage to see them before they go.”

“Surely you shall.”

“There, it’s done!” said Gretchen, coming in, her sabots clacking.

“Is the bed made?” asked Madame Teutch.

“Yes, mistress.”

“The fire lighted?”

“Yes.”

“Then heat the warming-pan, and take citizen Charles to his room. I’ll go and beat up his egg.”

Citizen Charles was so tired that he followed Gretchen and her warming-pan at once. Ten minutes after he was in bed, Madame Teutch appeared bearing the beaten egg, which she made the sleepy boy drink down, tapping him on each cheek; then she tucked him up maternally, wished him good-night, and went away, taking the candle with her.

But the wishes of the worthy woman were only half complied with; for at six in the morning all the guests at the *hôtel de la Lanterne* were awakened by the noise of voices and the rattle of arms; soldiers grounded their muskets on the pavement outside, while hasty steps rushed through the corridors, and all the doors were violently flung open one after another.

Charles sat up in bed and listened. As he did so his room was suddenly filled with light and noise. Policemen, accompanied by *gendarmes*, rushed into the room, pulled the boy brutally out of bed, asked his name, his Christian name, what he was doing in *Strasbourg*, when he had come; looked under the bed, up the chimney, into the closets, and went out as they came, with a rush, leaving the boy, clad in his shirt, standing quite bewildered in the middle of the room. It was evident that a domiciliary visit (very common in those days) had been made to the hotel, but that Charles was not its object. Perceiving this, the boy thought he had better get into bed, after closing the door of his room, and go to sleep if he could.

That resolution taken and accomplished, he had hardly drawn the sheet over his nose when, the noise in the house having ceased, the door of his room opened and gave entrance to Madame Teutch, coquettishly arrayed in a white wrapper, and holding a candlestick in her hand. She advanced softly, having opened and closed the door without any noise, and made a sign to Charles—who rose on his elbow and looked at her amazed—not to say a

word. The boy already trained to this life of vicissitudes, although his training had begun only the night before, followed this silent advice, and kept perfectly quiet.

The citoyenne Teutch then put her candlestick on the fireplace, took a chair, still with the same precautions, brought it close to the lad's pillow, and sat down.

"Well, my little friend," she said, "you've had a great fright, have n't you?"

"Not much of one, madame," responded Charles; "for I knew very well it was n't I they were after."

"You warned your townsmen just in time!"

"Ah! was it they the police were hunting for?"

"Yes, just so. By great good luck they came in at two o'clock, and I gave them your note. They read it twice; then they asked who gave it to me. I told them it was you, and who you were; then they consulted together an instant, and said, 'Come, we had better go!' and they went up that minute to pack their trunks, and sent Sleepy to see if there were any seats to be had in the diligence that starts for Besançon at five in the morning. Luckily there were two places left. Sleepy engaged them; but to make sure that nobody else got them, the two gentlemen left here at four o'clock, and they had been an hour on the road to Besançon when the police came and rapped at the door. But just think how careless they were!—they left the little note you wrote behind them, and the police have pounced on it."

"Oh, that does n't matter; I did n't sign it, and nobody in Strasbourg knows my handwriting."

"True, but the note was written on paper with our heading on it; so they fell upon me, and wanted to know who had written it."

"Oh, goodness!"

"Of course you know I'd have my heart torn out sooner than tell them; poor dear darling, they'd have dragged you off! I answered that when travellers ask for paper it is taken to their rooms, and as there are always some

sixty or more travellers here, I couldn't possibly tell which one had used my paper to write a note. Then they talked of arresting me. I answered that I was ready to go with them, but that wouldn't do them any good, as I was n't the man citizen Saint-Just had sent them after. They saw the truth of that argument and gave in, saying, 'That's very well for to-day, but you'll see another time!' I said, 'Well, search the house;' and they searched! I've come to warn you not to say one word, and if they accuse you, swear by all the devils that you know nothing of that note."

"When it comes to that point I'll see about it. Meantime I'm very much obliged to you, Madame Teutch."

"Ah! one more bit of advice, my dear little man; when we are alone you can call me Madame Teutch,—that's all right and proper; but before the world, say citoyenne Teutch plain up and down. I don't know that Sleepy would do a bad deed, but he's a zealot, and when fools are zealots I don't trust 'em."

After delivering that axiom, which proved both her prudence and her perspicacity, Madame Teutch rose, put out the candle on the chimney-piece, inasmuch as morning had dawned since she came there, and left the room.

III.

EULOGÉ SCHNEIDER.

BEFORE leaving Besançon, Charles had asked his father to explain to him the usual habits of his teacher, Eulogé Schneider. He knew that he rose every morning at six o'clock and worked till eight; that at eight he breakfasted, smoked a pipe, and then worked again until he went out to walk between one and two o'clock. Charles considered it advisable, therefore, not to go to sleep again; daylight comes late at Strasbourg in December, where the narrow streets delay it from entering the lower floors of the tall houses. It was then about half-past seven, and allowing that it took him half an hour to dress and go from the hôtel de la Lanterne to the public prosecutor's house, Charles saw that he would arrive there just as his tutor was going to breakfast.

He had just finished dressing himself, as elegantly as his wardrobe would allow, when Madame Teutch came in.

"Merciful powers!" she cried, "are you going to a wedding?"

"No," said the lad, "I am going to Monsieur Schneider's."

"What are you thinking of, my child? you look like an aristocrat. If you were eighteen instead of thirteen, they would cut your head off. Here! off with those fine clothes, and get into your travelling suit, the things you had on yesterday; they are good enough for the monk of Cologne."

And the citoyenne Teutch with a few twirls of her hand whisked off one suit and put on the other, while her young lodger, amazed at her rapid actions, let her do it.

“There, now!” she said, “go and see your man, but be sure you call him ‘citizen,’ and not ‘monsieur,’ or in spite of your fine recommendations, you may come to grief.”

The young fellow thanked her for her good advice and asked if she had any more to give.

“No,” she said, shaking her head, “unless it is to come back as soon as you can; because I am going to prepare for you and your neighbor in No. 15 a nice little breakfast such as he, *ci-devant* that he is, never tasted. There, now, off with you!”

With that adorable motherliness which Nature puts into the heart of every woman, Madame Teutch felt an actual tenderness for her new guest, and assumed to herself the management of his affairs; he, on the other hand, being still young and feeling the need of a woman’s kindly affection, which makes life so much easier, was quite disposed to follow her advice as he would have done that of a mother. He let her kiss him on both cheeks, and after learning how to find his way to the house of citizen Eulogie Schneider, he left the *hôtel de la Lanterne* to make his first step into what the Germans call the “vast world,” — that step on which the whole future life may depend.

He passed the cathedral, where, for want of looking about him, he came near being killed. The head of a marble saint fell at his feet, followed immediately by a bust of the Virgin. He turned to the place whence the two projectiles came, and there beneath the portal of a magnificent edifice he saw, astride the shoulders of a gigantic apostle, a man with a hammer in his hand making great devastation among the saints, fragments of whom had rolled to the boy’s feet. A dozen men were standing about, laughing and applauding the profanation.

The boy continued his way, went through the grove, stopped at a modest-looking house, ran up three steps, and knocked at a little door. A glum old servant-woman opened it, and put him through a series of questions. When he had answered them all, she showed him, still grumbling, into the dining-room, remarking, —

“Wait there; citizen Schneider is coming to breakfast, and you can speak to him, as you pretend you have something to say.”

Left alone, Charles threw a rapid glance round the room. It was very plain, panelled with planks, and contained no ornaments whatever except two crossed sabres.

The terrible agent of the Revolutionary committee of the Lower Rhine now entered the room. He passed close to the lad without seeing him, or at any rate without showing by word or look that he did see him, and sat down at the table where he instantly attacked a pyramid of oysters, flanked on one side by a dish of anchovies and on the other by a jar of olives. Let us employ the slight pause that ensued to give in a few words the physical and moral portrait of the strange man to whom Charles had been consigned.

Jean-Georges Schneider, who had given to himself — or taken, as the reader pleases — the name of Euloge, was a man of thirty-seven or thirty-eight years of age, ugly, stout, short, common, with round limbs, round shoulders, and a round head. That which first struck the eye in his unpleasant appearance was the hair cut short like a brush, while at the same time his enormous eyebrows were allowed to grow as they pleased in length and thickness. These bushy brows, which were black and tufted, overshadowed a pair of tawny, savage eyes, fringed with red lashes. The man had begun life in the Church, hence his nickname of the “monk of Cologne,” which his assumed name of Euloge had not done away with. Born in Franconia, of poor agricultural parents, he owed to the good disposition he showed in childhood the protection of the vicar of his parish, who taught him the rudiments of Latin, and sent him to the Jesuit school at Wurzburg, where his rapid progress won him, at the end of three years, admission to the Academy. Expelled for bad conduct, he fell into the depths of poverty, and finally entered the convent of the Franciscans at Bamberg. When his studies were ended he was thought competent for

employment as professor of Hebrew, and was sent to Augsburg. Thence he was summoned in 1786 to the post of preacher at the court of Duke Charles of Wurtemberg. He preached with great success, and devoted three fourths of his salary to his needy family. It is said that he there joined the sect of Illuminati, organized by Weishaupt, which explains the ardor with which he adopted the principles of the French Revolution. At this epoch in history, full of ambition, impatient of control, goaded by ardent passions, he published so free and liberal a catechism that he was forced to cross the Rhine and settle in Strasbourg, where he was appointed, 17th of June, 1791, episcopal vicar and dean of the faculty of theology; after that, he not only did not refuse to take the civic oath, but he preached in the Cathedral, mingling, with extraordinary fire, political ideas and religious instruction.

Before the 10th of August, all the while defending himself as a republican, he had advocated the overthrow of the king. After that date he fought the royalist party with desperate courage, that party having strong hold in Strasbourg, and especially in its neighborhood. This struggle led to his being elected, towards the end of 1792, mayor of Haguenau. Finally, having been appointed, February 19, 1793, public prosecutor to the courts of the Lower Rhine, he was invested on the 5th of the following May with the title of Commissioner to the Revolutionary tribunal of Strasbourg. It was then that the terrible lust for blood to which his violent nature drove him first showed itself. Impelled by a feverish activity, when victims lacked him in Strasbourg, he roamed through the neighborhood with his terrible escort, followed by the guillotine and the executioner. At the slightest provocation he would stop in the towns and villages, where they had trusted never to see the fatal instrument. There he would open a court, accuse, condemn, and execute, and in the midst of this bloody orgy, he would declare the assignats (then worth fifteen per cent of their nominal value) at par, and furnish the army with

more grain than all the other commissioners of the district put together. From the 5th of November to the 11th of December (the day on which Charles arrived in Strasbourg) Euloge Schneider had put to death, either in Strasbourg, Mutzig, Barr, Obernai, Eppig, or Schlestadt, thirty-one persons.

Though our young friend was ignorant of most of these details, and more especially the last, it was not without a feeling of terror that he found himself face to face with the terrible proconsul. But, reflecting that he had, unlike the rest, a protector in the man who threatened others, he recovered his composure, and sought for some means to begin a conversation; the oysters occurred to him.

"*Rara concha in terris,*" he said with a smile, in his thin, boyish voice.

Euloge turned and looked at him.

"Do you mean to say that I am an aristocrat, you brat?"

"I don't mean anything at all, citizen Schneider; but I know you are a learned man, and I wanted to attract your attention to me, a poor little fellow you have n't deigned to notice; so I said a few words in a language you know, and quoted an author you like."

"Faith, that's true; and well said, all that."

"As I come recommended to *Euloge* rather than to citizen Schneider, I ought to be a *good speaker*, so as to be worthy of the recommendation."

"And who has recommended you to me?" said Schneider, turning his chair so as to face the boy.

"My father; and here's his letter."

Euloge took the letter, and recognized the writing.

"Ah ha!" he said, "from an old friend." Then he read the letter from end to end. "Your father," he continued, "is one of the men of our day who write the purest Latin. Will you breakfast with me?" he added, holding out his hand to the boy.

Charles gave a glance at the table, and no doubt his face showed the want of liking he had for a repast so luxurious and yet so frugal.

“No; I understand,” said Schneider, laughing; “a young stomach like yours wants something more solid than anchovies and olives. Come to dinner; I have three friends to dinner to-day; if your father were here he would make the fourth, and you shall take his place. Drink a glass of beer to your father’s health.”

“Ah, that indeed, with pleasure,” cried the boy, taking up a glass and touching it to that of Schneider. But as the beaker was a huge one, the boy could only half empty it.

“Well,” said Schneider, “go on!”

“I’ll drink the rest by and by to the health of the Republic,” said the boy; “but the glass is too big for one of my size to drain at a draught.”

Schneider looked at him with a certain kindness.

“Faith! he’s a pretty boy,” he said.

Just then the old servant-woman brought in the newspapers, German and French.

“Do you know German?” asked Schneider.

“Not a word.”

“Very good, I’ll teach you.”

“With Greek?”

“Greek! do you want to learn Greek?”

“That’s my great desire.”

“Well, we’ll try to satisfy it. Here, take the ‘*Moniteur Français*,’ and read it, while I read the ‘*Vienna Gazette*.’”

There was a silence for a time while each read his paper.

“Oh! oh!” cried Eulogé; then he read aloud: “‘Strasbourg is probably taken by this time, and our victorious troops are on the march to Paris.’ They are reckoning without Pichegru, without Saint-Just, without me!”

“‘We are masters of the outposts of Toulon,’” read Charles from his paper, “‘and in three or four days we shall enter the town, and the Republic will be avenged.’”

“What is the date of that ‘*Moniteur*’?” asked Schneider.

“The 8th,” replied the boy.

“What else does it say?”

“‘Robespierre, during the session of the 6th,’” read Charles, “‘produced an answer to the manifesto of the Allied Powers. The Convention ordered it to be printed, and also translated into every language.’”

“What else?” said Schneider.

The boy continued: “‘On the 7th, Billaud-Varenne announced that the rebels of La Vendée, in an assault on the town of Angers, had been defeated and driven back by the garrison, {with the assistance of the inhabitants.’”

“Hurrah for the Republic!” cried Schneider.

“‘Madame Dubarry, condemned to death on the 7th was executed the same day, with the banker van Deniver, her lover. The old prostitute completely lost her head before the executioner cut it off. She wept and struggled, and called for help; but the people answered her appeals with yells and curses. They remembered the evils of which she and her like had been the cause, evils that have caused the nation’s poverty.’”

“Infamous creature!” said Schneider, “after dishonoring the throne she now tries to dishonor the scaffold!”

At this moment two soldiers entered the room, whose uniforms, familiar enough to Schneider, made the young lad shiver. They were dressed in black; beneath the tri-color cockade on their shakos were two cross-bones; rows of white braid on their pelisses and dolmans resembled the ribs of a skeleton, and their pouches bore skulls surmounted by other cross-bones. They belonged to the regiment called the Huzzars of Death, all the members of which were bound by an oath not to make prisoners. A dozen soldiers of this regiment formed Schneider’s body-guard, and he used them as messengers. He rose when they entered.

“Now,” he said to his young visitor, “stay here, or go away, just as you like; I have to send off my couriers and attend to business. But don’t forget that we dine at two, and you are to dine with us.”

Nodding to Charles he went into his study, attended by his funereal escort.

The privilege of remaining was not so attractive that our young man grasped it. He jumped up the moment Schneider, followed by his two dismal guards, had departed, and seizing the sort of cap with which he covered his head, he darted from the room, sprang down the steps at a bound, and, still running, reached good Madame Teutch's kitchen, crying out: —

“Oh! I'm so hungry; here I am!”

IV.

EUGÈNE DE BEAUHARNAIS.

AT the cry of her "little Charles," as she called him, Madame Teutch came out of a dining-room, which opened upon the courtyard, and appeared in the kitchen.

"Ah!" she said, "here you are, thank God! You poor little Tom Thumb, I'm thankful the ogre has n't devoured you."

"On the contrary, he was charming. His teeth are not half so long as you said they were."

"God grant you may never feel them! But if I heard right, yours are pretty sharp. Come in here, and I will go and call your future friend, who is hard at work, as usual, poor boy."

And the citoyenne Teutch ran up the stairs with a juvenility that showed she felt the need of exercising her exuberant strength. While she was gone Charles examined the preparations for the most appetizing breakfast that had yet been served to him. From this examination he was diverted by the opening of the door, which now gave entrance to the young man mentioned by Madame Teutch.

He was a lad of fourteen, with black eyes, and curly black hair falling on his shoulders; his dress was elegant, his linen extremely white. In spite of the attempts that had been made to disguise the fact, everything about him was redolent of aristocracy. He went up to Charles, and held out his hand.

"Our good landlady tells me, citizen, that I shall have the pleasure of spending some days with you; and she adds that you have promised to like me a little, which gives me great pleasure, for I am very much disposed to like you."

"Yes, yes," cried Charles, "with all my heart!"

“Bravo!” said Madame Teutch, coming into the room; “now that you have bowed to each other like gentlemen, which is a very dangerous thing to do in these days, you had better embrace like comrades.”

“I ask nothing better,” said Eugène; whereupon, Charles threw himself into his arms.

The two lads kissed each other with the frankness and cordiality of youth.

“Ah, ça!” said the elder, “I know you are called Charles, and my name is Eugène. I hope that now we know each other’s names, we need not say ‘monsieur’ or ‘citizen.’ Come, let’s sit down, Charles; I am dying of hunger, and Madame Teutch says your appetite is not deficient.”

“Hey, that’s polite,” said Madame Teutch. “Ah! those *ci-devants*, my little Charles, those *ci-devants* know how to say and do the right thing.”

“But you must not say so, citoyenne Teutch,” said Eugène, laughing; “a good inn like yours should not admit any but the *sans-culottes*.”

“Then I should have to forget that I have had the honor of entertaining your worthy father, Monsieur Eugène; and God knows I can’t do that, for I pray for him night and morning.”

“You must pray for my mother too, my good Madame Teutch,” said the young man, brushing the tears from his eyes; “for my sister Hortense writes me that our dear mother has been arrested and taken to the Carmelite prison. I received the letter this morning.”

“Poor friend!” cried Charles.

“How old is your sister?” asked Madame Teutch.

“Ten.”

“Dear child! send for her at once. We’ll take care of her; she mustn’t stay alone in Paris at that age.”

“Thank you, Madame Teutch, thank you; but she is not alone, fortunately; she is with my grandmother at our château of la Ferté-Beauharnais — But there! I have

made you all sad, and I had vowed to keep this new trouble to myself."

"Monsieur Eugène," said Charles, "when people make such vows as that, they don't trust their friends. Well, to punish you, you shall be made to talk of nothing but your father, mother, and sister, during all breakfast-time."

The two boys sat down to table, and Madame Teutch served them. The task imposed on Eugène was an easy one. He told his young comrade that he was the last descendant of a noble family of the Orléanais; that one of his ancestors, Guillaume de Beauharnais, had married, in 1398, Marguerite de Bourges; and another, Jean de Beauharnais, had given testimony at the trial of the Maid of Orléans. In 1764 their estate of la Ferté-Aurain had been raised to a marquisate under the name of la Ferté-Beauharnais. His uncle François, who had emigrated in 1790, became a major in Condé's army, and offered himself to the president of the Convention to defend the king. As for his father, who at this time was in prison on a charge of plotting with the enemy, he was born in Martinique, and had there married Mademoiselle Tascher de la Pagerie, with whom he came to France, where they were heartily received at court. Appointed to the States-General by the nobility of the seneschal's-court of Blois, he had, on the night of the 4th of August, been among the first to advise the suppression of titles and privileges. Elected secretary to the National Assembly and member of the Military Committee, he was seen, at the time of the festival of the Federation, working eagerly at the levelling for the Champs de Mars, harnessed to the same cart as the Abbé Siccyès. Finally he was sent to the Army of the North, as adjutant-general; he commanded the camp at Soissons, refused the ministry of war, and accepted the fatal position of commander-in-chief of the Army of the Rhine; the rest is well known.

But it was more especially about the beauty and grace and goodness of his mother that Eugène was eloquent; his

heart gave out its floods of filial love; he seemed to think of work with double ardor, now that it was for his dear mother Joséphine, as well as for his father, the Marquis de Beauharnais. Charles who, on his side, had the tenderest affection for his own parents, took delight in listening to his companion, and was eagerly asking questions about his mother and sister, when suddenly a dull report was heard, which shook the windows of the inn, followed by several other detonations.

“Cannon! cannon! that’s cannon!” exclaimed Eugène, more accustomed to the sounds of war than his companion. “To arms! to arms!” he cried, “the town’s attacked!”

And then, from three or four directions, came the roll of drums beating the alarm. The young fellows rushed to the door, where Madame Teutch had preceded them. A great tumult was arising in the town; horsemen, in various uniforms, were riding in every direction, no doubt bearing orders, while the people, hastily arming themselves with pikes, sabres, and pistols, were hurrying toward the gate of Haguenau, shouting: “Patriots, to arms! the enemy is here!”

Minute after minute the dull roar of the cannon, even more than the human outcries, warned the town of danger, and called the citizens to its defence.

“Come to the ramparts, Charles,” said Eugène, darting into the street; “if we can’t fight ourselves we can see the fight from there.”

Charles darted too, and followed his comrade, who, being familiar with the topography of the town, led him by the shortest cut to the gate of Haguenau. As they passed a gunsmith’s Eugène stopped short.

“Ha! an idea!” he cried. Entering the shop he asked, “Have you a good carbine?”

“Yes,” said the man, “but it is dear.”

“How much?”

“Two hundred francs.”

The youth pulled a handful of assignats from his pocket and threw them on the counter.

“Have you balls of the right calibre, and powder?”

“Yes.”

“Give me some.”

The gunsmith picked out twenty balls that would fit the barrel with only a push from the ramrod, then he weighed out a pound of powder and put it in a flask, while Eugène counted down two hundred francs in assignats, and six francs more for the balls and powder.

“Can you fire a gun?” asked Eugène of his comrade.

“Alas! no,” said Charles, ashamed of his ignorance.

“Never mind,” replied Eugène, laughing, “I’ll fight for both.”

He resumed his running toward the threatened quarter, loading his gun as he ran. It was singular to see how every one, no matter what his opinions might be, bounded, so to speak, toward the enemy; from every door an armed man darted; that magic cry, “The enemy! the enemy!” seemed to evoke defenders. Around the gate the crowd was so compact that Eugène saw, if he wanted to reach the rampart, he must make a circuit; accordingly he turned to the right and soon reached, with his young companion, that part of the rampart which faces Schiltigneim. A large number of patriots had already assembled there and were firing at the enemy. Eugène had some difficulty in slipping through them to the front rank, but he finally managed it and Charles followed him.

The road and the plain before them was like a battle-field in its worst confusion. French and Austrians were fighting pell-mell with a fury which no words can describe. The enemy, in pursuit of a body of French troops which appeared to have been seized with one of those panics the ancients attributed to the wrath of a god, came near entering the town with the fugitives. The gates, closed just in time, left a number of our men outside, and it was they who, massed in the ditches, had turned with fury against their pursuers, while from the ramparts thundered the cannon, and volleys of musketry were discharged.

“Ah!” cried Eugène, waving his carbine joyously. “I knew it would be fine to see a battle!”

As he said the words, a ball passed between him and Charles, cut off a lock of his hair, made a hole through his hat, and killed a patriot behind him. The wind of the ball blew on the faces of both the lads.

“I know who fired that shot, I saw him! I saw him!” cried Charles.

“Where? where?” asked Eugène.

“That one, don’t you see? — the one who is tearing his cartridge to load again.”

“Wait! wait! you are quite sure, are you?”

“Certain.”

“Well then, look!”

The lad fired; the dragoon leaped in his saddle; the horse shied, — the rider had no doubt inadvertently touched him with a spur.

“Hit! hit!” cried Eugène.

True enough; the dragoon endeavored in vain to fasten his carbine to the swivel, but the weapon escaped him; he put one hand to his side and guiding his horse with the other, tried to leave the *mêlée*; but after a few steps, his body swayed forward and back, then, dropping on the holsters, fell head foremost to the ground. One foot was caught in the stirrup; the terrified horse broke into a gallop and dragged its rider with it. The two boys watched it for a moment, and then both horse and rider disappeared in the smoke.

At this moment the gates opened and the garrison issued, with fixed bayonets, the drums beating the charge. It was the last effort the patriots were required to make, for the enemy did not expect them. The bugles sounded the retreat, and the Austrian cavalry scattered over the plain massed itself on the main road, and returned at a gallop to Kilstett and Gambelheim. The cannon from the ramparts raked the column for a few minutes, but the rapidity of its retreat soon carried it out of range.

The two boys returned through the town all-glorious, — Charles at having seen a battle; Eugène at having taken part in one. Charles made Eugène promise to teach him how to use that very carbine he had handled so well.

The cause of this affray was now known for the first time. General Eisemberg, a veteran of the old Luckner school, who could fight a sort of guerilla warfare with some success, was intrusted by Pichegru with the defence of the advanced post of Bischwiller. Whether it was carelessness, or dislike of the decrees of Saint-Just, instead of guarding the post with the vigilance enjoined on him by the representatives of the people, he allowed his troops to be surprised in quarters, and was, in fact, surprised in his own, — so completely surprised that he and his staff barely escaped with their lives, at the full speed of their horses. When he reached the walls of Strasbourg and knew himself supported, he turned and made an effort to rally his troops; but it was then too late.

It now became apparent to the eyes of every one that the poor devil had better have let himself be taken prisoner or killed, than seek for safety in a town presided over by Saint-Just; for no sooner was he inside the walls than he was arrested, he and his whole staff, by order of the representative of the people.

When the two young friends returned to the *hôtel de la Lanterne* they found poor Madame Teutch in a state of the greatest anxiety. Eugène was beginning to be known in the town, where he had now lived a month, and some one had told her he was seen running toward the gate of Hagenau with a musket in his hand. At first she could not believe it; but when she saw him coming back actually carrying the weapon, she was seized with retrospective terror, which was trebled by the sight of the hole in his hat, and by Charles's account of the affair; for the boy was as wildly enthusiastic as a conscript on seeing war for the first time.

All this enthusiasm, however, did not make Charles forget that he was to dine with citizen Euloge Schneider at two o'clock. Accordingly, and punctually at that hour, having mounted the steps with less rapidity than he had flown down them in the morning, he knocked at the little door to which they led.

V.

MADEMOISELLE DE BRUMPT.

AT the sound of the first cannon the Society of the Propaganda had met and declared its sittings permanent so long as Strasbourg was in danger.

Rabid jacobin as he was, Euloge Schneider, who was to Marat what Marat was to Robespierre, was himself surpassed in "patriotism" by the Society of the Propaganda. It results that he, public prosecutor and special commissioner of the Republic, even he had to reckon with two conflicting powers between whom he was forced to keep himself balanced, — on the one hand, with Saint-Just, who (strange as it may seem to the reader of to-day, though incontestably true) represented the moderate section of the republican party, and the Propaganda, which represented the ultra-jacobins. Saint-Just held the material power; but citizen Tétrell, leader of the Propaganda, held the moral power.

Euloge Schneider had therefore thought it advisable to be present at the meeting of the Propagandists, who discussed the best means of saving the country; whereas Saint-Just and Lebas were among the first to issue from Strasbourg on horseback in the thick of the fire, recognizable by their dress and tricolor plumes, as the representatives of the people; and they had ordered the gate of the town to be closed behind them while they themselves took their places at the head of the republican ranks. When the enemy were put to flight, they re-entered Strasbourg and went to the City Hall, where they lived; while the members of the Propaganda continued their discussions, though the danger was over.

This circumstance was the cause why Euloge Schneider, who impressed the necessity of punctuality on others, was half an hour late for dinner himself. Charles had used the delay by making acquaintance with the three guests who, like himself, were awaiting the host. Their names were Edelmann, Young, and Monnet.

Edelmann was a remarkable musician, the equal of Gossec in church music. He had also composed a score for a theatre on the poem of "Ariadne in Naxos," which was played in France, if I remember right, about 1818 or 1820. He was a very small man, with a lugubrious face, always wearing spectacles which seemed to grow upon his nose; his coat was maroon in color, and invariably buttoned from top to bottom with brass buttons. He had flung himself into the revolutionary party with all the exaggeration and violence of a man of imagination. When his friend Dietrich, mayor of Strasbourg, accused of "moderantism" by Schneider, fell a victim in the struggle, he testified against him, saying: "I weep your fate because you are my friend; but you must die because you are a traitor."

As for the second, — that is to say, Young, — he was a poor shoemaker, with the coarse exterior in which Nature, as often happens, whether by accident or caprice, hides a poetic soul. He knew Greek and Latin, but he wrote his odes and satires in German. His well-known republicanism had made his poetry very popular; often, as he went along the streets, the common people would cry out to him: "Verses, Young, verses! — give us some verses!" Then he would stop, mount a post, or the coping of a well, or the nearest balcony, if there happened to be one, and toss strophes and odes to the skies like fiery, hissing rockets. He was one of those rare and honest men, one of those single-minded revolutionaries, who were blindly devoted to the grandeur of the popular cause, — men who expected nothing from the Revolution but the emancipation of the human race, who died as the martyrs of old, without com-

plaint and without regret, sure of the future triumph of their faith.

Monnet, the third, was no stranger to Charles, who gave a cry of delight when he saw him. He was formerly a soldier (a grenadier) in his youth; and having left the military service, he became a priest, and was made prefect of the lyceum at Besançon, where Charles had known him. Just as he had reached the age of passions, — that is to say, when he was twenty-eight years old, and might have regretted the vows he had rashly taken, — the Revolution intervened and broke them. He was tall, a little bent, full of cordiality and politeness, with a melancholy grace which seemed at first sight to be his chief characteristic. His smile was sad, sometimes bitter; it might be thought that in the depths of his heart he hid some mournful secret, and was asking of men, or rather from humanity itself, a shelter against some danger to his innocence, — the greatest of all dangers at that period. Thus it was that he flung himself, or rather had suffered himself to fall into the extremist party to which Schneider belonged. At the present moment, trembling at his union with fury, his complicity with crime, he was letting himself go with closed eyes he knew not whither.

These three men were the three friends, the three inseparables of Schneider. They began now to get uneasy at his non-appearance; for each felt that Schneider was his pillar of strength; if Schneider were shaken, they fell; if Schneider fell, they were dead men. Monnet, the most nervous and consequently the most impatient of the three, had just risen, intending to go out for news, when a key was heard grinding in the lock of a door which was opened and then slammed with violence.

Schneider entered the room. The sitting of the Propaganda had been stormy; the ashy skin of the public prosecutor was blotched with angry color, perspiration was rolling from his forehead, his loosened neckcloth gave to sight the choleric swelling of his thick bull's-neck. As

he came into the room he flung his hat to the farther end of it.

When the three men saw him they rose as if moved by a spring and made one step in his direction. Charles, on the other hand, stood up behind his chair as if he were making a barricade of it.

"Citizens," cried Schneider, grinding his teeth, "citizens, I announce to you a fine piece of news, — news which may not rejoice your hearts, but will at any rate astound you. I shall be married within a week."

"You!" exclaimed the three men with one voice.

"Yes, I. It will be a fine surprise to Strasbourg when that bit of news goes round from mouth to mouth. 'Have you heard?' 'No!' 'The monk of Cologne is to be married!' 'Really?' 'Truly.' Young, you shall write the epithalamium, Edelmann shall set it to music, and Monnet, who is as gay as a sarcophagus, shall sing it. Charles, mind you write the news to your father by the next post."

"But who is it you are going to marry?"

"Faith, I don't know, and what's more, I don't care. I've a great mind to marry my old cook; it would be a good example of the fusion of classes."

"What has happened? Come, tell us."

"Oh! nothing, except that I have been attacked, arraigned, accused, — yes, accused!"

"Where?"

"At the Propaganda."

"Oh!" cried Monnet, "a society that you yourself created!"

"Did you never hear of children that killed their fathers?"

"But who attacked you?"

"Tétréll. Can you understand that democrat who has brought luxury into sansculottism, carries Versailles guns, pistols with *fleur-de-lis*, has packs of hounds like a *ci-devant*, a stud like a prince, and is, the Lord knows why, the idol

of the Strasbourg populace? Perhaps it's because he glitters like a drum-major. I did think I had given guarantees enough of sound opinions; but no! the uniform of a public prosecutor can't cover the monk's cowl or the canon's surplice; they have been throwing that cursed priesthood into my face, which, they say, makes me irremediably suspicious to the true sons of liberty. Who, I ask you, has immolated more victims than I on the sacred altar of liberty? Have n't I within the last month cut off twenty-six heads? How many do they want?"

"Be calm, be calm, Schneider!"

"It is maddening!" continued Schneider, getting more and more excited, "what with the Propaganda on the one hand shouting, 'You don't do enough!' and Saint-Just, on the other, bawling out, 'Stop! stop!' Yesterday I arrested six of those curs, those aristocrats, and to-day four more. There's nothing to be seen in Strasbourg and its neighborhood but my Death Huzzars. This very night I am going to capture an *émigré* who has had the audacity to cross the Rhine in a smuggler's boat and go to Plobsheim to conspire with his family. That fellow, *he's* sure of his fate! Ha! I've learned one thing," he continued, flinging out his right arm with a threatening gesture; "it is that events are stronger than wills; and that if there are men who—like the chariots of war mentioned in the Scriptures—crush the people as they pass, it is because those men are driven by the same irresistible and fatal power which rends volcanoes and precipitates cataracts."

Then, after this declamation, which was not without a certain eloquence, he burst into a roar of nervous laughter.

"Pooh!" he said, "there's nothing before life and nothing after death; it is all a waking nightmare, that's the whole of it! It is n't worth thinking about while it lasts, or regretting when it goes. Come, let's have some dinner; *valeat res ludicra*, hey, Charles?"

So saying he preceded his friends into the dining-room, where an admirable dinner was served.

"But," said Young, sitting down with the rest at the table, "I don't see anything in all that to force you to marry in a week."

"True, I forgot to tell you the best part of all. Would you believe that while calling me the monk of Cologne (where I never wore a cowl) and the canon of Augsburg (where I never was a canon), they also reproached me for my orgies and debauches! My orgies, indeed! For thirty-four years of my life I ate nothing but carrots and drank water; it would be hard indeed if I could n't now eat white bread and a bit of meat. My debauches! If they think I pulled off my gown to live like Saint Anthony, they are mistaken. Well, there's one way to stop their mouths, and that's to marry. The devil take me! I can be a faithful husband and a good father of a family, like other men!—that is, if citizen Saint-Just lets me have leisure enough."

"Have you chosen the happy bride to share your couch?" asked Edelmann.

"No," said Schneider; "as there's a woman in the case, the devil will provide."

"To the health of the future spouse of Schneider!" cried Young; "and as he has chosen the devil for go-between, may the devil find him a rich and young and handsome mate."

"Hurrah for the wife of Schneider!" said Monnet, sadly.

At that instant the door opened and the old cook appeared upon the threshold.

"Here's a citoyenne," she said, "who wants to speak to citizen Euloge on pressing business."

"Bah!" said Euloge, "there's no business so pressing as to eat my dinner. Tell her to come back to-morrow."

The old woman disappeared, but presently put her head in again.

"She says to-morrow will be too late."

"Then why did n't she come earlier?"

"Because it was impossible, citizen," said a soft and

supplicating voice from the antechamber. "Let me see you, let me speak to you, — I implore it!"

Euloge, with an impatient gesture, signed to the old woman to close the door and come to him. But suddenly reflecting on the freshness and charm of the voice, he asked the cook, with the smile of a satyr: —

"Is she young?"

"About eighteen," was the answer.

"Is she pretty?"

"With the devil's beauty."

The three men began to laugh.

"You hear that, Schneider? the devil's beauty!"

"You've only to find out if she's rich," said Young, "and there's your wife provided. Open the door, old woman, and let her in; she must be an acquaintance of yours as she comes from the devil."

"Perhaps she comes from God," said Charles.

"No, for our friend Schneider has quarrelled with God, and is, on the other hand, great friends with the devil."

"Besides," said Young, "nobody but the devil hears and grants the prayers that are made to him."

"Well," said Schneider, "let her in."

The old woman opened the door: and it instantly framed the graceful figure of a young girl in a travelling-dress, wrapped in a black satin mantle lined with pink silk. She made a few steps into the dining-room and stopped in the full light of the wax-candles. The four men gave a murmur of admiration.

"Citizens," she said, "which of you is the citizen Commissioner of the Republic?"

"I am, citoyenne," replied Schneider, without rising.

"Citizen," she said, "I have a mercy to ask of you on which my life depends."

Her eyes turned anxiously from one to another of the party.

"You need not be troubled by the presence of my friends," said Schneider; "they are also the friends, by

taste, and I might say by profession, of beauty; that's my friend Edelmann, he's a musician —"

The young girl inclined her head as if to say, "I know his music."

"— and this is my friend Young, a poet —"

Same movement of the head, which meant: "I know his poems."

"— and this is my friend Monnet, who is neither poet nor musician, but has eyes and heart, and is all ready, I see, to plead your cause. As for my young friend here, he is only a scholar, but learned enough already to conjugate the verb *to love* in three languages. You can safely explain yourself before them all — unless you have something to say to me that can only be told in a *tête-à-tête*."

He rose and offered his hand to the young girl, motioning toward a half-open door which led into the adjoining salon.

"No," she said quickly, "no, monsieur —"

Schneider frowned.

"— pardon me, I meant citizen. No, citizen, what I have to say does not fear the light, nor yet publicity."

Schneider sat down again and made a sign to the young girl to take a seat. But she shook her head.

"It becomes suppliants to stand," she said.

"Then," said Schneider, "let us proceed regularly. I have told you who we all are; now tell us who you may be."

"My name is Clotilde Brumpt."

"*De Brumpt*, I suppose you mean?"

"It is unjust to reproach me for a crime committed three or four centuries before I was born, and in which I took no part."

"You need not say more; I know your history, and what has brought you here."

The young girl made a movement of supplication, throwing forward her head and her clasped hands; as she did so the hood of her mantle dropped on her shoulders, and

revealed to the light a face of extreme beauty. Her charming golden hair was parted to the crown of the head and fell in curls beside her cheeks, framing the perfect oval of the face. Her forehead, of a pure and marble whiteness, seemed the more dazzling because the eyes and brows and lashes were black; the nose, straight and yet flexible, shared in the slight trembling of the cheeks, which showed the traces of much weeping; her lips, half-open with entreaty, seemed to be cut in soft pink coral, and behind them the pretty teeth shone white as pearls; a throat like snow and smooth as satin, was nearly hidden by a black gown high to the neck, beneath the folds of which the graceful undulations of the body which it draped could be seen. She was glorious to behold as she stood there.

"Yes, yes," said Schneider, "yes, you are handsome; you have the beauty of the accursed races, their grace, and their seduction. But we are not Asiatics to be seduced from our duty by Helens or Roxalanas; your father is a conspirator, your father is guilty, your father shall die."

The poor girl gave a cry; the words were like a dagger piercing her heart.

"Oh, no, no!" she cried, "my father is not a conspirator."

"If he was not conspiring why did he emigrate?"

"He emigrated because, belonging to the Prince de Condé, he thought he ought to follow his commander into exile; but faithful to his country as he was to his master, he has never been willing to fight against France. For the two years of his exile, his sword has never left its scabbard."

"What does he want to do in France? why did he cross the Rhine in a smuggler's boat?"

"Alas! my mourning clothes may tell you, citizen. My mother was dying on this side the river, a few miles from him. The man in whose arms she had passed the twenty happy years of her life, waited anxiously for words of hope. Each message we could send him said, 'Worse! worse!'"

still worse !' Two days ago he could bear it no longer ; he crossed the river disguised as a peasant. Perhaps the reward has tempted the boatman ; God forgive him, he denounced my father, and to-night my father has been arrested. Ask your agents how and when, — at the moment when my mother was yielding her last breath. Ask them what he was doing, — weeping as he closed her eyes. Ah ! if ever a return from exile is pardonable, it is that of a husband who comes to bid a last farewell to the mother of his children. Good God ! will you tell me that every *émigré* who returns to the soil of France deserves to die ? — yes, he does, if he comes back with conspiracy in his heart, and weapons in his hand, but not if he comes to kneel beside the deathbed of a wife."

"Citoyenne Brumpt," said Schneider, shaking his head, "the law does not concern itself with sentimental subtleties ; it says, 'In such a case, under such circumstances, for such causes, the penalty of death is incurred.' The man who puts himself into the circumstances stated by the law, and is aware of the law, is guilty ; and if guilty, he must die."

"No, no, not if he is judged by men, and those men have a heart."

"A heart !" cried Schneider ; "do you suppose a man must always have a heart ? My enemies accused me to-day at the Propaganda of listening weakly to human entreaties. Don't you know that my path would be easier and more agreeable if I could lift a handsome creature like you at my feet and dry her tears, instead of saying, brutally : 'It is useless, you are wasting your breath' ? No, unhappily the law is there, and the executors of the law must be as inflexible as the law. It is not a woman, it is an iron statue, holding a sword in one hand and scales in the other ; nothing can be placed upon those scales but the accusation on one side and the truth on the other ; nothing can divert the blade of that sword from the terrible line that is marked out for it. On that line was the head of a king, the head

of a queen, the head of a prince; and those three heads fell like that of a beggar convicted of a murder or incendiarism. To-morrow I go to Plobsheim; the scaffold and the executioner will accompany me. If your father was not an *émigré*, or if he did not furtively cross the Rhine, if, in short, the accusation is unjust, he will be set at liberty; but, if the accusation, which your own lips confirm, is true, his head will fall in the market place of Plobsheim."

The young girl raised her head, and making a strong effort over herself, she said: —

"Then you leave me no hope?"

"No."

"I ask for one word more," she said, standing erect.

"Say on."

"No, to you alone."

"Come here, then."

The girl walked at once, with a firm step, to the salon which she entered without the least hesitation. Schneider followed her and closed the door behind them. The moment they were alone he put out his arm to clasp her waist; but simply, and with great dignity she arrested his action with her hand.

"In order that you may pardon the last effort that I make, citizen Schneider," she said, "you must remember that I have appealed to your heart by every honest means and you have repulsed them; you must say to yourself that I am driven to despair, and that, wishing to save the life of my father, and being unable to move you otherwise, it becomes my duty to say: If prayers and tears are powerless, perhaps money —"

Schneider made a scornful motion of the shoulders and lips, but the young girl paid no heed to it.

"I am rich," she continued; "my mother being dead, I inherit an immense fortune, which is mine, mine only, citizen Schneider. I can dispose of two millions. Had I four I would offer them to you; but two is all I have; will you accept them and save my father?"

Schneider laid a hand upon her shoulder; his eyes were thoughtful, but the heavy brows almost concealed their expression from the eager examination of the girl.

"To-morrow," he said, "I shall go to Plobsheim, as I told you. You have just made me a proposition, I will there make you another."

"You mean?" cried the girl.

"I mean that if you choose this matter can be settled."

"If your proposition is such as to leave any stain whatever on my honor, it will be useless to make it."

"It will leave none."

"Then you will be welcome at Plobsheim."

Bowing to him, without real hope in her heart and with tears in her eyes, she opened the door, crossed the dining-room, inclined her head to those present, and disappeared. Neither the three men nor Charles could see her face, which was entirely hidden by the hood of her mantle.

The Commissioner of the Republic followed her from the salon; he looked at the door of the dining-room until it was closed behind her, and he listened until he heard the roll of the carriage which took her away. Then walking up to the table he poured into his own glass and those of his friends, an entire bottle of *Liebefraumicht*.

"In this generous wine," he said, "let us drink to the health of Clotilde Brumpt, the affianced wife of Jean-Georges-Euloge Schneider."

He raised his glass, and his four guests, thinking it useless to ask an explanation, which he would probably not give, followed his example, and the toast was drunk.

VI.

MAÎTRE NICOLAS.

THE impression made by this scene was deep, and each person felt it according to his nature ; but the one most affected was our young schoolboy. He had certainly often seen *women*, but it was the first time that *woman* was revealed to him. Mademoiselle de Brumpt, as we have said, was marvellously beautiful, and that beauty had appeared to the eyes of the lad under conditions well calculated to bring it out. A strange emotion filled his being, something like a painful clutch at his heart, when, the young girl having gone, Schneider raised his glass and announced that Clotilde Brumpt would be his future wife.

What could have happened in the salon ? By what persuasive words had Schneider brought her to consent so rapidly ? For the lad could not doubt, after Schneider's assurance, that the consent had been given. It must have been that she took him aside to offer herself to him. If so, what supreme devotion of filial love it was that brought this lily of purity, this fragrant rose, to ally herself with a prickly holly, a coarse thistle ! To him, to Charles, it seemed that if he were the father of that perfect girl he would rather die a hundred deaths than buy his life by such a sacrifice of his daughter. As it was the first time the lad had ever appreciated beauty in a woman, so also it was the first time he had perceived the immense gulf which ugliness can put between two persons of opposite sexes. And how hideous this ugliness of Schneider's was, thought Charles, observing it for the first time. It was the worst of all ugliness ; that which nothing can efface because it is complicated with moral ugliness, — the fetid

ugliness of monkish faces which, when young, receive the impress of hypocrisy.

Charles, lost in reflection, his face turned to the door through which the young girl had disappeared, by the same attraction which inclines the heliotrope to the setting sun, seemed with open mouth and moving nostrils to be inhaling the fragrant atoms she had scattered as she passed. The nervous agitations of youth awoke in him; and, as in April the chest expands when it inhales the first breezes of spring, so his heart dilated as he breathed the first perfume of love. It was not yet day, it was only dawn; it was not yet love, it was but the herald that announced it.

He was about to rise and follow the magnetic current, and go he knew not whither, like other young and agitated hearts, when Schneider rang the bell. The sound made him shudder and descend from the heights he was scaling. The old cook appeared.

“Are there any orderlies about?” asked Euloge.

“Two,” she answered.

“Tell one of them to fetch me Maître Nicolas.”

The old woman shut the door without answering, — a proof that she knew what was meant. Charles did not know, but it was evident that the toast which followed Mademoiselle Brumpt’s departure and the order given to the old woman were linked to one purpose, and he felt he was about to learn something strange. It was evident also that the other three knew who Maître Nicolas was, inasmuch as they, free as they were with Schneider, asked no questions. Charles would gladly have inquired of his neighbor Monnet, but he dared not, for fear that Euloge might hear the question and answer it.

There was a moment’s silence, during which a certain uneasiness was apparent among the guests; the expectation of coffee, that joyous liquor due at the dessert, even its coming, did not lift so much as a corner of the crape veil which Schneider’s order, simple as it sounded, had spread about them.

Ten minutes elapsed. At the end of that time three raps given in a peculiar manner were heard. The guests visibly quivered. Edelmänn buttoned up his coat; Young coughed; Monnet turned as pale as the collar of his shirt.

"There he is!" said Euloge, frowning and speaking in a voice which Charles's excited interest made him think changed.

The door opened and the old woman announced:—

"Citizen Nicolas."

Then she stood aside to let that person pass, taking extreme care that he should not touch her as he did so.

A pale, grave, thin little man entered the room. He was dressed like everybody else, and yet—impossible as it was to say why—there was in his dress, his manner, his whole person, something strange that made those who saw him ponder. Edelmänn, Young, and Monnet, drew back their chairs. Schneider advanced his. The little man made two steps within the room, bowed to Euloge without taking any notice of the others, and stood with his eyes fixed upon him.

"To-morrow, at nine o'clock, we start," said Schneider.

"For what place?"

"Plobsheim."

"How long shall we be there?"

"Two days."

"How many assistants will be needed?"

"Two. Is your machine in order?"

The little man smiled, and shrugged his shoulders as if to say, "Fine question!" then he said aloud: "Am I to wait at the gate to Kehl, or shall I join you here?"

"Join me here."

"At nine o'clock, punctually."

The little man turned to leave the room.

"Wait," said Schneider; "don't go without drinking to the health of the Republic."

The little man accepted, bowing. Schneider rang the bell; the old woman appeared.

“A glass for citizen Nicolas,” he said.

Schneider took up the first bottle that came to hand, and tipped it carefully over the glass so as not to cloud the liquor. As the first red drops fell into the glass the little man said quickly, —

“I do not drink red wine.”

“Ah, true!” said Schneider. Then, with a laugh, he added: “So you are still nervous, citizen Nicolas?”

“Yes.”

Schneider took another bottle of wine, — it was champagne this time.

“There!” he said, offering it to the man, “guillotine me that bottle.”

And he laughed. Edelmann, Young, and Monnet tried to do likewise, but failed. The little man was serious. He took the bottle, pulled from his belt a knife with a broad, straight, pointed blade, passed it several times round the neck of the bottle, just below the orifice; then, with a sudden, sharp blow of the same knife, he sent the neck, cork, and wire fastenings flying. The foam burst forth like blood from a severed human neck, but Schneider, who stood ready, caught it in a glass.

The little man filled the glasses, but it so chanced that only five were filled, not six. That of Charles was left empty, and the boy took care not to show it. Edelmann, Schneider, Monnet, and Young, clicked their glasses with that of the little man. Whether it was a chance hand blow, or whether it was an omen, Schneider’s glass was broken by the click.

All five cried out, “Vive la République!” But only four could drink the toast; the wine had run from Schneider’s broken glass. A few drops remained in the bottle. Schneider seized it with a feverish hand, and put the neck of it hastily to his lips. More hastily he withdrew it. The sharp edges of the broken glass had cut his lip through to the teeth. A blasphemy burst from his bleeding mouth, and he dashed the bottle to fragments on the floor.

"Nine o'clock is the hour, is it?" said the little man, tranquilly.

"Yes, and to the devil with you!" said Schneider, holding his handkerchief to his mouth.

Maitre Nicolas bowed and went away. Schneider, who had turned very pale, and came near fainting at the sight of his own blood which flowed profusely, had fallen into a chair. Edelman and Young went to his assistance. Charles pulled Monnet by the skirt of his coat.

"Tell me," he whispered, quivering with emotion at the strange scene he had just witnessed, "who is Maitre Nicolas?"

"Don't you know?" asked Monnet.

"How should I know? I came to Strasbourg only yesterday."

Monnet did not reply in words, but he passed his hand around his neck.

"I don't understand," said Charles.

Monnet dropped his voice.

"Can't you understand he is the executioner?"

Charles shuddered.

"Then the machine is — is —?"

"Yes, by God!"

"What is he going to do with the guillotine at Plobsheim?"

"He told you himself — marry!"

Charles wrung the cold damp hand of the man who answered him, and darted from the room. He saw, as if through a mist of blood, the awful truth.

VII.

FILIAL LOVE, OR THE WOODEN LEG.

CHARLES returned at a run to Madame Teutch, like a hare to its form, a fox to its burrow; that was his haven, his place of safety. When he got there he felt secure; once over the threshold of the hôtel de la Lanterne, it seemed to him he had nothing more to fear.

He asked at once for his young comrade. Eugène was in his room, fencing with a sergeant-major of a regiment in garrison at Strasbourg. The man had served under his father, the Marquis de Beauharnais, who had several times taken notice of his bravery. When the marquis heard that his son was going to Strasbourg to seek for documents that were required for his defence, he requested Eugène to continue the training necessary to all young men of good family, and to ask if a certain sergeant, Pierre Augereau, was still stationed at Strasbourg, and if he were, to take fencing lessons of him.

Eugène inquired, and found Pierre Augereau; only, that warrior being now sergeant-major, he no longer fenced except for pleasure. But as soon as the worthy soldier knew that it was the son of his old commander who wanted lessons, he declared it would be for his own pleasure to have bouts with Eugène at the inn. The special cause of the sergeant-major's subsequent assiduity was that he soon found out his pupil was almost his master, and could admirably defend himself against the rough and inconsequent play of his old-fashioned practice. Besides (and this reason deserved a front rank), every time he went to fence with his pupil, the pupil invited him to dinner, and the dinners of the citoyenne Teutch were far preferable to those in barracks.

Pierre Augereau was in a regiment which had gone out of the town that morning in pursuit of the Austrians, and he had seen his pupil on the ramparts, gun in hand. He had made him all sorts of signs with his sabre, but the lad was so busy in sending his own balls after the Austrians that he did not even see the telegraphic signals of the worthy sergeant-major. Citoyenne Teutch was the first to tell the latter that Eugène had come very near being killed. She showed him the cap with the hole in it, and related how the young fellow had returned shot for shot, — a fatal return for the Austrian dragoon. When, therefore, Augereau went up to his pupil's room, he made him a great many compliments, and his pupil, as usual, invited him to the meal that, in Germany, comes between the mid-day breakfast, which is almost a dinner, and the supper, which is served at ten o'clock at night.

When Charles arrived, the master and pupil were just saluting; the bout was over. Eugène had shown himself very vigorous, alert, and agile, so that Augereau was particularly proud of him. The table was set in the same little room where the two lads had breakfasted in the morning. Eugène presented his new friend to the sergeant-major (who, seeing him so pale and puny, took a very poor idea of him), and begged Madame Teutch to set another place at the table. But Charles declared he was not hungry, he had just finished dinner, he would only drink to the promotion of the sergeant-major; as for food, he didn't want any.

To explain, not his want of appetite, which was easily explainable by the fact that he had dined, but his paleness and agitation, he related the scene he had just witnessed.

After that, Pierre Augereau told the lads the story of his life and adventures. He was born, he said, in the faubourg Saint-Marceau, of a journeyman mason and a fruit girl; from his infancy he had had a fancy for boxing; he had learned that and fencing as a Parisian *gamin* learns everything; his adventurous life took him to Naples, where he

entered the service of King Ferdinand as a carbineer; there he first taught fencing, being careful (and it was this that made his fence extremely dangerous) to mix the Neapolitan system with the French system. In 1792, when the order was issued for all Frenchmen to leave Naples, he returned to France, which he reached two days before the 2d of September, just in time to join the volunteers whom Danton was sending from the Champ de Mars to the armies, and who took so brilliant a part in the battle of Jemmapes. Augereau had there received his first rank; thence he was sent to the Army of the Rhine, where the Marquis de Beauharnais made him sergeant, and where he had lately been promoted sergeant-major. He was now thirty-six years old, and his great ambition was to rise to the rank of captain.

Eugène had nothing to relate; but he made a proposal which was received with acclamations; namely, to go to the theatre and distract Charles's mind from his gloomy thoughts. A troupe of actors under the management of citizen Bergère were just then playing at the Breuil Theatre Voltaire's "Brutus," and "Filial Love, or the Wooden Leg," by citizen Demoustiers.

They shortened their dinner, and by six o'clock the two lads, protected by the sergeant-major, who was a head taller than they, and possessed a pair of vigorous fists which were always at the service of his friends, entered the theatre, already crowded with spectators, and found, though with much difficulty, three places on the eighth seat from the orchestra. At this period stalls were unknown.

The happy issue of the morning fight had made the day a sort of fête; and the tragedy of "Brutus," which happened to be on the bills for that day, seemed like a homage rendered to the courageous conduct of the inhabitants of the town. Persons were pointing out to each other among the audience the heroes of the day, and it was known that the young actor who played the part of Titus had not only taken part in the battle, but was wounded.

Amid the noise which always precedes the representation of a play when the house is crowded, the manager came forward and struck three raps; instantly, as if by magic, the audience was silent. It is true that, seconding the blows of the manager's stick, silence was commanded by the all-powerful voice of Tétrell, who was elated at the triumph he had won that morning in the Propaganda over Euloge Schneider.

Charles at once recognized his nocturnal acquaintance and pointed him out to Eugène, without, however, saying a word of their meeting or of the warning sent by him. Eugène knew him, too, from having seen him in the streets of Strasbourg; he had heard that he was one of his father's persecutors, and regarded him therefore with an angry eye. As for Pierre Augereau, he saw the man for the first time, and, humorist that he was, like all true sons of the Parisian faubourgs, the fact that struck him most was Tétrell's gigantic nose, the nostrils of which spread extravagantly over his two cheeks, and bore some resemblance to those extinguishers which sextons carry round on long sticks to put out the flame of the wax tapers which are too tall for them to blow out.

The small Charles happened to be seated just below Tétrell. Augereau, who was separated from him by Eugène, proposed to change places with him.

"Why?" asked Charles.

"Because you are in a draught of air from citizen Tétrell's nose," said the sergeant-major, "and I'm afraid when he breathes he will blow you away."

As Tétrell was more feared than liked, the speech made those about them laugh.

"Silence!" roared Tétrell.

"What did you say?" asked Augereau, in the aggravating tone peculiar to the *gamin de Paris*.

He stood up and turned round to face the man who had called to him, and as he did so the audience recognized the uniform of the regiment that had gone out to defend the

city that morning; instantly the applause broke forth, accompanied by cries of,—

“Bravo, sergeant-major! hurrah for the sergeant-major!”

Augereau made a military salute, and sat down as the curtain was then going up. The attention of the audience turned to the stage, and Tétrell’s nose, as well as the sergeant-major’s speech, was forgotten.

In Voltaire’s tragedy the curtain rises, it will be remembered, on a session of the Roman senate at which Junius Brutus, first Roman consul with Publicola, announces that Tarquin, who is besieging Rome, has sent an ambassador.

It was easy to see the sort of spirit that animated the audience when, after the first thirty-eight lines, Brutus declaimed the following:—

Rome knows that her freedom was ever my aim;
 Our views are divergent, our object the same.
 I see in these envoys who hither have come,
 The homage of kings to the people of Rome.
 Let us treat with them then, and accustom their pride
 To place our Republic, a peer, at their side,
 Till the day when, fulfilling high heaven’s decrees,
 They are forced to make treaties with us — on their knees!

Thunders of applause burst forth; it seemed as though France, like Rome, had a presentiment of her glorious destiny. Brutus, interrupted in the middle of his speech, was unable to continue it for over ten minutes.

He was interrupted a second time with still greater warmth when he reached these lines:—

Beaten down ’neath a sceptre of iron so long,
 Our race, through misfortune, has learned to be strong.
 Revolt and rebellion were born of our kings,
 From the crimes of the Tarquins our liberty springs;
 And Tuscans may learn, in the hour of their need,
 When oppressed by their tyrants, to follow our lead.

Here, the actors made a pause. The consuls walked to the altar with the senate; as they walked, the house rang

with cries and bravos ! Then all were hushed to listen to the invocation : —

Oh ! Mars, god of heroes, of battles, of Rome,
 Fighting ever with us in defence of our home,
 On thy altar, great Mars, hear thy votary now ;
 In the name of all Romans I make thee this vow :
 If there be in our city *one* traitor alone
 Who would fain see proud Tarquin restored to his throne,
 In tortures and torments that wretch shall expire,
 His ashes be given to the winds from the fire ;
 And his name shall in deeper abhorrence be held
 Than that of the tyrants whom Rome has expelled !

In times of political effervescence no one thinks of the merit or demerit of the verses they applaud, only of their harmony with our feelings. Seldom indeed have windier tirades passed the lips of an actor, yet never did the splendid lines of Corneille and Racine call forth equal enthusiasm.

On the present occasion this enthusiasm, which already seemed to have reached a point whence it could go no farther, burst all bounds when the curtain rose upon the second act and the young actor who played the part of Titus (he was a brother of Mme. Fleury of the Théâtre-Français) came forward with his arm in a sling. An Austrian bullet had gone through his biceps.

The few verses which made allusion to the victories of Titus and to his patriotism were encored, and then, rejecting the proposals of Porsenna, Titus said : —

In Rome I was born, and for Rome I would die.
 Though the Senate full justice to me may deny,
 Yet better by far is their rule, though severe,
 Than the sceptre of tyrants who govern by fear.
 On my heart, like my father's, are graven two things,
 The worship of Freedom, the hatred of Kings !

And finally, when in the succeeding scene he cries out, renouncing his love : —

I banish that hope with a resolute will ;
Rome summons me now to the Capitol Hill,
Where those arches triumphal my glory proclaim,
The people, assembled, are calling my name
To swear the great oath, that secures to the end
The liberties Romans will die to defend ! —

the wildly enthusiastic young men rushed upon the stage, embraced the actor, and clasped his hands, while all the women present waved their handkerchiefs and flung flowers to their hero.

Nothing was wanting to the triumph of Voltaire and Brutus, — above all to that of Fleury, who carried off the honors of the evening.

We have said that the second piece was by Demoustiers, and was entitled "Filial Love, or the Wooden Leg." It was one of those so-called idyls furnished by the republican Muse; for it is very remarkable that never was dramatic literature so completely diluted rose-water as it was during the years '92, '93, and '94. That is the period in which were written "La Mort d'Abel;" "Le Conciliateur;" "Les Femmes;" and "La Belle Fermière." It would seem as though the people, after the bloody emotions of each day, needed such goody insipidities at night to restore their balance. Nero crowned himself with flowers after burning Rome.

But an event connected with the combat of the morning put an obstacle in the way of presenting the trash prepared for the present occasion. Madame Fromont, who played the part of Louise, the only woman in the piece, had lost her husband and her father, both having been killed in the fight of the morning. It was therefore almost impossible that she should play, under such circumstances, the part of a loving woman, or indeed any part. The curtain was raised, and Titus-Fleury came forward with tears in his eyes to beg the audience, in the name of Madame Fromont, to kindly consent to the substitution of the opera of "Rose and Colas" for that of "Filial Love," giving as a reason,

that Madame Fromont was overwhelmed with grief at the loss of her father and husband, who had given their lives for the Republic.

Cries of "Yes! yes!" mingled with unanimous applause, resounded through the house, and Fleury was just retiring from the stage, when Tétrell, rising, made a sign that he wished to speak. Instantly several voices cried out: —

"It is Tétrell, the friend of the people! Tétrell, the terror of aristocrats! Let us hear Tétrell!"

VIII.

THE PROVOCATION.

THAT evening Tétréll was more elegant than ever. He wore a blue coat with wide lapels and gilt buttons, a waist-coat of white piqué, the lapels of which almost covered those of the coat; a tricolor sash with a gold fringe was round his waist, and in that sash were stuck superb pistols with ivory-inlaid handles and barrels damascened with gold; his sabre, in a red morocco scabbard, dangled insolently over the balcony and hung suspended above the pit like another sword of Damocles. He prefaced his speech by striking on the railing of the box, which sent the dust flying from the velvet.

“What is this I find here, citizens?” he said in a tone of anger. “I thought I was in Sparta; it seems I was mistaken, — we are in Corinth or at Sybaris. Is it in presence of republican men that a republican woman dares to put forward such excuses? Are we no better than those miserable slaves across the river, those dogs of aristocrats who, when we whip them, crack their lungs in howling ‘*Libera!*’ Two men have died for their country; immortal glory to their memory! The women of Sparta presented bucklers to their sons and husbands saying but four words: ‘With, or upon them.’ If they returned upon them — that is, dead — the women put on their gayest garments. The citoyenne Fromont is pretty. Lovers will not be lacking to her. All the handsome men in town were not killed at the gate of Haguenuau. As for her father, there is not an old patriot in the place who would not be glad to change places with him. Don’t expect, citizen Fleury, to touch our feelings with the pretended sorrows of a woman who has been favored with the for-

tune of war, who has just acquired by means of a cannon-ball a crown for her dowry, and a whole people for her family. Go, tell her to appear; go, tell her to sing; tell her, above all, to stop her tears; this is a day of public rejoicing; tears are for aristocrats!"

Every one kept silence. Tétréll was, as we have said, the third power in Strasbourg, more feared perhaps than either of the two others. The actor Fleury backed off the stage, and five minutes later the curtain rose for the first scene of "Filial Love" — which proved that Tétréll was obeyed.

It is absolutely necessary, for a complete understanding of the scene which follows, that I should give an analysis of this pitiable pastoral, which I have taken the wearisome trouble to read through.

The piece opens with the following verses, to a well-known tune: —

Youthful lover, gather flowers
For the garlands of thy maid;
Love shall grant in bosky bowers
Tender favors gladly paid.

An old soldier has retired to a cottage at the foot of the Alps, near the battle-field of Nefeld, where he was wounded, and where his life was saved by another soldier whom he has never seen since. He lives alone with his son, who, after singing the four opening stanzas, of which the foregoing is one, sings the next four, which complete the idea; they end thus: —

But mine's a love surpassing that
Man feels for any maid;
I gather flowers to deck the hat
That shields my father's head, —

an occupation all the more ridiculous for a tall fellow of twenty-five, because the old soldier wakes up before the crown is made, and we are not allowed to see whether the

wreath of water-lilies and forget-me-not became him. In exchange, however, we are given a duet, in which the son repels the ideas of love and marriage which the father endeavors to put into him; the son winds up his share of the duet with:—

I know the sweetest love of all
Is that I feel for you.

But he presently changes his opinion. Having gathered the flowers to crown his father, he now goes to gather the fruit for his breakfast. Meanwhile a young girl rushes upon the scene, singing:—

Ah! kind old man,
Ah! help me, pray;
Have you seen a traveller pass this way?

This traveller is the young girl's father. The old man has not seen him; and as she is very anxious and uneasy, she stops and eats some breakfast and goes to sleep. Then everybody sets out to search for the lost father, and Armand (that is, the young man who gathered flowers for *his* father) finds him,—all the more easily because he is sixty years old and has a wooden leg. It is easy to understand the joy with which Louise beholds her recovered father; a joy doubled by the discovery, after a very short explanation, that the father of Louise is the very soldier who saved the life of Armand's father at the battle of Nefeld, and who lost, in consequence of that service, a leg, which royal munificence has replaced with a wooden one,—an unexpected bit of luck which justifies the picturesque double title of the play, "Filial Love, or the Wooden Leg."

So long as poor Madame Fromont could wander about the stage, and call to the Alpine echoes to restore her father, her tears and her distress only helped her part; but when he was found, the contrast of that theatrical situation to her own struck the poor soul, who had lost her

own father forever, in all its appalling truth. The actress ceased to be an actress; she became an actual wife, an actual daughter. She uttered a mournful cry, pushed her pretended father from her, and fell in a swoon; the actors caught her and carried her from the stage.

The curtain fell. Then a fearful tumult arose among the audience. Most of them took part for poor Madame Fromont and cried out, "Enough! enough!" Others called to her. "Citoyenne Fromont! citoyenne Fromont!" but more with the wish to recall her and give her an ovation, than to force her to go on with her part. A few malevolent minds, hardened Catos (Tétrell was among them) cried out: —

"The play! go on with the play!"

After about five minutes of this frightful uproar, the curtain rose, silence was restored, and the poor widow appeared, pale and bathed in tears, leaning on the arm of Fleury, who seemed to make himself her protector; she came, scarcely able to drag herself along, to thank those who had shown her sympathy, and to implore the mercy of the others.

At the sight, the whole house resounded with applause and bravos, which would have been unanimous if a loud hissing from the balcony had not protested against the universal feeling.

But the hiss had hardly sounded before a voice replied to it from the pit, crying out: —

"Wretch!"

Tétrell gave a bound; leaning over the edge of the balcony, he roared out: —

"Who said 'wretch'?"

"I," said the same voice.

"Whom did you mean by 'wretch'?"

"You."

"You are hiding there in the pit; you dare not show yourself."

A lad, about fifteen, sprang on a bench at a bound, stand-

ing higher than those about him by the whole length of his body.

"Here I am!" he said; "I show myself, and you can see me."

"Eugène Beauharnais! the son of General Beauharnais!" cried several of the audience, who knew the father when stationed at Strasbourg, and also the son, who had been there for some time. General Beauharnais was greatly beloved. A little group now gathered about the lad, whom Augereau on one side and Charles on the other, were preparing to sustain.

"Wolf-cub of an aristocrat!" cried Tétrell, seeing the adversary with whom he had to deal.

"Bastard of a wolf!" replied the youth, nothing daunted by the uplifted fist and threatening eyes of the leader of the Propaganda.

"If you make me come down to you," cried Tétrell, "beware! I'll flog you."

"If you make me come up to you," responded Eugène, "beware! I'll box your ears."

"There! there's for you, brat!" said Tétrell, forcing a laugh and making an insulting gesture.

"There! there's for you, coward!" retorted the youth, flinging his glove, into which he had slipped two or three leaden balls. The missile, thrown with the accuracy of a schoolboy, struck Tétrell full in the face. He uttered a cry of rage, put his hand to his cheek, and found it covered with blood.

It would have taken Tétrell, with the thirst of vengeance upon him, too long to go round by the corridors. He drew a pistol and aimed at the lad, around whom a space was instantly cleared, each man fearing that Tétrell's hand, which trembled with passion, would send the projectile wide of its mark.

At the same instant a man wearing the uniform of the volunteers of Paris, and on the arm of that uniform the chevrons of a sergeant, flung himself between Tétrell and

the lad, covering the latter with his body and crossing his arms.

"All very fine, citizen," he said, "but when a man carries a sabre at his side, he does n't assassinate."

"Bravo, the volunteer! bravo, the sergeant!" shouted the audience from all parts of the house.

"Do you know," continued the volunteer, "what this lad, this wolf's-cub, this brat, as you call him, was doing while you — you — were making fine speeches at your Propaganda? He was fighting to prevent the enemy from entering Strasbourg. You were demanding the heads of your friends; he was destroying the enemies of France. Put back your pistol into your belt, for it does n't in the least frighten me, and listen to the rest I have to say to you."

The most profound silence filled the theatre, and on the stage, the curtain being still raised, were a mass of actors, machinists, and soldiers of the guard. In the midst of this silence, filled with intense excitement, the volunteer continued, not raising his voice, which was, however, heard distinctly by each person present.

"What I have still to say," continued the sergeant, unmasking the person of the youth and laying a hand upon his shoulder, "is, that this lad, who is no wolf-cub of aristocracy, no brat, but a man, whom victory has this day baptized a republican on the battlefield, after having insulted you, defies you; after calling you a wretch he calls you a coward; and he will await your second and fight you with any weapon you choose — always provided that you do not follow your usual custom, and make your second the executioner and your weapon the guillotine. It is I who tell you this, do you hear me? in his name and mine; it is I who answer for him, — I, Pierre Augereau, sergeant-major of the first regiment of the volunteers of Paris. And now go hang yourself, or what you will. Come, citizen Eugène."

He circled the lad with his arm and put him on the

ground; but as he did so he contrived to lift him high in order that the whole house might see him; the applause was frantic.

Amid those cries, hurrahs, and bravos, he left the theatre with the two lads, half the audience following them to the hôtel de la Lanterne, shouting, —

“Vive la République! long live the volunteers of Paris! down with Tétrell!”

IX.

CHARLES IS ARRESTED.

WHEN kind Madame Teutch heard the uproar in the street, which was evidently approaching the hôtel de la Lanterne, she appeared on the sill of the door, and from afar she saw, by the light of the torches which the most enthusiastic had obtained, her two young charges and sergent-major Pierre Augereau, brought back to her in triumph.

The fear which Tétréll had sown about him throughout the town had borne its fruit, and the harvest was now ripe; he reaped hatred. Thirty or more willing men proposed to Pierre Augereau to watch over Eugène's safety, thinking it very possible that Tétréll might profit by the darkness to do him some ill turn. But the sergent-major thanked them, saying he would himself watch over the lad and be responsible for his safety. Only (to retain all this goodwill which might be useful later) the sergent-major thought it advisable to offer a glass of punch, or one of hot wine, to the leaders of the escort. The proposal was scarcely made before the kitchen of the inn was crammed, and the boiling of the wine began in an immense caldron, with plenty of sugar and a mixture of alcohol.

The crowd did not depart till midnight, after exchanging many grasps of the hand and many oaths of alliance offensive and defensive, interspersed with cries of "Vive la République!"

But when the last imbiber of boiled wine had departed, when the door was closed upon him, and the shutters were shut with care, so that no light could be seen from the windows, Augereau became serious and said to Eugène:—

"Now, my young friend, we must think of your safety."

"My safety?" cried the youth. "Did n't you say your-

self had nothing to fear, and that you would answer for me?"

"Certainly I answer for you, but only on condition of your doing as I wish."

"What do you want me to do? let us see that first; you won't wish me to do anything cowardly, I hope?"

"Hey! monsieur le marquis," said Augereau, "no such suspicions as that, or by the thousand thunders of the Republic! we shall quarrel."

"Come, come! my good Pierre, don't get angry. What do you want me to do? Tell me quick."

"I don't trust a man with such a nose as Tétrell's when it is n't carnival time. Besides, he'll never fight a duel."

"Why do you think so?"

"Because he looks like a coward."

"Yes, but suppose he does fight?"

"If he fights, of course that's all right; you risk a cut with a sword, or a pistol ball, and the thing is over; but if he does n't fight —"

"Well, what then?"

"That's quite another thing. If he does n't fight, you risk having your head chopped off, and that's what I want to guard against."

"How will you do it?"

"By taking you to the barracks of the volunteers of Paris; he won't come after you there, I'll warrant."

"Hide myself? Never!"

"Hush! my young friend," said the sergeant-major, frowning; "don't talk in that way before Pierre Augereau, who knows what courage is; no, you won't hide yourself, you'll simply wait, that's all."

"What am I to wait for?"

"Tétrell's seconds."

"His seconds! he will send them here, and I shall not know of it if I go away."

"Well, here's little Charles, who risks nothing; has n't

he been created and sent into the world expressly to stay here and let us know what happens. A thousand gods! what a troublesome mind you've got, and how you do see difficulties! Come, make up your mind, and let's be off."

"Charles!" cried Eugène, "the first thing that happens, no matter how trifling it is, you'll come to the barracks and let me know, won't you?"

"I give you my word of honor."

"All right," said Augereau. "To the right about, march!"

"Where are we going?"

"To the barracks."

"By the courtyard?"

"By the courtyard."

"Why not through the door?"

"Because if we go through the door, some idler may see us and follow us just from curiosity; whereas by the courtyard, I know a certain gate which opens on a lane where even a cat does n't go once a month, — a lane that takes us straight to the barracks, and no one will know where the turkeys perch."

"You remember what you have promised, Charles?"

"Though I'm two years younger than you, I have a word of honor as good as yours, Eugène; besides, to-day has made me older, as old as you. Good-bye, and feel easy; Augereau will watch over you, and I'll watch over your honor."

The two lads shook hands; the sergeant-major almost cracked poor Charles's fingers as he gripped them in his own; then he dragged Eugène off through the courtyard, leaving Charles endeavoring, with a grin of pain, to separate one finger from another. That operation accomplished, the lad took up his candlestick as usual, and his key, ran up to his room, and went to bed.

But he was hardly in it before the door softly opened, and Madame Teutch came in on tiptoe, making a sign with her hand that she had something very important to say to him. The lad knew enough by this time of Madame

Teutch's mysterious ways not to be alarmed by her appearance in his room, no matter at what unearthly hour. She came up to the bed, murmuring: —

“Poor cherub!”

“Well, citoyenne Teutch,” said Charles, laughing, “what now?”

“I must tell you what has happened, though I know it will make you very uneasy.”

“When did something happen?”

“While you were at the theatre.”

“Goodness! and what did happen?”

“They made a visit here.”

“They? who?”

“The men who came before for citizens Dumont and Ballu.”

“Well, they did n't find them any more than they did the first time, I presume.”

“My treasure, they did n't come for them.”

“For whom, then?”

“For you.”

“For me? Ha! and what gives me the honor of such a visit?”

“They were looking for the writer of that little note, you know.”

“In which I told the lawyers to cut and run as fast as they could?”

“Yes.”

“Well?”

“Well, they searched your room and tumbled over all your papers.”

“I don't mind that; they did n't find anything against the Republic there.”

“No, but they found an act of a tragedy.”

“Ah! my tragedy of ‘Theramenes.’”

“They've carried it off.”

“The wretches! luckily, I know it by heart.”

“But do you know why they took it?”

“Because they liked the verses, I suppose.”

“No, because they saw the writing was the same as in the little note.”

“Goodness! that’s serious.”

“You know the law, my poor boy; whoever harbors suspected persons, or helps them to escape —”

“The punishment is death.”

“Just hear him say that, the little devil! as cool as if he was asking for jam on his bread.”

“I say it that way, Madame Teutch, because there is n’t any danger for me in it.”

“What do you mean? Why is n’t there any danger for you?”

“Because a man must be over sixteen to have the honors of the guillotine.”

“Are you sure, my dear child?”

“I know all about it; besides I read yesterday on the walls a new decree of citizen Saint-Just forbidding that any warrant should be served without first communicating the charge to him, so that he may himself question the accused person — Stay! one thing —”

“What’s that?” asked Madame Teutch.

“Just give me that ink, and paper, and a pen.”

He took the pen and wrote: —

“Citizen Saint-Just, I have just been arrested illegally, and believing in your justice, I ask to be brought before you.”

And he signed it.

“There,” he said to Madame Teutch, “in these days one has to foresee all. If I’m arrested, send that note to citizen Saint-Just.”

“Merciful Father! you poor little dear, if such a misfortune happens, I promise you I’ll take it myself and give it into his own hands if I have to wait twenty-four hours in the antechamber.”

“Then it will be all right, citoyenne Teutch. Kiss me, and go to bed and to sleep; I’ll try to myself.”

Madame Teutch kissed him and walked off muttering, —
“God’s truth! there are no children in these days! Here’s one who insults citizen Tétrell, and another who asks to be taken before citizen Saint-Just!”

Madame Teutch closed the door; Charles blew out his candle and went to sleep.

The next morning about eight o’clock he was busy arranging his papers, which were somewhat in disorder after the visitation of the night before, when Madame Teutch burst into the room crying out, —

“Here they are! here they are!”

“Who?” asked Charles.

“The police who are after you, poor child!”

Charles hastily hid in his bosom, between his shirt and his skin, his father’s second letter, the one addressed to Pichegru; he was afraid it would be taken from him and not returned.

The police entered the room and informed the lad of their purpose. He declared himself willing to go with them. As he passed citoyenne Teutch, he gave her a look which meant, “Don’t forget;” to which she replied with a motion of her head meaning, “Don’t fear.”

The police carried Charles away on foot. As they passed the house of Euloge Schneider, the boy had a momentary idea of asking to be taken before the man to whom he had been consigned, and with whom he had dined the day before. But before that house stood the guillotine, by the guillotine a waiting coach, on the steps Maître Nicolas. He remembered the whole scene of the dinner, and he shook his head, muttering to himself, —

“Poor Mademoiselle de Brumpt, God help her!”

The lad was one of those who still believed in God; it is true he was only a child.

X.

SCHNEIDER'S TRIP.

CHARLES and the men who were conducting him were hardly out of sight before the door of Euloge Schneider's house was opened, and the Commissioner of the Republic appeared on the threshold, cast a tender glance at the instrument of death, which was neatly taken apart and lying on its own cart; then he nodded in a friendly manner to Maître Nicolas and got into the empty coach. There he turned round and said to Maître Nicolas, —

“How are you going?”

Nicolas showed him a cabriolet which was then driving up. In it were two men, his assistants; the cabriolet was his own. The party was complete, — prosecutor, guillotine, and executioner.

They started through the streets which led to the gate of Kehl, where the road to Plobsheim begins. Wherever the cortège passed, terror passed too, with icy wings. People on their doorsteps went back into their houses; those who were on the street flattened themselves against the walls or tried to escape down the byways. A few fanatics alone waved their hats and cried out, “Vive la guillotine!” in other words, “Long live Death!” but, for the honor of humanity, let us say that they were few.

Schneider's usual escort — namely, eight Huzzars of Death — attended him. In each village through which he passed the Commissioner halted, spreading terror around him. As soon as the lugubrious procession stopped, he announced by criers that he was ready to listen to complaints and denunciations. He heard them, questioned the trembling mayors and municipal councils, ordered arrests, and went his way, leaving sadness and desolation behind

him, as though the curse of yellow fever or the plague had come that way.

The village of Eschau stands at some distance to the right of the main road. It hoped, therefore, that it might be spared this horrible infliction. The hope was vain. Schneider plunged into a cross-road much cut up by rains. His own coach and the executioner's cabriolet got through safely, thanks to their lightness; but the cart which bore the red machine remained stuck in the mire. Schneider sent on four of the Death huzzars to fetch men and horses. There was some delay in obeying his mandate; enthusiasm for such work was not warm. Schneider was furious; he threatened to stay permanently at Eschau and guillotine the whole village; and he would have done it if the delay had suited him, such was the supreme omnipotence of these terrible dictators. This explains the massacres of Collot-d'Herbois at Lyon, and of Carrier at Nantes. The frenzy of blood mounted to their brains, as it did, eighteen hundred years earlier, to those of Nero, Commodus, and Domitian.

At last, by force of men and horses, the cart was pulled from the mud-hole and the procession entered the village. The mayor, the assistant mayor, and the council were in waiting at the end of the main street to address Schneider. The latter surrounded them with his Death huzzars and would not listen to a word they had to say.

It was market-day. He stopped in the market-place, and set up the scaffold before the terrified eyes of the population. Then he ordered that the mayor should be bound to one of the arms of the guillotine, and the assistant mayor to the other, and he placed the whole municipal council on the platform of the machine. This sort of pillory was an invention of his for all those who had not, as he thought, deserved actual death.

It was now mid-day, — the dinner hour. He entered an inn directly opposite to the scaffold, had his table set on the balcony, and ordered his meal to be served, four of the Death huzzars standing guard near him. At dessert he

rose, lifted his glass high above his head, and cried out: "Long live the Republic, and death to aristocrats." When the spectators had repeated the cry, even those on the scaffold who were looking at him in terror, not knowing what fate he would ordain for them, he said:—

"Enough! I pardon you."

Then he ordered the guard to unbind the mayor and his assistant, and told the municipal council to come down from the scaffold, commanding them to set an example of equality and fraternity by helping the executioner and his assistants in taking down the guillotine and replacing it on its cart. Then he obliged the whole municipality to escort him in triumph through the village.

Plobsheim was reached about three in the afternoon. At the first house he came to Schneider asked where the Comte de Brumpt lived. The house was pointed out to him. It was in the rue du Rhin, the handsomest and widest street in the town. When the procession came in front of the house, Schneider ordered the guillotine to be set up; then he left four huzzars to guard the scaffold and took the four others with him.

He went to the hôtel du Bonnet Phrygien (formerly that of the Croix Blanche) and there he wrote the following note:—

To citizen Brumpt, in the City prison:

If you send me your word of honor, in writing, to make no attempt to escape, you will be set at liberty.

Only, you must invite me to dinner to-morrow at mid-day, because I have to speak with you on important matters.

EULOGÉ SCHNEIDER.

He sent the missive by an huzzar. Ten minutes later, the messenger brought back the answer:—

I give my word to citizen Schneider to return to my own house, and not to leave it without his permission.

I shall have much pleasure in receiving him at dinner to-morrow, at the hour he indicates.

BRUMPT.

XI.

AN OFFER OF MARRIAGE.

MADemoiselle DE BRUMPT had no sooner seen the horrible machine which was standing before her house than she ordered the window-shutters on that side to be closed. When, therefore, the Comte de Brumpt, issuing from the prison with no other keeper than his word of honor, came in sight of his house, he saw it closed like a sepulchre, and a scaffold in front of it. He asked himself what this could mean, and whether he ought to go farther.

But his hesitation lasted only for a moment. Neither tomb nor scaffold could make him retreat; he went straight to the front door, and gave his usual three raps, — two almost together, the third, a little later.

Clotilde had retired with Madame Gérard, her companion, to a bedroom at the back of the house looking on the garden. She was lying back on the cushions of a sofa, weeping, — so plain seemed to her this answer to her petition. When she heard the first two raps, she gave a cry; at the third, she sprang to her feet.

“My God!” she cried.

Madame Gérard turned pale.

“If the count were not in prison,” she said, “one might swear it was he.”

Clotilde rushed to the stairs.

“It is his step!” she murmured.

A voice asked: —

“Clotilde! where are you?”

“Father! father!” cried the girl, darting down the stairs.

The count was at the foot of the staircase, and received her in his arms.

"My daughter, my child!" he stammered, "what is the meaning of all this?"

"I don't know myself."

"But that scaffold before the door? these windows, why are they closed?"

"Schneider put up the scaffold; it was I who closed the windows, that I might not see you die."

"But Schneider has just released me from prison on parole, and has asked himself to dinner for to-morrow."

"Father," said Clotilde, "perhaps I have done wrong, but if so, the blame is on my love for you. When I saw you arrested, I went to Strasbourg and implored your pardon."

"From Schneider?"

"From Schneider."

"Poor girl! What price did he ask for it?"

"Father, the price is still to be agreed upon. To-morrow he will tell us his conditions."

"Then we must wait."

Clotilde took her prayer-book, left the house, and went and shut herself into a little church, so humble that no one had yet thought of dispossessing God of it. There she prayed till evening. The guillotine remained all night before the house.

The next day, at twelve o'clock, Schneider presented himself. In spite of the lateness of the season, the house was filled with flowers; it would have seemed decked for a gala, if Clotilde's mourning garments had not protested against joy, as the snow in the streets protested against the spring-time.

Schneider was received by the count and his daughter.

He had not taken his name of Euloge for nothing. At the end of ten minutes Clotilde was asking herself if this could be the same man who had treated her so brutally in Strasbourg. The count, reassured, left the room to give some orders. Schneider offered his arm to the young girl, and led her to a front window, the shutters of which he opened.

The guillotine stood in front of that window decked with flowers and ribbons.

"Choose," he said, "between a scaffold and an altar."

"What can you mean?" asked Clotilde, shuddering.

"To-morrow you will be my wife, or, to-morrow the count will die."

Clotilde turned as white as the handkerchief she held in her hand.

"My father would rather die," she said.

"For that reason," he replied, "I wish you to inform him of my desire."

"You are right," she said; "it is the only way."

Schneider closed the window, and led her back to her place. Clotilde drew a flask of salts from her pocket and inhaled the fumes. By a supreme effort of will, the expression of her face, though sad, regained its calmness, and the color, which seemed gone forever, returned to her cheeks. It was evident she had taken a resolution.

The count returned. A servant followed him, and announced dinner. Clotilde rose, took Schneider's arm before he offered it, and led him to the dining-room.

A splendid dinner was served; messengers had been sent during the night to Strasbourg for the best fish and game that could be had. The count, almost reassured, did the honors of his table to the Commissioner of the Republic with all the courtesy of a great seigneur. The best wines of Hungary, Germany, and the Rhine, were served. The poor girl alone ate little, putting only water to her lips.

But toward the end of dinner she held out her glass to the count who, much surprised, filled it with Tokay. Then she rose, and lifting her glass, said:—

"To Euloge Schneider, the generous man to whom I owe my father's life; happy and proud will be the woman whom he chooses for a wife."

"Beautiful Clotilde," cried Schneider, surprised and delighted, "do you need to be told that I love you?"

Clotilde touched her glass very slowly and gently to

Schneider's; then she went up to her father, and kneeling beside him said, to his great astonishment: —

“Father, I entreat you to give me as a husband the generous man to whom I owe your life; I call Heaven to witness I will not rise until you grant my prayer.”

The count looked alternately at Schneider, whose face was beaming with joy, and at Clotilde on whose forehead was the shining halo of martyrdom. He understood that something was happening at that moment so great and so sublime that he must not interfere with it.

“My daughter,” he said, “you are mistress of your hand and fortune; do as you like; what you do will be right.”

Clotilde rose and held out her hand to Schneider. The man seized it and bent over it, while Clotilde with her head thrown upward seemed to ask of God, as though in wonder, how he could suffer such deeds to be done beneath His eye. But, when Schneider raised his head, the young girl's face had resumed its serenity broken for an instant by that appeal to God, which had no answer. Then, as Schneider pressed her to say on what day she would be his, she smiled, and took both his hands.

“Listen, Schneider,” she said; “I ask of your tenderness one of those favors a man never refuses to his betrothed. Some pride is mingled in my joy. It is not at Plobsheim, a poor little village of Alsace, that the greatest of our citizens should give his name to the woman he loves and chooses. I want the world to see that I am Schneider's wife and not his concubine. There is no town to which you have gone without being followed by a mistress; I might be mistaken for one. Strasbourg is but fifteen miles from here. I wish, also, to procure a wedding-dress suitable for such a marriage. To-morrow, at whatever hour you like, we will start, alone together, or accompanied, and I will give you my hand in presence of the citizens, the generals, and the representatives.”¹

¹ I have not changed one word of this speech; I give it as I take it from Charles Nodier's “Souvenirs de la Révolution.”

“I am willing,” said Schneider, “I am ready to do all you wish — but on one condition.”

“What is that?”

“That we start to-day, and not to-morrow.”

“Impossible!” she said, turning pale. “The gates of Strasbourg close at three o’clock, and it is now half-past one.”

“They shall close at four.”

Then, calling to two huzzars (fearing if he sent one that some accident might hinder him), —

“To Strasbourg at full speed,” he cried, “and see that the gate of Kehl is not closed till four o’clock. Wait at the gate and make sure that my order is obeyed.”

“I see that I must do as you wish,” said Clotilde, letting her hand fall into that of Schneider. “Ah! my dear father, I do believe that I shall be a very happy woman.”

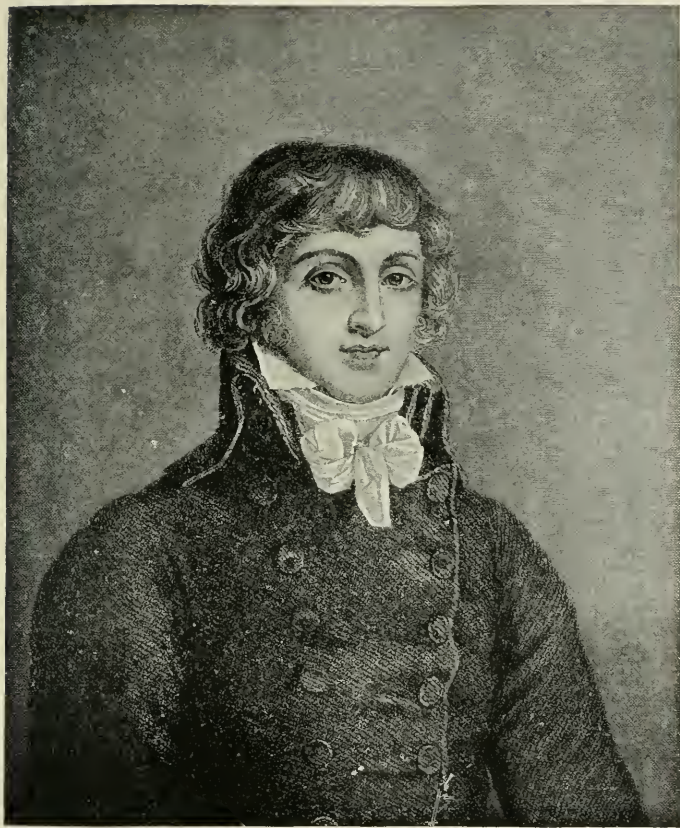
XII.

SAINT-JUST.

THE previous night had passed, as we have seen, without any news from Tétréll; the day likewise. At five in the afternoon, receiving no information of any kind, Eugène and Augereau determined to go to the hôtel de la Lanterne. There, indeed, they found news.

Madame Teutch, in despair, related how her poor little Charles had been arrested at eight in the morning and taken to prison. All day she had waited at Saint-Just's house to speak to him, but it was not until five in the afternoon that she had been able to do so. She had given him Charles's note. "Very good," Saint-Just had said, "if what you tell me is true, he will be set at liberty to-morrow." Madame Teutch had returned home with some hope in her heart. The citizen Saint-Just had not seemed to her as ferocious as they said he was.

Charles, though sure of his innocence, not having as a schoolboy had any connection with political matters, was nevertheless impatient as the day passed and he heard no news; this impatience changed into anxiety when the morning of the next day went by and he still was not summoned before the representative of the people. This was not, as it happened, the fault of Saint-Just, one of the most scrupulous of men in keeping promises. A grand circuit had been planned for that morning at daybreak through all the French region that surrounded Strasbourg, to obtain evidence that Saint-Just's orders were being strictly obeyed. He did not return to the Hôtel de Ville until an hour after mid-day, and then, remembering his promise to Madame Teutch, he sent an order to the prison for little Charles.



PORTRAIT OF ST. JUST.

Saint-Just had got wet from head to foot during his excursion, and when the lad entered his study he had nearly finished dressing and was tying his cravat. His cravat, as every one knows, was the essential feature of Saint-Just's toilet. It was a scaffolding of muslin, from which issued a rather handsome head, and it seemed to be specially devised to conceal the immense development of jaw which is observable in beasts of prey and conquerors. The most remarkable feature in the face was the eyes, large, limpid, fixed, and keenly interrogative, with overshadowing brows, drawn, not in a curve but in a straight line, meeting above the nose each time that he frowned under the impulsion of an impatient feeling or some mental preoccupation.

His complexion was pale and had a grayish tinge, like that of many other of the laborious toilers of the Revolution, who, with a presentiment of premature death, added nights to days to gain time to achieve the terrible work which the magician, whom we call Providence and who bears in his keeping the grandeur of nations, had entrusted to them. His lips were soft and fleshy, those of the sensual man who had begun his career in literature by an obscene book, but who, with a powerful effort of self-control, ended by conquering his temperament and by adopting, as regards women, the life of an anchorite. While he stood there arranging the folds of his cravat, and constantly tossing aside the silky locks of his magnificent hair, he dictated to a secretary in a steady flow, orders, warrants, laws, decrees, sentences, which were presently to be posted, in French and German, on the walls of the most frequented streets and squares in Strasbourg, and from which there was no appeal. In fact, such was the sovereign, absolute, autocratic power of the representatives of the people when on a "mission" to the armies that they owed no more account of the heads they took off than the mowers of a field of wheat. Perhaps the most remarkable points about these decrees and proscriptions dictated by Saint-Just were the

conciseness of their style, and the curt, sonorous, vibrant voice in which they were spoken. The first speech he made in the Convention was a demand for the arraignment of the king; and at the first words of his cold, bitter speech, cutting as steel, there was not a listener present who did not feel, with a strange and shuddering sensation, that the king was lost.

The cravat tied, Saint-Just wheeled suddenly round to take his coat, and then saw Charles, who was waiting for him. His eyes rested on the lad, visibly calling on his memory to enlighten him; then, stretching his hand toward the fireplace he said: —

“Ah! is it you they arrested yesterday morning, and who sent me a letter by the landlady of the inn where you lodge?”

“Yes, citizen,” replied Charles, “it is I.”

“The men who arrested you allowed you to write to me, did they?”

“No, citizen, I wrote beforehand.”

“How was that?”

“I heard I was to be arrested.”

“And you did not hide?”

“Why should I? I was innocent, and they say you are just.”

Saint-Just looked at the boy for a moment in silence: he himself seemed very young as he stood there in his shirt of the whitest and finest linen with full sleeves, a white waistcoat with broad lapels, and his artistically tied cravat.

“Have your parents emigrated?” he asked.

“No, citizen, my parents are not aristocrats.”

“What are they?”

“My father is the chief-justice of the court at Besançon; my uncle is major of a regiment.”

“How old are you?”

“Nearly thirteen.”

“Come here.”

The lad obeyed.

"Upon my word," said Saint-Just, "he looks like a little girl. But you must have done something to make them arrest you?"

"Two of my compatriots, citizens Dumont and Ballu, came to Strasbourg to defend the adjutant-general Perrin. I knew they were to be arrested one night or the next day, and I warned them by a little note; that little note they left behind them, and my writing was recognized. I thought I had done right. I appeal to your heart, citizen Saint-Just."

Saint-Just laid the tips of his fingers, white and delicately cared for as a woman's, on the lad's shoulder.

"You are still a child," he said. "so I shall only tell you this: There is a sentiment more sacred than compatriotism, and that is patriotism: before being citizens of the same town, we are sons of the same country. The day will come when reason will have made great strides, when humanity will stand before country, when all men will be brothers, when the nations will be sisters, when there will be no enemies but tyrants. You yielded to an honorable feeling, the love of your neighbor as the Gospel ordains; but in so yielding, you forget a higher sentiment, more sacred, more sublime. — devotion to your country, which precedes all else. If those men were enemies of their country, if they had transgressed the law, you ought not to have put yourself between them and the sword of justice. I am not of those who have the right to preach example, being one of the very humblest servants of liberty. I serve her according to my means. I will make her triumph to the extent of my powers, or I will die for her: that is all my ambition. Why am I to-day so calm and so proud of myself? Because I have this day with the very blood of my heart, given proof of my respect for the laws I have myself decreed."

He paused for a moment to observe whether the boy were listening to him attentively. Charles was not losing

a word; on the contrary, he was garnering one by one the words that fell from those powerful lips, which he has since transmitted to posterity.

Saint-Just resumed:—

“After the shameful panic at Eisemberg, I issued a decree that every soldier, every non-commissioned and commissioned officer, should sleep in his clothes. Well, when we made our rounds this morning, I rejoiced in the opportunity of seeing a dear friend of my childhood, like myself from the town of Blérancourt in the department of the Aisne, like me a pupil in the college at Soissons. I went to the village where I knew that he, Prosper Lenormand, was stationed and I asked for the house where he lodged. It was shown to me; I hurried there; his room was on the first floor. Great as my power is over myself, my heart beat with pleasure as I went up those stairs at the thought of meeting my friend after five long years of separation. I entered the first room, and called: ‘Prosper! Prosper! where are you? It is I, your schoolmate, Saint-Just.’ No sooner had I called than the door opened and a young man in his shirt flung himself into my arms, crying out: ‘Saint-Just! my dear Saint-Just!’ I pressed him to my heart and wept, for that heart had just received a frightful blow. The friend of my youth, he whom I longed to see again, whom I had made such haste to meet, had violated the law I had issued three days earlier; he must suffer death! Then my heart bowed down before the might of my will, and, turning to the witnesses of the scene, I said in a calm voice: ‘Heaven be doubly praised, my dear Prosper, in that I have seen you again, and am enabled to give, in the person of a man who is so dear to me, a memorable lesson in discipline, and a great example of justice by immolating you to the public weal.’ Turning to those who accompanied me, I said: ‘Do your duty.’ I kissed Prosper for the last time, and then, at a sign from me, they dragged him from the house.”

“Why?” asked Charles.

“To shoot him. Was he not forbidden under pain of death to undress himself?”

“But you pardoned him?” asked Charles, in tears.

“Ten minutes later he was dead.”

Charles gave a cry of horror.

“Your heart is weak, poor child; read Plutarch and you will grow a man — But tell me, what are you doing in Strasbourg?”

“Studying, citizen,” replied the boy. “I came here only three days ago.”

“What are you studying in Strasbourg?”

“Greek.”

“I think it would be more logical to study German; besides, what good is Greek? — the Lacedæmonians did not write it.” Then, after a moment’s silence, during which he looked at the boy with curiosity, he added: “What learned man is teaching Greek in Strasbourg?”

“Euloge Schneider.”

“Euloge Schneider! does he know Greek?”

“He is one of the chief hellenists in Germany; he translated Anacreon.”

“The monk of Cologne!” cried Saint-Just. “Euloge Schneider anacreontic! Well, well! go learn your Greek from Euloge Schneider, my boy — but,” he added, in a ringing voice, “if I thought you would learn other things, I would strangle you here and now.”

Stunned by this outburst, the boy stood motionless and silent, leaning against the wall as if he were a figure in the tapestry.

“Oh!” exclaimed Saint-Just, getting more and more excited, “Greeks like him are those who are destroying the sacred cause of the Revolution; it is such as they who arrest children of thirteen, and expect the Mountain to applaud them for it. Ha! I swear by the Republic that I will soon do justice on those men who daily put our priceless liberties in danger. A terrible and exemplary justice is needed, and I will do it. They dare to reproach

me for not giving them headless carcasses enough to satisfy them! The Propaganda wants blood — well, it shall have it! To begin with, I will drench it with the blood of its leaders. Let me have one occasion, one pretext, with justice on my side, and they shall see!”

Saint-Just had broken from his cold tranquillity; he was terrible, he was menacing; his eyebrows met, his nostrils swelled like those of a lion pursuing its prey; his skin was the color of ashes; he looked about him as if searching for something, man or thing, to destroy.

At that moment, a messenger who had just dismounted, as was seen by the mud which bespattered him, rushed into the room, and going up to Saint-Just, said something in his ear. As he listened, there came upon that savage face an expression of joy, mingled with doubt. It seemed as though the news the horseman brought was so pleasant to him that he dared not wholly trust it.

XIII.

EULOGÉ SCHNEIDER'S WEDDING.

SAINT-JUST looked the man over from head to foot, as if he feared he had to do with a madman.

"Where do you come from yourself?" he asked.

"From your colleague Lebas."

"To tell me —?"

The man again lowered his voice so that Charles could not hear what he said. As for the secretary, he had previously left the room carrying Saint-Just's decrees to the printer.

"Impossible!" said the proconsul, again passing from hope to doubt; the matter seemed to him so incredible.

"It is really so," replied the messenger.

"But he would never dare," said Saint-Just, clenching his teeth, while a flash of hatred gleamed in his eyes.

"It was the Death huzzars themselves who took possession of the gate, and prevented its being closed."

"The gate of Kehl?"

"The gate of Kehl."

"The very one before the enemy?"

"Yes, that one."

"In spite of my formal order?"

"In spite of your order."

"What reason did the huzzars give for preventing that gate from being closed at three, when all gates are ordered closed at that hour under pain of death?"

"They said the Commissioner of the Republic was returning to Strasbourg through that gate with his bride."

"The bride of Eulogé Schneider! the bride of the monk of Cologne!"

Saint-Just looked about him, evidently seeking Charles in the dusk of the room — for evening was coming on.

“If you want me, citizen Saint-Just, I am here,” said the lad, approaching him.

“Yes, come here; did you know that your Greek professor was going to be married?”

The scene with Mademoiselle de Brumpt came back to the boy’s mind.

“I know something; but it is too long to tell you.”

“No, tell it,” said Saint-Just, laughing, “there’s time enough.”

Charles related the dinner at Schneider’s with the episodes of the young girl and the executioner. As Saint-Just listened, his head remained absolutely quiescent, while the rest of his body was in lively motion. Suddenly a great noise was heard in one of the streets which led from the Hôtel de Ville to the gate of Kehl. Saint-Just no doubt guessed the cause of the uproar, for he said, addressing Charles:—

“If you wish to go, my boy, you are free; but if you would like to see a great act of justice done, you can stay.”

Curiosity fastened Charles to Saint-Just’s side; he stayed.

The messenger went to the window and drew aside the curtain.

“Hey!” said he, “see here; here’s the proof that I was right; here he is!”

“Open the window,” said Saint-Just.

The messenger obeyed; the window opened on a balcony projecting above the street. Saint-Just went out upon it, inviting Charles and the messenger to follow him.

The clock struck; Saint-Just turned and looked at it; it was four o’clock. The cortège was just entering the square.

Four outriders, dressed in the national colors, preceded the carriage, which was drawn by six horses, and thrown wide open in spite of the threatening weather. Schneider

and his betrothed, who was richly dressed and dazzling with youth and beauty, sat within. The Commissioner's usual escort, his black horsemen, his Death huzzars, caracolled about the carriage with naked sabres, pushing back, in the name of equality and fraternity, the inquisitive crowd which pressed too closely on the procession. Immediately behind the carriage came a low cart with high wheels, painted red, drawn by two horses decked with ribbons of the three colors, and led by men of sinister aspect, wearing black blouses and phrygian caps with large cockades, who bantered the huzzars with gruesome jests. A little chaise brought up the rear, in which was seated a small, pale, serious-looking man, to whom the people pointed with trembling fingers, uttering two words, in low and frightened voices:—

“Maître Nicolas!”

The whole procession was illuminated by a double row of men on foot bearing torches.

Schneider was coming to present his bride to Saint-Just, who, on his side, as we have seen, had advanced upon the balcony to receive him.

Saint-Just, calm, rigid, and cold as a statue of Justice, was not popular; he was feared and respected. So that when he was seen on the balcony, in his dress as representative of the people, with his plumed hat, his tricolor sash, and at his side the sabre he knew well how to draw when he faced the enemy, there were neither cries nor bravos, only a cold murmur and a movement of retreat among the crowd, which left an open space below the balcony, into which the carriage with the bride and bridegroom, the cart containing the guillotine, and the chaise of the executioner, now advanced.

Saint-Just made a sign with his hand. Every one present supposed that he was about to speak first; in fact, after that imperative gesture, which he had made with impressive dignity, he was about to speak, when, to the astonishment of every one, the young girl, with a rapid movement,

opened the carriage door, sprang to the ground, and closed it again; then, falling on her knees on the pavement, she cried out, in the midst of the solemn hush:—

“Justice, citizen! I appeal to Saint-Just and to the Convention.”

“Against whom?” demanded Saint-Just, in his incisive, vibrant voice.

“Against that man; against Euloge Schneider; against the Commissioner of the Republic!”

“Speak! what has he done?” replied Saint-Just; “Justice listens.”

Then, in a voice of emotion, though strong, indignant, and threatening, the young girl told the hideous drama of her mother’s death, her father’s arrest, the scaffold erected before his house, the alternative offered her,—calling to witness, as she related each terrible fact, the executioner, his assistants, the Huzzars of Death, and at last even Schneider himself. As each man was called upon, each answered:—

“Yes; it was so!”

Except Schneider, who was crouching in the coach like a leopard about to spring, and virtually answered yes by his silence. Saint-Just, gnawing his fist, let the girl say all; then, when she had finished, he replied:—

“Citoyenne Clotilde Brumpt, you have asked for justice, and you shall have it. But what would you have done if I were not willing to grant it?”

She drew a dagger from her breast.

“To-night, in bed, I would have stabbed him!” she said. “Charlotte Corday has taught us how to treat Marats! And now,” she added, “now that I am free to mourn my mother and comfort my father, I ask of you that man’s pardon.”

At the word “pardon” Saint-Just quivered as if a snake had stung him.

“His pardon!” he cried, striking the railing of the balcony with his closed fist; “the pardon of that execrable wretch! the pardon of the monk of Cologne! You jest,

young girl. If I did that, Justice would spread her wings and fly from France, never to return. His pardon!" Then, with a fearful outburst, in a voice that was heard to an incredible distance, he cried:—

"Away with him! — to the guillotine!"

The pale, thin, serious man got down from his chaise, came beneath the balcony, took off his hat, and bowed.

"Am I to cut off his head, citizen Saint-Just?" he asked humbly.

"Unhappily I have no right to order it," said Saint-Just; "if I had, humanity should be avenged within this hour. No, as Commissioner of the Republic, his life is in the hands of the Revolutionary tribunal, not in mine. Give him the punishment he invented himself. Bind him to the guillotine! Shame here, death there!"

And, with a gesture of supreme power, he extended his arm in the direction of Paris. Then, as if all that he himself had to do with this drama was done, he pushed Charles and the messenger back into the room, followed them, closed the window behind him, and laid his hand on the boy's shoulder.

"Never forget what you have just seen," he said; "and if any one ever says before you that Saint-Just is not a man of the Revolution, of Liberty, of Justice, answer boldly that it is not true. And now go where you like; you are free."

Charles, in a transport of juvenile admiration, tried to take Saint-Just's hand and kiss it; but he withdrew it hastily, and stooping down he kissed the boy's forehead.

Forty years later, Charles, in his manhood, told me, as he related this history and urged me to "make a book" of it, that he still felt, in memory, upon his brow the touch of that kiss of Saint-Just. Oh, dear Charles Nodier! each time that you have given me that advice I have followed it, and your genius, hovering over me, has brought me success.

XIV.

WISHES.

As Charles left the Hôtel de Ville, he could see from the portico the whole scene stretched out before him. Mademoiselle de Brumpt, hastening no doubt to put herself in safety and reassure her father, had disappeared. Two men with phrygian caps, and black blouses, were setting up the scaffold with a readiness which showed long practice at the business. Maître Nicolas held Schneider, who refused to leave the carriage, by the arm ; seeing which, two of the Death huzzars went to the other side of the vehicle, prodded him with their bayonets, and forced him out.

A cold rain was falling, and the piercing air penetrated the clothes like needles, yet Schneider wiped his brow with his handkerchief, for the sweat was pouring from it. Half way between the carriage and the guillotine, they had taken away, first, his hat on account of the tricolor cockade, next, his coat because it was a military one ; cold and terror combined seized upon the wretched creature, and his teeth chattered as he mounted the steps of the scaffold. The instant that he was seen a great cry rose from ten thousand throats throughout the square, uttered as it were by a single voice : —

“To the knife ! to the knife !”

“Good God !” muttered Charles, leaning against the wall and shuddering with horror, but kept there by invincible curiosity, “will they kill him ? will they kill him ?”

“No, don't be uneasy,” said a voice ; “this time he'll get nothing more than a good fright, though it would be just as well if they finished him up at once.”

Charles knew the voice, and turning round he saw Sergeant Augereau.

"Ah!" he cried joyfully, as if he himself had escaped from some great danger. "Ah! is it you, my good friend? where's Eugène?"

"As safe and sound as you are. We went back to the hôtel last night, where we heard of your arrest. I went to the prison, and was told you were there. I went again at one o'clock to-day; you were there still. At three o'clock I heard Saint-Just had sent for you; so then I determined to wait here in the square till I saw you come out. I was certain he would n't gobble you up, the devil take him! Suddenly I saw you come out with him on the balcony, and you and he seemed the best of friends; that made me easy. And here you are, free!"

"As air."

"Nothing to keep you here?"

"I wish I'd never come."

"I don't agree with you there. It is a very good thing to have made a friend of Saint-Just, very much better than to be friends with Schneider, especially as for the time being Saint-Just is the stronger of the two. As for Schneider, you have n't had time to feel any liking for him, and I don't suppose you'll be inconsolable for his loss. What has happened to-night is a good lesson for Tétrell, who, by the bye, has n't budged; but for all that, we must n't give him time to take his revenge."

At this moment loud cries and yells resounded.

"Oh, my God! what is it now?" said Charles, hiding his head behind the sergeant's arm.

"Nothing," said Augereau, rising on his toes, "nothing; they are only fastening him to the knife, as he has done with others — it is his turn now."

"Terrible, terrible!" muttered Charles.

"Terrible, yes, but we see it every day, and worse too. Say good-bye to your Greek teacher, for you'll probably never see him again, inasmuch as when he gets off that

pillory they 'll take him to Paris, where I don't envy him his ascension. Let's go to supper; bless my soul, boy, you must be hungry."

"I never thought of it," said Charles; "but now you remind me, I must own my breakfast is a long way off."

"All the more reason for going as fast as we can to the hôtel de la Lanterne."

"Come on then." Charles gave a last look at the square. "Good-bye, poor friend of my father," he murmured. "When he sent me here, he supposed you the good and learned monk he used to know; he little thought you were the bloody satyr I've found you, or that the spirit of the Lord had left you. *Quos vult perdere Jupiter dementat*. Come on, let's go."

And the lad began to drag Pierre Augereau toward the hôtel.

Two persons were there awaiting him with anxiety: Madame Teutch and Eugène. Madame Teutch, using her double right as woman and landlady, seized upon Charles, and it was not until she had looked him well over to be sure it was he, and had kissed and re-kissed him, to make certain it was not his shadow, that she handed him over to Eugène. The greeting of the two lads was less demonstrative, but quite as tender. Nothing binds all hearts so swiftly as dangers incurred together, and, God be thanked, since these young fellows had known each other events had not been wanting to bring the diapason of their friendship to that of the friendships of antiquity. It was all the more intense at the present moment from the thought that they were now to part. It would have been imprudent for Eugène, who had almost finished the work he came to do, to stay longer in Strasbourg, under the weight of Tétrel's vengeance; for though that patriot might nurse his wrath in secret for a certain time, he assuredly would not forget it.

As for Charles, his stay in Strasbourg was without an object, inasmuch as Euloge Schneider could no longer teach him, — that being the only purpose for which his father had

sent him. Eugène was therefore to return to Paris, where his mother and sister were striving to procure the release of his father, while Charles, utilizing the second letter his father had given him, was to go to Pichegru and make his apprenticeship at soldiering, as he could not make it with Schneider in the dead languages.

It was arranged that the two lads should start the next morning at daybreak, each in his own direction. This determination was dreadful to good Madame Teutch, who had improvised herself a nice little family, and loved these boys, she declared, as though they were her own; but she was much too sensible a woman to prevent, or even to delay, a departure which she herself thought not only necessary, but urgent. She therefore entered into all their plans, on the sole condition that they would accept from her the last meal they took in her house.

Not only was this condition accepted, but the kind woman, whom the two lads regarded, if not as a mother, at least as a friend, was invited to do the honors of the repast,—an invitation which gratified her so much that she was not content with giving the chef orders for a most excellent supper, but she went up to her own room and picked out her best gown in which to appear.

Now, as the preparations for supper, and the adorning of Madame Teutch, necessitated a delay of half an hour, it was decided that this delay should be utilized by the boys in making their preparations for departure. The Paris diligence in which Eugène's seat was taken, started at daybreak. Charles meant to see his friend off, and then go to Auenheim, where Pichegru's headquarters now were,—Auenheim being about twenty-four miles from Strasbourg. It was one of the eight or ten fortresses which, like advanced sentinels, watched over Strasbourg and its environs.

To prepare Charles for such a fatiguing walk, he wanted a good night's rest, and it was to procure this that Madame Teutch asked the lads to arrange their papers and pack their trunks before sitting down to table.

During this time, Augereau had gone to his quarters to leave word that, as he was invited to a supper, he did not know at what hour he should return to barracks, and perhaps he should not return at all. Augereau, having been a fencing-master, had always had more liberty than the other Volunteers of Paris, who themselves, as a regiment, had more privileges than the other troops.

The two lads had left the door between their rooms open, so that they might talk to each other while they packed their things. Each, at this moment of parting, thought of the future, and planned it as he wished.

"As for me," said Eugène, putting his war papers together, "my road is traced out. I shall never be anything but a soldier; I hardly know Latin, for which I have a pious repugnance, and as for Greek—not one blessed word of it! On the other hand, I can ride any horse that comes to hand, and hit the bull's-eye at twenty paces; Augereau will tell you that I need fear no one with sword and sabre; and my heart beats, and the blood all rushes into my face at the sound of a drum or a bugle. I shall be a soldier like my father,—perhaps a general too, who knows? Oh! it's fine to be a general!"

"Yes," said Charles, "but just see what it leads to! look at your father! you are sure of his innocence, are you not?"

"Of course, I'm sure."

"Well, he is in danger of exile, and even death."

"Pooh! did n't Themistocles, who fought in the battle of Marathon, and won that of Salamis, die in exile? Exile, when it is n't deserved, makes a man a hero; death, when it strikes the innocent, makes a hero a demigod. Would n't you like to be Phocion, at the risk of drinking hemlock?"

"Hemlock for hemlock," said Charles, "I'd rather drink that of Socrates; he's my hero."

"Ah! I don't deny him either. He began by being a soldier; he saved the life of Alcibiades at Potium, and that of Xenophon at Delium. To save the life of a fellow-

creature, Charles, was a deed for which the Romans voted their noblest crown, — a wreath of oak-leaves.”

“Save the lives of two men, and make sixty thousand perish, like Phocion in the forty-five battles he fought! Do you call that sufficient compensation?”

“Faith, yes, when the two men were Alcibiades and Xenophon.”

“Well, I have n’t as much ambition as you,” said Charles, with a sigh. “I don’t want to be an Alexander, a Scipio, or a Cæsar; I shall be contented if I am only — I won’t say Virgil, for there never can be but one Virgil, but — Horace, Longinus, perhaps Apuleius. You want camps, horses, armies, tents, fine uniforms, drums, bugles, trumpets, military bands, the rattle of musketry, the roar of cannon; but for me, the *aurea mediocritas* of a poet suffices, — a little house full of friends, a large library full of books, a life of work and dreams, and the death of the righteous to end it; if God grants all that, he will have done more for me than I ask. Ah, if I only knew Greek!”

“But if you are going to Pichegru, he’ll certainly make you an aide-de-camp, in course of time.”

“No, he is to make me his secretary at once — There! I’ve strapped my bag.”

“And I’ve packed my trunk.”

Eugène went into Charles’s room.

“Ah!” said he, “you are a happy fellow to know how to limit your wishes; you have some chance, at any rate, of getting what you want, whereas I —”

“Do you think my ambition is n’t as great as yours, Eugène? is n’t it as hard to be Diderot as to be Maréchal de Saxe, or Voltaire as Monsieur de Turenne? Not that I expect to be either Diderot or Voltaire.”

“Nor I Maréchal de Saxe.”

“Never mind; let us wish it to each other.”

Here the voice of Pierre Augereau was heard at the bottom of the staircase.

“Come, young men; supper is ready.”

“Come, monsieur learned writer!” said Eugène.

“Come, citizen general!” said Charles.

A rare thing! each had wished for that which God designed for him; each desired the future that Providence held in store for him.

One last word here to end the terrible events of this day, after which we will return to these young fellows. At six o'clock a post-chaise drove up to the guillotine, to the uprights of which Euloge Schneider was bound. Two gendarmes got out, unfastened Schneider, made him get into the vehicle, and took their places beside him. The post-chaise then started at a gallop on the road to Paris.

On the 12th Germinal, year II. (April 1, 1794) Euloge Schneider was guillotined for having by “immoral and cruel extortions and vexations, by revolting and sanguinary abuse of his powers as Commissioner of the Republic, oppressed, robbed, assassinated, dishonored, and destroyed the property and peace of families.”

On the same scaffold, a few days later, died Young the poet-shoemaker, Edelmann the musician, and the ex-professor of the college at Besançon, Monnet. Of the five heads which sat around Euloge Schneider's table on the memorable day when Mademoiselle de Brumpton came to implore her father's pardon, that of Charles was the only one which remained on its shoulders at the end of four months.

XV.

THE COMTE DE SAINTE-HERMINE.

THE supper was excellent, the night fine, and whether it was that he did not like to disturb his comrades by a late return, or that he wished to be sure to see the lads off, Augereau did not go back to barracks that night.

The next morning at six a carriage stood before the door of the hôtel de la Lanterne. Madame Teutch declared that her poor little Charles was not strong enough to walk twenty-four miles in one day, and that, consequently, she and Sergeant-major Augereau would drive him as far as Bischwillers, that is to say, more than two thirds of the way. At Bischwillers they would breakfast, and as it was only seven miles from that little town to Auenheim, Charles could easily do the rest of the way on foot. We have already said that Pichegru's headquarters were at Auenheim.

They were to drop Eugène on the way at the coach-office of the diligence to Paris, which in those days took four days and two nights to go from Strasbourg to the capital. Madame Teutch and Augereau took the back seats, Charles and Eugène the front, Sleepy was on the box, and the caravan started.

The carriage, as agreed upon, stopped at the coach-office, where the horses were already in the diligence, which was ready to start. Eugène got out; Madame Teutch, Charles, and the sergeant, not willing to leave him till the last moment, got out too. Five minutes later the conductor summoned all to take their seats. Eugène kissed, and was kissed in turn. Madame Teutch stuffed cakes into his pockets; Charles pressed his hands, weeping; Augereau explained to him for the hundredth time a certain secret

pass he had learned of the best fencing-master in Naples, and then the moment came to part. Eugène disappeared into the bowels of the huge machine; the door was closed; the horses, facing the great gates, started; Eugène's profile was visible above the door; they heard his voice crying out, "Adieu!" and then the diligence turned into the street and was lost to view. The listeners heard for a few moments the rumbling of the wheels, the jingling of the bells, the clacking of the postilion's whip; then the sounds died away in the distance and all was over.

Nothing is so sad as a parting; those who are left behind never seem to have stayed voluntarily, but to be forgotten and neglected. Madame Teutch, Augereau, and Charles looked at each other sadly.

"There! he's gone," said Charles, wiping his eyes.

"Yes, and in two hours it will be your turn, poor little Charles," said citoyenne Teutch.

"Pooh!" said Augereau, the representative of stern courage. "Mountains don't meet, says the proverb, but men do."

"Alas! the proverb says 'men,'" responded Madame Teutch; "it does n't say anything about women."

They got back into the carriage. In spite of an heroic struggle Charles attempted to make, Madame Teutch took him on her knees and kissed him for himself and Eugène both. Augereau filled his pipe and lighted it; Coclès was waked up, being, true to his nickname, asleep on the box. The carriage started, but the route was changed; the porter having been questioned as to which was the shortest and best road to Auenheim, that by Bischwiller or that through Offendorff, declared that there was no question about it; the road to Bischwiller was only a country road, but that through Offendorf was the great highway. They therefore went by Offendorff.

The road to Offendorff is charming; it skirts the Rhine and keeps constantly in sight the islands, so varied in shape, which adorn that majestically broad river. At

Offendorf the road comes down to the bank. The travellers stopped there a while to rest the horse and to ask at which village along the road they could get breakfast; the crisp morning air and the breeze which shook the hoar-frost from the branches had sharpened the appetites of the three travellers. Rohwillers was named to them.

An hour later they stopped before the tavern of the Lion d'Or. There they inquired the distance to Auenheim and found it was a short eight miles, which a good walker could do in two hours and a quarter. Charles declared he would not allow his friends to go any farther; for he was already ashamed, he said, at having to own before Pichegru that he walked only a third of the way; what would it be if they drove him to Auenheim? he should die of shame. Perhaps if Madame Teutch had been by herself she might have insisted, but the serjeant-major, who may have had his own reasons for wishing to be alone with Madame Teutch, took Charles's view of the matter.

It was then half-past ten o'clock. Breakfast was ordered; and it was settled that at twelve the young traveller should start for Auenheim, while Angereau, Madame Teutch, and Sleepy should return to Strasbourg.

The breakfast was sad at first; but the serjeant-major not being of a melancholy turn of mind, the good Rhine wines soon brightened the party. They drank to Angereau's promotion; to the continued good health of Madame Teutch; to Eugène's safe journey, and the happy issue of his father's case; also to the future of Charles; and the result of all these libations was that sadness disappeared, and gave place to an unlimited confidence in the ways of Providence. People no longer believed in the old God, who had been deposed; nor in the new one just proclaimed: the Father Eternal was too old; the Supreme Being too young; but Providence, whom the destroyers of altars had overlooked, suited everybody.

Mid-day sounded. The serjeant-major rose.

"Honest folk keep their word," he said; "we agreed to

say good-bye at twelve o'clock, and twelve o'clock has struck; besides, even if we stayed together an hour longer, or even two hours, we should still have to part; let us therefore part at once. Come Charley, my boy, show you are a man."

Charles, without answering, shouldered his bag, took his stick in one hand and his hat in the other, kissed the sergeant-major, then Madame Teutch, and tried to thank her, but his voice failed him. He could only say, "Au revoir." Then he slipped an assignat of twenty francs into Sleepy's hand, and sprang forward along the road.

When he had gone about fifty steps he turned round and saw that as the street had made a curve, Madame Teutch and the sergeant had gone to a window on the upper floor of the inn, from which they could see the road to Auenheim. Fearful of her own weakness, the worthy hostess of the *hôtel de la Lanterne* was leaning on the arm of the sergeant-major. With her free hand she was waving her handkerchief to Charles. Charles pulled out his and responded to her signals. Another turn in the street took him out of sight of the window, so he returned upon his steps for a last flourish of his handkerchief to his good friends; but the window was already closed, and he could not see through the panes whether they were still in the room or had gone downstairs. Charles gave a great sigh, set off again at a good pace, and was soon beyond the village.

It was then the middle of December; the winter had been severe; for three days snow had been falling,—a fact scarcely perceptible in town, where it melted as it fell; but in the solitude of the country, where there was little or no traffic to disperse it, it had hardened under a temperature of ten degrees of cold. The scene was resplendent. It seemed as if night had spread a carpet of white velvet woven with silver threads. The trees with their pendant icicles resembled enormous chandeliers. Birds were flying above the road, anxiously wondering where was the food which God provided for them, and which for the last three

days had been so rare; puffing out their feathers to keep warm, they looked to be double their usual size, and when they lighted on the swaying branches of the trees, they shook down a rain of diamonds as they swung.

Charles, who was destined to become in later years so sensitive to the beauties of nature that he pictured them in the language of true appreciation, felt his sad thoughts melt away in presence of a nature so picturesque. Proud of the freedom of body and mind with which he was now starting to make his way in the world, he walked along unconscious of distance or fatigue.

He had gone about three quarters of the way when, just beyond Sessersheim, he was overtaken by a squad of some twenty foot-soldiers, commanded by a captain on horseback, who was smoking a cigar. These twenty men were walking in two files. Between them, in the middle of the road, walked a man who had evidently dismounted, for he wore spurs on his riding-boots. A large white cloak covered him so completely from his shoulders to his heels, that nothing could be seen of him but a youthful and very intelligent head, the habitual expression of which seemed to be carelessness and gayety. He wore on his head a fatigue cap of a shape not used in France.

The captain of the troop, noticing Charles as he walked along beside the young man with the white mantle, looked at him for a moment, and then, observing his youth, said to him kindly:—

“Where are you going, my young citizen?”

“Captain,” said the boy, thinking he ought to give a fuller explanation than that demanded, “I come from Strasbourg, and I am going to the headquarters of citizen Pichegru at Auenheim; am I far from there?”

“No, not more than half a mile,” said the young man in the white cloak. “See, through the trees yonder,—those are the first houses of Auenheim.”

“Thank you,” said Charles, beginning to hasten his steps.

“Look here, my young friend,” said the man with the white cloak, “if you are not in a great hurry you might walk with us, and that would give me time to ask some news of our part of the country.”

“What country, citizen?” asked Charles, amazed, and noticing for the first time that the young man’s handsome and noble countenance wore a tinge of sadness.

“Why!” said the other, “you are from Besançon, or, at any rate, from Franche-Comté. Can our native accent be mistaken? I, too, am a Franc-Comtois, and I glory in it!”

Charles reflected; this recognition of locality by the accent reminded him of a bit of school knowledge.

“Well,” said the young man, “do you want to be incognito?”

“No, no, citizen; I was only thinking that Theophrastus who was originally named Tyrtamus, and whom the Athenians, as the change of name shows, called the “fine speaker,” was recognized as a Lesbian by a market-gardener after he had lived fifty years at Athens.”

“You are learned, monsieur,” said the young man, laughing; “that’s too much luxury in these days.”

“No; for I am going to join General Pichegru, and he is a very learned man. I am ambitious to become his secretary, thanks to a good recommendation to him which I have. And you, citizen, are you in the army?”

“No, not exactly.”

“Then,” said Charles, “I suppose you are attached to some ministry?”

“*Attached!* that’s just the word for it — only, I am not attached to a ministry, I am attached to myself.”

“But,” said Charles, dropping his voice, “you called me ‘monsieur’ just now, out loud; are not you afraid of losing your place?”

“Ah! captain,” cried the young man laughing, “listen to this; here’s a youth who is afraid if I call him ‘monsieur’ I shall get into trouble and lose my place! Do you know

any one who would like my place? I'll give it him gladly if he'll take it."

The captain answered with a pained smile, and shrugged his shoulders; Charles felt almost certain he heard him mutter the words: "Poor devil!"

"Tell me," said the young man with the white cloak; "as you are from Besançon — for that is so, is it not?"

"I don't conceal it," said Charles.

"Then you probably know the family of Sainte-Hermine?"

"Yes, a widow, whose husband was guillotined eight months ago."

"That's right," said the man in the cloak, raising his eyes to heaven."

"And three sons."

"Three sons, yes — there are still three," he muttered with a sigh.

"The eldest, the Comte de Sainte-Hermine, emigrated, and there are two younger sons: one about twenty, the other fourteen or fifteen."

"Thank you; how long is it since you left Besançon?"

"Hardly a week."

"Then you can give me the latest news of that good family."

"Yes, but sad news."

"Go on; tell me."

"The night before I came away, my father and I attended the funeral of the countess."

"Ah!" exclaimed the young man, as if he had received an unexpected blow; "then the countess is dead?"

"Yes."

"Well! so much the better," he said, looking up to heaven, while the tears rolled from his eyes.

"Why better?" cried Charles.

"Yes," said the young man, "better she should die of illness than of grief on hearing that her son was shot."

"Has the Comte de Sainte-Hermine been shot?"

"Not yet, but he will be."

“When?”

“When we reach the fortress of Auenheim; that’s where the executions take place, I am told.”

“Is the Comte de Sainte-Hermine in the fortress of Auenheim?”

“No, but they are taking him there.”

“Will they shoot him?”

“As soon as I get there.”

“Then are you in charge of the execution?”

“No; but they’ll allow me to give the order to fire, I hope; that favor is never refused to a brave soldier taken with arms in his hand, *émigré* or not.”

“My God!” cried Charles, beginning to perceive the truth, “are you—”

“Exactly, my young friend; that is why I laughed when you advised me to be prudent, and why I offered my place to any one who would take it; I am not afraid of losing it, for, as you said, I am *attached*.”

Shaking open his cloak with a double motion of the shoulders, he showed the lad that his hands were bound together in front and his arms *attached* behind.

“Then,” said Charles, with a movement of terror, “you are—”

“The Comte de Sainte-Hermine, my friend. You see I had good reason to say that my poor mother was better dead.”

“Oh!” exclaimed Charles.

“Happily,” he added through his clenched teeth, “my brothers are living.”

XVI.

THE FATIGUE CAP.

CHARLES looked at the *émigré* with an amazement that amounted to stupefaction. Could it be? that handsome, calm young officer, was he really about to die? Then there was such a thing as men going smiling to death? He had never seen but one man who thought he was going to die, and that was Schneider, who was only fastened to the guillotine. That man was abject with terror; his legs gave way under him, and they had to lift him up the steps of the scaffold. The Comte de Sainte-Hermine, on the contrary, seemed to have gathered all the powers of life for the moment of death; he walked with a light step and a smile on his lips. Charles drew nearer to him.

“Is there no way to save you?” he said in a low voice.

“I declare to you frankly I don’t know of any; if I did I would employ it.”

“Oh! my God!— Excuse me; I was so far from expecting —”

“— to travel in such bad company?”

“I would like to ask you —”

The boy hesitated.

“To ask me what?”

Charles dropped his voice to a lower tone.

“—if I could do anything for you.”

“Certainly you can do something for me; I have been turning an idea over in my mind ever since I saw you.”

“Tell me.”

“There may be a little danger, and I fear it may frighten you.”

“I am ready to do you any service; the few days I was at Strasbourg I saw so many dreadful things that nothing can frighten me now.”

"I want to send some news to my brother."

"I will see that it reaches him."

"But it is a letter."

"He shall have it."

"You are not afraid of the danger?"

"I have told you I am not afraid of anything."

"I could give it, I know, to the captain, and it is probable he would have it delivered."

"With the captain it is probable, with me it is certain."

"Then listen to me attentively."

"I am listening."

"The letter is sewn into my fatigue cap."

"Good."

"Ask the captain to let you be present at my execution."

"I! —"

"Now don't cry out; it is a curious thing to see; many persons go to see executions for pleasure."

"I should never have the courage."

"Pooh! it is soon over."

"Oh! no, no, no!"

"Then I'll say no more," said the prisoner; and he began to whistle "Vive Henri IV."

The boy's heart seemed to turn in his bosom, but he came to a resolution. He again went nearer to the *émigré*.

"Forgive me," he said, "I will do all you wish."

"Come, you are a nice boy; thank you!"

"Only —"

"What?"

"You must ask the colonel to let me be present. I should never get over the feeling that they might think it was for pleasure that —"

"Very good; I'll ask him; as compatriots he will think it all natural. Besides, these are soldiers; they don't make such a fuss about things as the bourgeois; they are worthy fellows who do a stern duty and soften it as much as they can. What was I saying?"

"That I was to be present at your execution."

"Yes — I'll ask permission to send my brother something that belonged to me, my cap for instance; that's often asked; and the cap, you see, will never be suspected."

"No."

"When I give the word to fire, I'll throw it aside. Don't seem in too great a hurry to pick it up, they might suspect something; but when I am dead —"

"Oh!" cried Charles, shuddering all over.

"Here, some of you, have n't you a drop of brandy to give this boy?" said the prisoner. "He is cold."

"Come here, my little man," said the captain.

He offered his flask to the boy; Charles swallowed a mouthful of brandy, — not that he was cold, but he wanted to hide what he felt.

"Thank you, captain," he said.

"Very welcome, my boy, very welcome. Will you take some, citizen Sainte-Hermine?"

"Thank you, no, captain," replied the prisoner, "I never drink brandy."

Charles returned to his side.

"I was going to say," he resumed, "when I am dead pick it up, without appearing to think it of more importance than it seems to be; but you understand, don't you? that my last prayer is, — and the last prayer of a dying man should be sacred, — my last prayer is that the letter may reach my brother. If the cap is in your way, take out the letter, and throw the cap into the nearest ditch; but the letter — the letter, you won't lose it, will you?"

"No."

"You won't mislay it?"

"No, no; don't feel anxious."

"You will give it yourself to my brother?"

"Yes, myself."

"Try to do so; you must tell him how I died, and he will say: 'I had a brave brother, and when my turn comes, I'll die as he did;' and if his turn does come, I know he'll die as I do."

By this time they had reached a point where the roads forked. The high-road continued on to Auenheim, the side road went up to the citadel.

"Citizen," said the captain to Charles, "if you are going, as you said, to the headquarters of citizen Pichegru, that is your way. Good-bye; and try to become a true soldier; you are going, at any rate, to a good school."

Charles endeavored to speak, but the words would not come. He looked at the prisoner with a supplicating eye.

"Captain," said the prisoner, "will you grant me a favor?"

"If it is in my power."

"It depends wholly on you."

"What is it?"

"Well, — perhaps you'll think it a bit of weakness, but if so don't speak of it, will you? — I should like to have my compatriot with me when I die; we are both children of the Jura, this boy and I, and our families both live in Besançon and know each other. He will be going home before long, and he can tell my people how he met me by accident and was with me to the last moment, — in short, how I died."

The captain looked at the boy with a thoughtful eye. Charles was crying.

"Faith," said he, "if it gives you both pleasure —"

"I don't think it will give him much pleasure," said the prisoner, laughing, "but it will give me a great deal of pleasure."

"I see no objection, if you yourself ask it."

"Then it is granted?"

"Granted," replied the captain.

The procession, which had paused during this colloquy at the forking of the road, now continued its way along the by-road. At the foot of the hill the citadel of Auenheim came in sight. That was to be the end of this funereal march. Charles went close to the prisoner.

"You see," said the latter, "all went well."

They marched up the slope, which was rather steep, though it wound around the hill; the captain gave the countersign, and the small procession was admitted through the gate beyond the drawbridge. The escort, the prisoner, and Charles, were left in the courtyard of the fortress, while the commander of the little troop went to make his report to the colonel in command. During this time the Comte de Sainte-Hermine and Charles improved their acquaintance, and the lad gave the count some information about himself and his family.

At the end of ten minutes the captain reappeared.

"Are you ready, citizen?" he said to the prisoner.

"When you please, captain," was the answer.

"Have you any observations to make?"

"No, but I have some favors to ask."

"I have already said that anything which depended on me should be granted."

"Thank you, captain."

The captain approached the count.

"We may serve under different flags," he said, "but we are both Frenchmen, and brave hearts know each other at once. Tell me, therefore, what you wish."

"In the first place, to be relieved of these ropes, which make me look like a galley-slave."

"That is very just," said the captain; "unbind the prisoner."

Two men advanced, but Charles had already sprung at the count's hands, and unbound them.

"Ah!" said the count, flinging out his arms and shaking himself free of his cloak, "it does one good to be at liberty!"

"And next?" inquired the captain.

"I would like to give the word to fire."

"You shall do so. Anything more?"

"I wish to send a remembrance to my family."

"You know that we are forbidden to receive letters from political prisoners; anything else, certainly."

“I would not give you so much trouble; here is my young townsman, who will accompany me, as you have agreed, to execution; he will take charge of something for my family, — anything, no matter what, which belonged to me, — my cap, for instance.”

The count named the cap carelessly, as he might have mentioned any other piece of clothing, so that the captain made no more difficulty in granting this request than the others.

“Is that all?” he asked.

“Faith, yes,” replied the count, “and high time, too, for my feet are getting cold, and if there is anything I detest, it is cold feet. Let us start, captain; you are coming with us, I presume.”

“It is my duty to do so.”

The count bowed, pressed Charles’s hand, smiling, and looked at the captain as if to ask which way to go.

“This way,” said the captain, placing himself at the head of the column.

They followed him, passed under a postern, and entered a second courtyard, on the ramparts of which were sentinels. At the farther end was a wall, about the height of a man, which seemed to have been riddled with balls.

“Ah! there’s the place,” said the prisoner.

He walked toward the wall; at four paces from it he stopped.

“It is here,” said the captain. “Clerk, read the sentence to the prisoner.”

After it was read the count made a sign with his head as if to recognize its justice; then he said: —

“Excuse me, captain, but I have a few words to say by myself.”

The soldiers and the captain drew back from him. He put the elbow of his right arm into his left hand, rested his forehead in his right hand, closed his eyes, and stood motionless, moving his lips, though no sound issued from them. He was praying.

A sort of sacred emanation is around a man about to die, when he prays, which the greatest unbelievers respect. Not a word, not a jest, not a laugh, troubled this last earthly interview of the count with God.

When he lifted his head, his face was smiling; he kissed his young compatriot, and said, like Charles the First: —

“Remember!”

Charles bowed his head, weeping.

Then, in a firm voice, the count said, —

“Attention!”

The soldiers took their places in two lines at ten paces from him. Charles and the captain stood each on one side.

The prisoner, as though he did not choose to give the word to fire with his head covered, took off his cap and flung it from him as if by chance. It fell at the boy's feet.

“Are you ready?” said the count.

“Yes,” replied the soldiers.

“Prepare arms! — Aim! — Fire! — Vive le R —”

He did not have time to finish the word; the volley was fired; seven balls went through his breast. He fell face foremost to the ground.

Charles picked up the cap, put it in his bosom, and buttoned his jacket over it; but as he did so, he felt it over and knew that the letter was still there.

Half an hour later an orderly was ushering him into the office of citizen General Pichegru.

XVII.

PICHEGRU.

PICHEGRU will occupy so important a place in the history we are now relating that we must fix the eyes of the reader on him with more care than we have given to the secondary personages whom the needs of our exposition have brought upon the scene.

Charles Pichegru was born on the 16th of February, 1761, in the village of Planches near Arbois. His family were poor rustics, known for three or four hundred years as honest laboring men; his forefathers got their name from the work they did: *gru* or grain, *pic* or hoe, from which came the one word "Pichegru."

Pichegru, in whom were all the precocious impulses which go to make a distinguished man, began his education with the monks at Arbois. Finding his progress very rapid, especially in mathematics, they sent him to Père Patrault, one of their professors, at the military school at Brienne. There Pichegru made such progress that by the end of two years he was appointed one of the assistant-professors. At this time his whole ambition was to become a monk; but Père Patrault, who discerned Napoleon, also discerned Pichegru; he forced him, as it were, into a military career. Yielding to his advice Pichegru entered, in 1783, the first regiment of unmounted artillery, where, thanks to his undoubted talent, he soon became adjutant, with which rank he went through the first American war. On his return to France he ardently adopted the principles of 1789 and was presiding over the Popular society of Besançon when a battalion of volunteers from the Gard passed through the town and elected him their commander. Two months later, Pichegru was general-in-chief of the Army of the Rhine.

Monsieur de Narbonne, minister of war in 1789, missing him suddenly one day, asked those about him: "What has become of that young officer the colonels used to be so deferential to?" That young officer had become the commander-in-chief of a French army, which promotion did not make him one whit more proud. For Pichegru's rapid advancement, his splendid education, the high rank he attained in the army made absolutely no change in the simplicity of his heart. From the time he was a non-commissioned officer he had had a mistress, and he always remained true to her. She was named Rose, was now thirty years old, a working-girl, not pretty, and slightly lame. She lived in Besançon. Once a week she wrote to the general, never forgetting her inferior position, and in spite of the law which obliged all good citizens to say "thee" and "thou" to each other, she never allowed herself to address him otherwise than as "you."¹ These letters were full of good counsel and tender advice. She urged the commander-in-chief not to be dazzled by his great good fortune, but to stay *Charlot*, such as he was in his own village; she advised economy — not for herself, thank God, for her work maintained her; she had made six gowns for the wife of a representative, and had cut out six more for the wife of a general; she had at that moment before her three gold pieces which were worth fifteen or sixteen hundred francs in assignats — but for his parents who were poor. Pichegru, no matter how busy he was, always read her letters as soon as he received them; then he would put them carefully away in his portfolio and remark, with a softened look: —

"Poor, excellent girl — and yet I taught her to spell!"

The reader must permit us to enlarge on these details. We have to bring upon the scene and show in action men

¹ In translating from the French, especially books relating to the French Revolution, it is impossible to give the *tutoiement* — the use of "thee" and "thou" — without making the English unnatural to the eye and fatiguing to read. — TR.

on whom the eyes of Europe were fixed; men who were praised or calumniated according to the necessities of the political parties who raised or degraded them. These men have been judged by historians superficially, thanks to the habit historians have of accepting opinions ready-made. Not so with the novelist, who is constrained to enter into the smallest details because he there finds, often enough, the thread which guides him through that most inextricable of labyrinths, the human heart. We venture therefore to assert that in making these men live both their private lives, which historians utterly neglect, and their public lives, on which historians dwell too much, though it is often only the mask of the real man, we shall show for the first time to the eyes of our readers the true character of those illustrious dead whom political passions cast into the hands of Calumny with an order to bury them.

We have all read in the history of historians that Pichegru betrayed France for the government of Alsace, the ribbon of St. Louis, the château of Chambord, its park and its dependencies, twelve pieces of cannon, a million of money in coin, two hundred thousand francs a year (half to revert to his widow), five thousand for each of his children, and finally, the estate of Arbois, to bear the name of Pichegru and be exempt from taxes for ten years.

The first material answer to this accusation is that Pichegru was never married: he had therefore neither wife nor children with whose future to concern himself. The moral answer is to show Pichegru in his private life, so as to make known what were his personal needs and ambitions.

Rose, as we have seen, gave him two pieces of advice: to economize for his family, who were poor, and to remain the good and simple Charlot he had ever been. Pichegru received during his campaigns a daily pay of one hundred and fifty francs in assignats; the monthly salary always

came in great sheets of paper money marked off in compartments. These sheets lay on his table with a pair of scissors beside them, and every day enough was cut off for the needs of the day, and any one cut who chose. The bunch of sheets rarely lasted to the end of the month; when it came to an end about the 25th or 26th, as often happened, every one got along as best he could for the remaining days. One of his secretaries remarked of him: "The great mathematician of Brienne was literally unable to keep his washing-bill regularly paid up." And he added, "An empire would have been too small for the exercise of his genius, a farm too large for his indolence."

As for remaining, as Rose entreated, a "good Charlot," the reader shall judge if the advice were needed. Two or three years after the period of which we are now writing, Pichegru, at the height of his popularity, went to his beloved Franche-Comté to re-visit his native village of Planches. He was stopped at the entrance of Arbois, under a triumphal arch erected in his honor, by a deputation who came to compliment him and to invite him to a grand municipal dinner and ball. Pichegru listened to the orator with a smile and then replied: —

"My dear compatriot, I have but a very few hours to spend in my native place, and I must give them all to my parents and the neighboring villages. If the friendship which binds us together induced me to betray the duty I owe to my family you would be the first to blame me, and you would do right. You propose to me a dinner and a ball, and though I have long lost the habit of such pleasures, I would gladly accept if the case were otherwise. I should be delighted to drain many glasses of our good wine in such good company, and to see the pretty girls of Arbois dance, — for they must be pretty if they are like their mothers. But a soldier should keep his word, and I assure you on my honor that I have long promised Barbier, the vine-dresser, to take my first meal with him when I

returned and, in all conscience, I can't eat two between now and sunset."

"But, general," said the head of the deputation, "I see a way to conciliate matters."

"And what's that?"

"To invite Barbier here to dine with you."

"Ah! if he consents, I will," said Pichegru; "but I doubt if he does. Has he the same melancholy, unsociable ways that got him the name of Despondent Barbier?"

"More than ever, general."

"Well, I'll go and fetch him myself," said Pichegru, "for I think nothing less than my influence will bring him."

"Very good, general, but we will follow you," said the deputation.

"Come on, then," said Pichegru.

They went in search of the Despondent Barbier, a poor vine-dresser, whose only fortune was a hundred or so of vines, with the product of which he moistened the crust of his hard black bread. They went along the promenade of the town; at the end of it, the general stopped short before a linden tree.

"Citizens," he said, "preserve that tree; don't let it ever be cut down. There, a hero who defended your town with a hundred and fifty men against Biron and the whole royal army, suffered martyrdom. That hero was named Claude Morel. There, on that tree, the brute beast Biron, who ended by biting the hand that fed him, hanged Claude Morel. A few years later Biron, the assassin, after betraying France, fought for his life with the executioner, and the executioner was forced to snatch the valet's sword without the prisoner's seeing it, and by a miracle of agility he cut off his head."

Then, taking off his hat to the glorious tree, he continued his way amid the applause of those who accompanied him.

Some one who knew the place of the Despondent's

vineyard discovered him among his vine-props and called to him.

“Who wants me?” he cried.

“Charlot!” said a voice.

“What Charlot?”

“Charlot Pichegru.”

“You are making fun of me,” said the man. And he began again to weed his vines.

“It is n’t fun, here he is himself!”

“Yes, here I am, Barbier,” cried Pichegru.

The Despondent again straightened himself up, and seeing the uniform of a general officer on the man who spoke to him, —

“Heavens!” he cried, “it can’t be he!”

Then, running through the props, he came to the edge of the vineyard and stopped short, fearing to be the victim of an hallucination. At last, positively recognizing the general, he rushed forward and flung his arms about him crying out: —

“Charlot! it is really you? ah, my dear Charlot!”

“And is it really you, my dear comrade?” replied Pichegru, pressing him to his heart.

General and peasant were both in tears, and the friends around them withdrew to leave the old friends to weep for the happiness of this meeting. But when the first effusion was over the leader of the deputation returned and explained to the Despondent Barbier the motive of the visit thus ceremoniously paid at his vineyard. Barbier looked at Pichegru to find out whether he wished him to accept. Pichegru nodded yes. The vine-dresser thereupon asked for time to go into his house and put on his Sunday clothes; but the president, who had read in Berchou’s poem the opinion of the famous gastronome on lukewarm dinners, would not give him time, and Pichegru and the Despondent were carried off to the city hall, where dinner was ready. Pichegru placed the head of the deputation on his right, but he insisted on having the Despondent Barbier on his left,

talked specially to him during the dinner, and stayed with him till he left.

We hope we shall be excused for this long parenthesis, intended to explain one of the most remarkable men of the Revolution. This glance cast on his private life will help us to understand and judge, more impartially than history has yet done, this public character who is one of the most important personages of the first part of this book.



PORTRAIT OF PICHEGRU

XVIII.

CHARLES'S RECEPTION.

IT was to this man, destined, if some fatal divinity should not interfere, to a mighty future, that our friend Charles was recommended; and it was with an emotion even greater than that he had felt on entering the presence of Schneider and Saint-Just that the lad now made his way into the vast, but plain-looking house where Pichegru had established headquarters.

"The general is in his office, third door to the right," said the orderly on service at the end of a species of corridor.

Charles entered the corridor with a firm step, which grew slower and less noisy as he approached nearer and nearer to the designated door. When he reached it he found it was half-open, and through the aperture he could see the general, both hands resting on a large table, studying a map of Germany, — so sure was he that it would not be long before he could carry hostilities beyond the Rhine.

"Pichegru¹ seemed older than he really was; his natural conformation being partly the reason. His figure, above middle height, was solidly set up on vigorous thighs. He had no elegance but that which goes with strength. His chest was broad and full, although his back was somewhat round. His vast shoulders supported a thick, short, sinewy neck which gave him the look of an athlete like Milo, or a gladiator like Spartacus. His face had the quadrangular shape, which is very characteristic of the Franche-Comtians of good blood. His jaw-bones were enormous, his forehead

¹ I take this portrait verbatim from Charles Nodier's own study of Pichegru.

vast, and very wide at the temples, which had lost their hair. His nose was well proportioned, with a clear-cut straight line from base to tip, forming a ridge. Nothing could equal the gentleness of his eyes when he had no reason to render their glance imperious or formidable. If a great artist wished to express upon a human face the impassibility of a demigod, he could have no better model than the head of Pichegru.

“His profound contempt for men and for events—he never expressed an opinion about them that was not satirically contemptuous—added to this characteristic. Pichegru served the social order that he found established, loyally, because it was his mission to do so; but he did not like it, and he never could have liked it. One emotion alone stirred his heart,—the thought of a village where he hoped to spend his old age. ‘Fulfil our task and rest,’ he often said; ‘that is the whole destiny of man.’”

A movement made by Charles announced his presence at the door. Pichegru had the rapid glance and the quick ear of a man whose life may frequently depend on keenness of sight and hearing. He raised his head, and fixed his large eyes on the boy, but the benevolence those eyes expressed emboldened the latter. He entered the room; and making a bow, held out his letter.

“For citizen General Pichegru,” he said.

“Do you recognize me?” asked the general.

“Immediately, general.”

“Did you ever see me before?”

“No, but my father has described you.”

During this time Pichegru had opened the letter.

“What!” he exclaimed, “are you the son of my worthy and dear friend—”

The boy did not let him complete his sentence

“Yes, citizen general,” he said.

“He tells me he gives you to me.”

“It remains to be seen if you will accept the gift.”

“What do you want me to do with you?”

"What you please."

"I can't, in conscience, make you a soldier; you are too young and too feeble."

"General, I did not expect the happiness of coming to you so soon. My father gave me a letter to another of his friends, who was to keep me a year in Strasbourg, and teach me Greek."

"You don't mean Euloge Schneider?" said Pichegru, laughing.

"Yes, I do."

"Well?"

"Well, he was arrested yesterday."

"By whose order?"

"That of Saint-Just, and he has been sent to the Revolutionary tribunal in Paris."

"Then you may say good-bye to him forever. How did that happen?"

Charles related the history of Mademoiselle de Brumpt. Pichegru listened with the utmost interest.

"It is a fact," he said, "that there are beings who dishonor humanity. Saint-Just did well. And you, did n't you get into any scrape about it?"

"Oh! I," said Charles, quite proud of being the hero of an adventure, — "I was in prison when it happened."

"In prison! how did you get there?"

"I was arrested the night before."

"They've taken to arresting children now!"

"That's just what made Saint-Just so angry."

"But why were you arrested?"

"For having warned two deputies from Besançon that they ran great risks by stopping in Strasbourg."

"Dumont and Ballu?"

"Exactly."

"They are at my headquarters; you shall see them."

"I thought they had gone back to Besançon."

"Half way there they thought better of it. Ha! so it is you to whom they probably owe their heads."

"It seems I did wrong," said the boy.

"Wrong! who told you it was wrong to do a good action and save your neighbor's life?"

"Saint-Just; but he added that he forgave me because pity was a child's virtue; and then he told me a story about himself,—how he had had his best friend shot that morning."

Pichegru's face grew dark.

"That's true," he said, "the deed was put in the order of the day to the army; and I must admit that, whatever one may think of the deed itself, it has had a good influence on the morale of the troops. God forbid that I should be called upon to give a like example, for, and I say it openly, I would n't give it! What the devil! we are Frenchmen, not Spartans. They may stick a mask on our faces for a while, but the mask is liable to be pulled off any time, and the face is the same; a few wrinkles more, perhaps,—that's all."

"Well, general, to come back to my father's letter—"

"You are to stay here with me. I'll appoint you secretary to headquarters. Can you ride?"

"General, not very well."

"You'll learn. Did you walk here?"

"Yes, from Rohwillers."

"And from Strasbourg to Rohwillers?"

"I came in a carriage with Madame Teutch—"

"The landlady of the Lanterne inn?"

"And sergeant-major Pierre Augereau."

"How the devil did you make acquaintance with Pierre Augereau, the big brute?"

"He was fencing-master to Eugène Beauharnais."

"Son of General Beauharnais?"

"Yes."

"There's another who is going to expiate his victories on the scaffold," said Pichegru, with a sigh. "They seem to think that grape-shot does n't work fast enough. But, my poor boy, you must be dying of hunger."

"Oh! as for that, no," said Charles; "I have just seen a sight which has taken my appetite away."

"What did you see?"

"I saw a poor *émigré* shot; he belonged to our town, and you probably know him."

"The Comte de Sainte-Hermine?"

"Yes."

"They guillotined his father eight months ago, and now they've shot the son; there are two brothers left." Pichegru shrugged his shoulders. "They had better have shot them all together, for the rest will go the same way. Did you ever see any one guillotined?"

"No."

"Well, to-morrow, if it will amuse you, you can give yourself that pleasure; there's a batch of twenty-eight of all kinds, from the big epaulets down to grooms. Now, let's attend to your quarters, — that's soon done." He showed the boy a mattress on the floor. "There's my bed," he said, "and that," he continued, showing another, "belongs to citizen Reignac, chief secretary to headquarters."

He rang a bell; an orderly appeared.

"A mattress," said the general.

Five minutes later the orderly returned, bringing a mattress. Pichegru pointed to the place where he was to spread it.

"There's yours," he said to Charles. Then, opening a closet, he went on: "This closet shall be yours; nobody else will put anything into it, and don't you put anything into the closets of other people; as your bundle doesn't seem very large, I hope it will be big enough. If you have anything valuable keep it on your person, that's safest, — not that you risk having it stolen, but you risk forgetting it when the bugle sounds to move at once either forward or back."

"General," said the lad, ingenuously, "I had nothing precious but my father's letter to you, and that I have given you."

“Then kiss me; unpack your little matters; I must go back to my map.”

He turned to the table, and as he did so he saw two persons in the corridor.

“Ah!” he cried, “come here, citizen Ballu! come here, citizen Dumont! I want you to make acquaintance with my new guest.”

He showed Charles to them; but as neither recognized the boy, he said:—

“My dear compatriots, thank that child; it was he who sent you the warning in virtue of which you still have your heads upon your shoulders.”

“Charles!” they cried, embracing him and holding him to their hearts, “our wives and children shall know your name, to love and bless it.”

While Charles was responding as best he could to these embraces, a young man of twenty to twenty-two years of age entered the room and asked Pichegru in excellent Latin if he would give him an interview.

Pichegru, surprised at this style of address, replied in the same language that he would grant the request. Opening the door of a little room beyond the larger one, he made the young man a sign to enter; then he followed him, and feeling sure that his visitor had some important communication to make, he closed the door behind him.

XIX.

THE SPY.

PICHEGRU cast a rapid and investigating glance on the new-comer; but, keen and perspicacious as the glance was, it did not even tell him with certainty to what nation his visitor belonged. The young man's dress was that of a poor traveller who had come a long way on foot. He wore a foxskin cap and a nondescript garment of goatskin passed over his head like a blouse and fastened round the waist by a leather belt; sleeves of a striped woollen stuff came through openings slit in this cuirass, the hairy side of which was turned next the person. He wore, besides, high boots coming above the knees, with soles much worn by travel. In all this there was no indication of nationality.

And yet from his fair hair, his light blue eye, firm to ferocity, his tow-colored mustache, his strongly marked chin, and the size of his jaw, Pichegru felt certain that his visitor belonged to one of the Northern races.

The young man let himself be looked at in silence, and even seemed to defy the general's scrutiny.

"Hungarian or Russian?" asked Pichegru, in French.

"Pole," replied the young man, laconically, in the same language.

"Exiled?" said Pichegru.

"Worse."

"Poor people!—so brave and so unfortunate!" The general stretched out his hand to his visitor.

"Wait," said the young man, "before doing me that honor you ought to know—"

"All Poles are brave!" said Pichegru; "every exile has a right to grasp the hand of a patriot."

But the Pole seemed to feel a certain pride in not accepting the courtesy until he had shown that he was worthy of it.

He drew a small leather wallet from his bosom, such as the Neopolitans use to carry their amulets, opened it, and took from it a paper folded in four.

“Do you know Kosciusko?” he asked. And his eyes sent forth a double gleam.

“Who does not know the hero of Dubienka?” exclaimed Pichegru.

“Then read that,” said the Pole, giving him the letter.

Pichegru took it and read:—

I commend to all men struggling for the freedom and independence of their country this brave man, son of a brave man, brother of a brave man.

He was with me at Dubienka.

T. KOSCIUSKO.

“You have there a fine diploma of courage, monsieur,” said Pichegru; “will you do me the honor of becoming my aide-de-camp?”

“I could not do you good service, and I should avenge myself ill; vengeance is what I seek.”

“On whom do you seek it,—Russians, Austrians, or Prussians?”

“All three, since they all oppress and ravage unhappy Poland; but I more especially hate Prussia.”

“Where do you come from?”

“Dantzic; I am of that old Polish race which, after losing the city in 1308, reconquered it in 1454, and defended it against Étienne Bator in 1575. From that day Dantzic has held a Polish party always ready to rise, and which did rise at the call of Kosciusko. My father, my brother, and I, seized our guns at the first appeal and placed ourselves at his orders; that is how we three were part of the four thousand men who defended the fort of Dubienka for five days against sixteen thousand Russians, though we had but twenty-four hours in which to fortify it. Some time after that Stanislas yielded to Catherine’s will. Kosciusko, unwilling to be the accomplice of the Czarina’s paramour, resigned, and my father and brother and I returned to

Dantzic, where I finished my studies. One morning we heard that Dantzic was ceded to the Prussians. Two or three thousand patriots — we were among them — protested with one hand and grasped their guns with the other. This partitioning of our country, our dear dismembered Poland, seemed to us to call for protestation, — first, moral protestation, and when that failed, material protestation, the protest of blood, with which from time to time the nationalities must be sprinkled lest they die. We went to meet the Prussian battalions who were sent to take the town. They were ten thousand strong; we were eighteen hundred. A thousand of us remained on the battle-field. During the three next days three hundred more died of their wounds. Five hundred were left prisoners. All were equally guilty, but our enemies were generous! They divided us into three lots. The first had the privilege of being shot. The second were hanged. The third received fifty blows of the knout, and their lives were given to them. We were divided according to our strength. Those worst wounded were shot. Those slightly wounded were hanged. The well men had the knout, so that they might bear in mind all their lives the punishment merited by ungrateful men who refused to throw themselves into Prussia's open arms. My dying father was shot. My brother, who had only a broken thigh, was hung. I, who had a mere scratch on the shoulder, was flogged. At the fortieth blow I fainted. But my torturers were conscientious; though I could not feel the blows they completed the number, and left me lying on the place of execution without taking farther notice of me. My sentence was that after receiving the fifty blows I was free."

He paused, collecting himself.

"Free!" he went on. "The executions took place in one of the courtyards of the citadel. When I came to myself it was night. I saw a number of inanimate bodies which looked like corpses, but which, like me a moment earlier, were probably in a swoon. I found my clothes, but, with

the exception of my shirt I could not put them on my bloody, stiffened shoulders. I threw them over my arm and looked about me. A light was burning not far off; I thought it was that of the gate-keeper, and I went toward it. He was standing by the wicket-door. 'Your name?' he asked. I told him. He consulted a list. 'Here is your pass,' he said, giving me a paper. I looked at it; it bore the words 'Good to the frontier.' 'Can I return to Dantzic?' I asked. 'On pain of death,' he replied. I thought of my mother, twice a widow, widowed of her husband, widowed of her son; I gave a sigh and commended her to God."

His voice shook for a moment, then he went on, coldly:

"I went my way. I had no money. Fortunately, in a secret part of my wallet I had kept the line which Kosciusko gave to me at parting — you have it in your hand. I took the road to Custrin, Francfort, and Leipzig. Like sailors who watch the polar star to guide themselves, I looked on the far horizon for France, the beacon-light of liberty, and I made my way to her. Six weeks of hunger, weariness, misery, humiliation, were all forgotten when, two days ago, I stood upon the holy ground of independence; yes, all was forgotten, all — except vengeance. I flung myself upon my knees and I blessed God that I felt as powerful as the crime by which I had suffered. When I saw your soldiers, I saw brothers, marching, not to the conquest of the world, but to the deliverance of the oppressed peoples. They bore a flag; I sprang to it, and begged the officer to let me kiss that sacred rag, the symbol of universal brotherhood. He hesitated. 'Ah!' I cried, 'I am a Pole, an exile, I have walked nine hundred miles to join you. That flag is my flag. I have a right to press it to my lips and to my heart.' Then, almost by force, I seized it and kissed it, crying out, 'Be ever pure, resplendent, glorious, flag of the destroyers of the Bastille, flag of Valmy, of Jemmapes, of Berchem!' Oh! general, in that moment I felt no weariness; I forgot my tortured

shoulders and the shameful stick, I forgot my brother on his infamous gibbet, my dying father shot! all, I forgot all, even vengeance! To-day I come to you. I am well taught in scientific matters; I speak five languages as well as French. I can make myself a German, Russian, Englishman, or Frenchman, at will. I can enter any town in disguise, any fortress, all headquarters. I can bring you information of everything; I can draw plans; no material obstacle can hinder me. A dozen times, when a child, I swam the Vistula. In short, I tell you I am no longer a man, I am a thing; my name is no longer Stephan Moinjski, it is Vengeance!"

"You wish to be a spy?" asked Pichegru.

"Do you call it spying to be a man without fear, wishing by his intelligence to do the utmost evil to the enemy?"

"Yes."

"Then I wish to be a spy."

"You risk being shot if you are taken."

"Like my father."

"Or hung."

"Like my brother."

"The least that could happen to you is to be flogged, and you know what that is."

With a rapid movement Stephan flung off his goatskin garment, pulled down his shirt, and showed his back, covered with livid furrows.

"Yes, I know what that is," he said, with a laugh.

"Remember that I offer you a rank in the army as lieutenant, or I will keep you by me as my interpreting officer."

"And you, citizen general, remember that feeling myself too degraded to accept, I refuse your offer. When they condemned me to that punishment, they made me lower than a man. I will strike at them from below."

"Well, so be it. What do you wish of me?"

"Enough money to get some clothes, and your commands."

Pichegru stretched out his hand and took from a chair a bunch of assignats and a pair of scissors. It was his monthly sum for all his war expenses. The month was not half gone, but the bunch was enormously reduced. He cut off three days' pay, — that is to say, four hundred and fifty francs, — and gave them to the Pole.

“Buy yourself clothes with that,” he said.

“It is a great deal too much,” said the young man; “I only want peasant's clothes.”

“Perhaps from day to day you'll have to change your disguise.”

“Very good. Your orders, general?”

“Listen to me attentively,” said Pichegru, laying his hand on the man's shoulder.

The young man listened with his eyes fixed on Pichegru. It almost seemed as though hearing were not enough, that he wanted to see the words.

“I am notified,” continued Pichegru, “that the Army of the Moselle, commanded by Hoche, is to make a junction with mine. That junction made, we shall attack Wœrth, Frœschwiller, and Reichsoffen. Well, I want to know the number of men and cannon defending those three places, also the best positions from which to attack them. You will find the hatred of our Alsatian peasantry and bourgeoisie to the Prussians a help to you.”

“Am I to report here? Shall you wait for information, or do you start to meet the Army of the Moselle?”

“In the course of three or four days you will probably hear cannon in the direction of Marschwiller, Dawendorff, or Uberack. Join me wherever I happen to be.”

At that moment the door of the large room opened, and a young man in a colonel's uniform came in. By his fair hair and mustache and his rosy cheeks it was easy to recognize one of the many Irishmen who took service in France, and were all the more numerous because we were fighting England.

“Ah, it is you, my dear Macdonald!” said Pichegru,

making the young Pole a sign. "I was just going to send for you. Here's one of your Scotch or English compatriots."

"Neither the Scotch nor the English are my compatriots, general," said Macdonald. "I am Irish."

"I beg pardon, colonel," said Pichegru, laughing; "I didn't mean to affront you; I merely wished to say that, as he can't speak anything but English, and I can hardly speak it all, I would like to know what he wants."

"Nothing easier," said Macdonald.

Then, addressing the young man, he asked him several questions, to which the latter replied instantly and without the slightest hesitation.

"Does he tell you what he wants?" asked Pichegru.

"Yes," said Macdonald, "he wants a place with either the teamsters or the commissariat."

"Very well," said Pichegru to the Pole, "as that is all I want to know, you can go about your business now, and don't forget what I told you. Translate that to him, will you, my dear Macdonald, and oblige me very much."

Macdonald repeated, word for word, in English what the general said. The young man bowed and left the room.

"What sort of English does he speak?" said Pichegru.

"Very good," replied Macdonald; "he has a little accent which makes me think he was n't born either in London or Dublin, but in the counties. But you would have to be an Englishman or an Irishman to notice it."

"That's all I want to know," said Pichegru, laughing.

And he returned to the large room, followed by Macdonald.

XX.

A DYING PROPHECY.

NEARLY all the officers on Pichegru's staff were absent either on missions or reconnoitring when Charles arrived at headquarters. The following day, however, orders having been given for an approaching departure, all were flocking in from their errands, and the breakfast table was full.

At that table, besides Colonel Macdonald, whom we have already seen, there were four brigade generals, — citizens Lieber, Boursier, Michaux, and Hermann; two of the staff officers, — citizens Gaume and Chaumette; and two aides-de-camp, — citizens Doumerc and Abattucci. Doumerc was a cavalry captain. He was perhaps twenty-two or twenty-three years of age; born in the neighborhood of Toulouse; and physically one of the handsomest men in the army. As for courage, he lived at an epoch when it was not even a merit to be brave. He was, besides, a charmingly witty talker, and he brightened the calm, but rather cold, serenity of Pichegru, who seldom took part in the conversations, and smiled as it were with his soul only.

As for Abattucci, he was a Corsican. Sent at sixteen years of age to the military school at Metz, he became a lieutenant of artillery in 1789, and captain in 1792. With that rank he was now serving as aide-de-camp to Pichegru. He, too, was a handsome young man of twenty-three, bold and intrepid under any test. He was lithe, agile, and vigorous, with a bronzed skin which gave his Grecian form of beauty a numismatic character contrasting strangely with his ingenuous, open-hearted, almost juvenile, gayety, which was, however, rather devoid of imagination or brilliancy.

Nothing could well be gayer than the meals of these young fellows, though the food on the table was somewhat Spartan. Sorrow to those who (delayed by skirmishings of

love or war) arrived too late. Empty bottles and cleared dishes were then their portion; and they ate their dry bread amid the laughs and jokes of their comrades. Only, there was never a week that one place at least was not vacant. The general would notice it, frowning, and then with a gesture order the knife and fork of the absent one removed. The absent one had died for his country; they drank to his health, and all was said. There was something of sovereign grandeur in this carelessness of life, even to the rapid forgetfulness of death.

The matter that filled the minds of all these young men just now, almost as much as the scenes in which they themselves were actors, was the infinitely important subject of the siege of Toulon. Toulon, it will be remembered, had been surrendered to the English by Admiral Trogoff, whose name we regret not to find in any dictionary: the names of traitors ought to be preserved. Monsieur Thiers, out of patriotism, no doubt, calls him a Russian. Alas! he was a Breton.

The last news had not been reassuring, and the younger officers, particularly those of the artillery, had laughed heartily at General Carteaux's plan, which was given in the three following lines:—

“The commander-in-chief of the artillery will bombard Toulon for three days, at the end of which time I shall attack with four columns, and carry the place.”

Next the news arrived that General Dugommier had superseded Carteaux; he certainly inspired rather more confidence, but having arrived only two years earlier from Martinique, and being lately made a general, he was comparatively unknown. The last news received was that the siege was begun according to the scientific rules of war, that the artillery especially, commanded by a competent officer, was doing good service. The consequence was that the arrival of the “*Moniteur*,” was looked for with the greatest impatience.

It arrived toward the end of breakfast. The general took it from the hands of the orderly, and speaking across the table to Charles, he said : —

“Here, citizen secretary, this is part of your business; find what there is about Toulon.”

Charles colored to the eyes, turned over the pages, and came upon these words : —

Letter from General Dugommier, dated from headquarters at Ollioules, 10th Frimaire, year II.

CITIZEN MINISTER, — The day has been a hot one, but successful. For forty-eight hours an important battery had kept its fire on Malbousquet, and greatly annoyed that post and its neighborhood. This morning at five o'clock the enemy made a vigorous sortie, which enabled him to master, for a short time, our pickets and the left of the battery; at the first shots, we moved rapidly on our left wing.

I found our troops retreating; General Garnier was complaining that his men abandoned him. I ordered him to rally them, and go to the support of the battery. I then put myself at the head of the third battalion of the Isère, and took another road to the same battery. We were fortunate enough to succeed; the post was retaken; the enemy, vigorously repulsed, retreated on all sides, leaving a great number of dead and wounded on the field. This sortie cost them more than twelve hundred men, killed, wounded, and taken prisoners, — among the latter several officers of rank, — and their commander-in-chief O'Hara, wounded in the left arm.

The generals in command on both sides were fated to be hit in this action; for I received two contusions, one on the right arm, the other on the shoulder; but they are slight. After vigorously driving back the enemy whence he came, our republicans, with a gallant though rather disorderly dash, marched toward Malbousquet under a murderous fire from the fort. They carried off the tents of a camp they forced the enemy by their valor to evacuate. This action, which is truly a triumph for the Republican arms, is an excellent augury for our future operations; for if we have been able to do so well unexpectedly, what may we not do with a well-concerted plan?

I cannot too highly praise the good conduct of all our brothers-in-arms who took part in this affair. Among the most distinguished

who helped to rally our men and push onward were the citizens Buona Parte, commanding the artillery, and Aréna and Cervoni, adjutant-generals.

DUGOMMIER, *Commander-in-chief.*

“Buona Parte,” said Pichegru, “that must be a young Corsican to whom I was tutor; he had a great turn then for mathematics.”

“Yes,” said Abattucci, “there is now in Ajaccio a family named Buonaparte, the head of which, Charles de Buonaparte, was aide-de-camp to Paoli; they are rather near cousins of mine, those Buonapartes.”

“Confound it! you are all cousins in Corsica,” said Doumerc.

“If it is my Buonaparte,” said Pichegru, “he must be a young man about five feet one, or two, not more, with straight hair plastered down his temples, who didn’t know a word of French when he came to Brienne; rather misanthropic, very solitary, deeply opposed to the union of Corsica and France, great admirer of Paoli; a fellow who in two or three years learned of Père Patrault — By the bye, Charles, the same who protected and helped your friend Euloge Schneider — Well, he learned of Père Patrault all he knew, and consequently all he could teach.”

“Only,” continued Abattucci, “the name is not written as it is in the ‘Moniteur,’ which cuts it in two. It is in one word, — Buonaparte.”

The conversation was at this point when a loud uproar was heard, and a crowd of persons were seen to be hurrying along the rue de Strasbourg. They were so near the enemy that a surprise might be expected at any moment. Each man jumped for his sabre. Doumerc, who was nearest the window, jumped not only for his sabre, but into the street, and ran to the turn, whence he could see what was happening up and down the rue de Strasbourg. He made a sign with his head and shoulders indicative of disappointment, and walked slowly back to headquarters.

"What was it?" asked Pichegru.

"Nothing, general; only that unfortunate Eisemberg and his staff, whom they are going to guillotine."

"Why don't they go straight to the citadel?" said Pichegru; "hitherto they have spared us these sights."

"True, general; but now, they say, they are determined to strike a blow which shall echo to the heart of the army. The massacre of a general and his staff is so good an example to another general and his staff that they think proper to give *you*, and *us*, the honor of seeing this instructive spectacle."

"But," ventured Charles, timidly, "those are not cries I hear; it is laughter."

A soldier passed the windows coming from the direction of the procession; the general knew him as belonging to his own village of Arbois. He was a chasseur of the eighth regiment, named Falou.

Pichegru called him by name. The man stopped short, looked to see where the voice came from, wheeled round to face the general, and carried his hand to his kepi.

"Come here!" said the general.

The chasseur approached.

"What are they laughing about?" demanded Pichegru; "are the populace insulting the condemned men?"

"On the contrary, general, they pity them."

"Then what's the meaning of all that laughter?"

"It is n't their fault, general; he'd make a tombstone laugh, he would."

"Who would?"

"Surgeon Figeac, whom they are going to guillotine; he has said such droll things from that cart that even the condemned men are shaking with laughter."

The general and his staff looked at each other.

"I think the moment is very ill-chosen for gayety," said Pichegru.

"It seems he finds a laughable side to death."

At this moment, the head of the funeral procession came

in sight, and it seemed to be convulsed with laughter, — not insulting and savage, but natural and even sympathetic laughter. Almost at the same instant an enormous cart appeared, which contained twenty-two men condemned to death and bound together in pairs. Pichegru stepped back ; but Eisemberg called to him in a loud voice, by name.

Pichegru stood motionless. Figeac, seeing that Eisemberg wished to speak, was silent. The laughter ceased. Eisemberg pushed his way to the side of the cart, dragging with him the man to whom he was fastened.

“Pichegru!” he said, “stand there and listen to me.”

Those of the young men who were wearing their hats or fatigue caps took them off. Falou stood close beside the window with his hand to his kepi.

“Pichegru,” said the unfortunate general, “I go to my death, and leave you with pleasure at the summit of the honors to which your courage has borne you. I know that your heart does justice to my loyalty, betrayed by the fate of war, and that you have secretly pitied my misfortunes. I wish I could predict to you at parting a better fate than mine ; but keep yourself from that hope. Houchard and Custine are dead, I am about to die, Beauharnais is to die ; you will die like the rest of us. The Nation, to whom you devote your strength, is not sparing of the blood of her defenders, and if the weapons of the enemy miss you, you will not escape the knife of the executioner. Farewell, Pichegru ; Heaven keep you from the jealousy of tyrants and the justice of assassins ! adieu, friend. Forward, march !”

Pichegru waved his hand to him, closed the window, and returned into the room, his arms crossed, his head bowed, as though the words of Eisemberg were a weight laid upon it. Then suddenly he threw it up and addressed the young men, who were silently and thoughtfully looking at him.

“Which of you knows Greek ?” he said. “I’ll give my handsomest Cummer pipe to whoever will tell me the name of the Greek author who speaks of the prophecies of dying men.”

"I know a little Greek, general," said Charles, "but I don't smoke."

"Never mind that, I'll give you something you'll like better than a pipe."

"Very well, then; it is Aristophanes," replied Charles, "in a passage something like this: 'Dying baldheads have the souls of sibyls.'"

"Bravo!" said Pichegru, stroking the lad's cheek; "to-morrow, or later, you shall have what I promised you." Then turning to his aides-de-camp and the officers of ordnance he said, "Come, my sons, I am sick of staying in Auenheim and witnessing these butcheries. We'll be off in two hours and try to carry our advanced posts as far as Drusenheim. Death is a small matter anywhere, but it is a pleasure on the battle-field. Let us fight!"

At that instant a dispatch from the government was placed in Pichegru's hands. It was the order to make his junction with the army of the Moselle and to regard Hoche, who commanded that army, as his superior. The two armies, the junction being made, were not to give the enemy any rest until they had recovered the lines of Weissenbourg.

There was nothing to change in the orders already given, and Pichegru put the dispatch in his pocket. Knowing that the spy Stephan was waiting in the inner room for his last instructions, he went there, saying:—

"Citizens, hold yourselves ready to start at the first flourish of trumpets and the first roll of the drum."

XXI.

THE DAY BEFORE THE FIGHT.

WHAT Pichegru proposed to do was to regain the ground lost by his predecessor in the battle of Hagenau, which followed the evacuation of the lines of Weissembourg. It was then that General Carles had been forced to bring his headquarters across the river, from Souffel to Schiltigheim, that is to say, to the gates of Strasbourg. It was then that Pichegru, chosen on account of his plebeian birth, had succeeded to the command, and after a few fortunate movements had been able to take his headquarters as far as Auenheim. For the same reason of plebeian birth, Hoche was appointed to the Army of the Moselle, and he had been directed to combine his movements with those of Pichegru.

The first battle of any importance which Pichegru fought was that of Berchem; it was there that the Comte de Sainte-Hermine was taken prisoner, in consequence of his horse being killed under him. The Prince de Condé's headquarters were at Berchem, and Pichegru, being desirous of feeling the strength of the enemy, had attacked the position, all the while avoiding a general engagement. Repulsed at first, he returned to the attack the next day, sending against the Prince de Condé a regiment of sharpshooters divided into small squads. These troops, after harassing the enemy for a long time, suddenly, at a given signal, came together, and, forming into a column, fell upon the village of Berchem and took it. But fights between Frenchmen do not end so easily. The Prince de Condé held his ground behind the villages with his noble battalions of infantry. He himself sprang forward at their head, attacked the republicans, and retook the village. Pichegru

then sent his cavalry to the support of the sharpshooters ; the prince ordered his to charge, and the two corps came together with all the violence of hatred. The advantage remained with the royalist cavalry, which was better mounted than ours ; the republicans fell back, leaving seven cannon and nine hundred dead behind them.

On the other hand, the royalists lost three hundred cavalry and nine hundred infantry. The Duc de Bourbon, son of the Prince de Condé, was struck by a ball at the moment he was attacking Berchem at the head of his cavalry, and his aides-de-camp were all either killed or dangerously wounded. But Pichegru did not consider himself beaten. The next day he attacked the troops of General Klenau, who occupied the posts beyond Berchem. The enemy fell back at the first onset ; but the Prince de Condé sent them reinforcements of cavalry and infantry. The battle was then renewed with great violence and continued for some time without advantage on either side ; until at last the royalists retreated a second time, and the republicans occupied the ground ; the Austrians withdrew behind Hagenau, the corps of the French *émigrés* remaining uncovered. The Prince de Condé, feeling it imprudent to maintain the position, retired in good order, and the republicans entered Berchem behind him.

The news of this success arrived in Paris at the same time as that of the first check ; the impression of the one effaced that of the other. Pichegru breathed freer ; the iron belt that was stifling Strasbourg was loosened slightly. On the present occasion, as Pichegru said himself, it was more to get away from Auenheim than to accomplish any strategic movement that he now took the field. Still, as Hagenau was in possession of the Austrians, it had to be recovered some day or other, and Pichegru decided to attack the village of Dawendorff, which was on his way.

A forest in the shape of a horseshoe extends from Auenheim to Dawendorff. At eight o'clock in the evening of a fine winter night, Pichegru gave the order to start.

Charles, without being a good horseman, could ride a horse. The general put him with fatherly care among his staff, and requested the officers to look after him. The march was made in silence, the object being to surprise the enemy. The battalion of the Indre formed the advanced guard. Pichegru had ordered the wood reconnoitred the previous evening, and it was reported to be unguarded. At two in the morning they reached the lower end of the horse-shoe, where a tract of forest about three miles broad separated them from the village of Dawendorff. Here Pichegru called a halt, and ordered the troops to bivouac. It was impossible to leave the men without fires on such a night. At the risk, therefore, of being discovered he allowed the men to light fires of logs, around which they grouped themselves. In any case, however, they had but four hours to remain there.

During the whole march, Pichegru had had his eye on Charles, to whom he had given a trumpeter's horse, with a saddle raised before and behind and covered with a sheepskin shabrack, which secured the seat of even the worst horseman; but he saw with satisfaction that his young secretary had sprung into his seat without difficulty, and was managing his horse with a certain ease. When they arrived at the camping ground Charles taught himself how to unsaddle his horse, how to picket the animal, and then make a pillow of the saddle.

A large cavalry cloak, which the general had taken care to have strapped to the crupper, served the boy for mattress and coverlet both. Charles, who continued religious through the whole of this irreligious epoch, said his prayers silently, and went to sleep with the same juvenile peace of mind that he felt in his bedroom at Besançon.

The advanced posts, placed in the wood, and the sentries on their flanks (relieved every half-hour) watched over the safety of the little army. Toward four o'clock a shot fired by one of the sentinels was heard; every one was afoot instantly. Pichegru glanced at Charles; the boy had

pulled the pistols from his holsters and was standing bravely to the right of the general, a pistol in each hand.

The general sent a score of men to the spot whence the sound came; the sentry not having fallen back, it was probable he was killed. But on running to the post where the man was stationed, the twenty men heard his cries calling them to help him. They doubled their speed and saw, as they approached, not men but animals escaping. The sentinel had been attacked by a troop of five or six hungry wolves, which began by watching him and circling round him, then, observing his immovability, they grew bolder. The man put his back to a tree so as not to be attacked from behind, and there he had defended himself for some time in silence with his bayonet; but one wolf having seized the blade in its teeth, the soldier fired and blew off its head. The wolves, frightened by the explosion, drew off, but, driven by hunger, returned, as much perhaps to eat their comrade as to attack the sentinel. Their return was so rapid that the soldier did not have time to reload his musket. He was therefore defending himself as best he could, having already received several bites, when his companions arrived and put to flight the unexpected enemy.

The sub-lieutenant who commanded the twenty men left four as sentries on the post, and returned to camp bearing two wolves as trophies, — one killed by the shot, another by a bayonet. Their skins, well furred at that cold season, were destined to be a foot-rug for the general. The lieutenant took the sentry to Pichegru, who received him with a stern face, thinking the gun had gone off through carelessness; but his brow grew darker still when he learned that the soldier had fired intentionally, to defend himself against the wolves.

“Do you know,” he said, “that I ought to have you shot for firing at anything except the enemy?”

“But what was I to do, general?” said the poor devil, so naively that Pichegru could not help smiling.

“Let yourself be devoured to the last morsel by the

wolves sooner than fire a shot which would warn the enemy of our approach, and which in any case would wake up our whole army."

"I did think of it, general; but, you see, they began it, the villains!" He showed his torn and bloody cheek and arms. "But I said to myself: 'Faraud (that's my name, general), if they've stationed you here it is because they fear the enemy might get by; they rely on you not to let him.'"

"Well?" said Pichegru.

"Well, if I were eaten, general, nothing would have kept the enemy from getting by. That's what made me resolve to fire. The idea of personal safety came later, upon my honor."

"But that shot, you rascal! it may have been heard at the enemy's outposts."

"Oh, don't be uneasy about that, general! they'll be sure to think it a poacher."

"Are you a Parisian?"

"Yes; but I belong to the first battalion of the Indre. I volunteered to join it as it passed through Paris."

"Well, Faraud, I've a bit of advice to give you, and that is, not to let me see you again till you wear the chevrons of a corporal, and then I may forget the fault of discipline you have just committed."

"How am I to get them, general?"

"Bring in to your captain to-morrow, or rather to-day, two Prussian prisoners."

"Soldiers or officers, general?"

"Officers preferred; but I will be content with two soldiers."

"I'll do my best, general."

"Has anybody any brandy?" asked Pichegru.

"I have," said Doumerc.

"Well, give a drop to this coward, who says he is going to capture two Prussians to-morrow."

"Suppose I get only one, general?"

“Then you will be only half a corporal, and will wear but one chevron.”

“No, that would make me lop-sided! To-morrow night, general, I’ll have the two, or you can say to yourself, ‘Faraud is dead.’ Your health, general.”

“General,” said Charles, “it was with talk like that that Cæsar made his Gauls go round the world.”

XXII.

THE BATTLE.

THE army was fully roused and was anxious to march. It was then five o'clock. The general gave the order to advance, telling the soldiers they should breakfast at Dawendorff and have a double ration of brandy. Scouts were sent in advance, who picked up the sentries in passing; then the army issued from the wood in three columns,—one taking Kaltenhausen on its way, while the two others passed to right and left of that village, drawing a light battery after them, and spreading over the plain before Dawendorff.

The enemy was surprised in Kaltenhausen; its farthest outpost had made little or no resistance; but the few shots fired had given the alarm in Dawendorff, and the royalist troops were now seen issuing from the village and forming in line of battle. A hill rose about half a cannon-shot from the village; Pichegru put his horse to a gallop, followed by his staff, and made for the summit, from which he could take in the whole battlefield, with all its details.

Before starting, he ordered Colonel Macdonald to take command of the first battalion of the Indre, which formed the head of the main column, and dislodge the enemy from Dawendorff. He kept the 8th Chasseurs with him to send at need where wanted, and he posted a battery of six pieces of eight at the foot of the hill.

The battalion of the Indre, followed by the rest of the army, strategically spaced off, marched straight upon the enemy. When the republicans were about two hundred paces from the latter, Pichegru made a signal, and the artillery covered the advanced works of the enemy with a rain of cannister. The Prussians, on their side, replied by a

solid fire, which brought down fifty men. But the brave attacking battalion broke into a run, and, preceded by its drum-corps beating the charge, fell upon the enemy with the bayonet. Already harassed by the cannister which the general was raining upon them, the Prussians abandoned the outer works, and our soldiers were then seen entering pell-mell with the enemy into the village. But at the same time there advanced on either side of the village two considerable bodies of men, — the cavalry and infantry of the *émigrés*; the cavalry commanded by the Prince de Condé, the infantry by the Duc de Bourbon. These troops threatened to flank the little army corps which was directly behind the battalion of the Indre.

Pichegru instantly sent forward Captain Gaume, an aide-de-camp, to order General Michaud, who commanded the centre, to form in square and receive the charge of the Prince de Condé on his bayonets. Then, calling to Abattucci, he ordered him to take command of the 8th regiment of Chasseurs, and charge upon the infantry of the *émigrés* as soon as he found the shot from the battery had sufficiently disordered its lines.

From the hill where he stood beside the general, Charles saw at his feet the terrible game of chess which we call war played by Pichegru and the Prince de Condé; in other words, by the Republic and the counter-revolution. He saw Captain Gaume dashing at a gallop across the open space which lay to the left of the hill where Pichegru stood, bearing the order of the commander-in-chief to Adjutant-General Michaud, who had himself that instant perceived that his left was threatened by the Prince de Condé, and was about to give the very order now brought to him by Captain Gaume. On the other side — namely, the right — the lad saw Captain Abattucci take command of the 8th Chasseurs, and descend the slope at a trot, while the artillery poured its volleys in quick succession into the mass of approaching infantry.

There was a moment of hesitation in the infantry of the



BATTLE OF DAWENDORF.

émigrés. Abattucci profited by it. He ordered sabres out, and in an instant six hundred blades sparkled in the rays of the rising sun. The Duc de Bourbon commanded his men to form in square; but the disorder was too great, or the command too late. The charge came on like a whirlwind, and horsemen and footmen could be seen from the hill struggling together, hand to hand, while on the other side General Michaud was firing upon the enemy's cavalry, which was then scarcely twenty-five paces from him. It is impossible to give an idea of the effect produced by this discharge at so short a range. More than a hundred horsemen and horses went down; some, carried on by their impetuous rush, rolled headlong into the first line of the republican square. The Prince de Condé fell back to reform his cavalry out of range of the fire.

At the same instant the battalion of the Indre reappeared, retreating very slowly, but still retreating. Met, within the village, by volleys of musketry from the windows of all the houses and by the fire of two cannon in the market-place, the republicans were forced to retrograde. Pichegru sent his fourth aide-de-camp, Chaumette, at full gallop, to find out what the matter was and to order Macdonald to stop and hold his ground. Chaumette crossed the battlefield amid the double fire of republicans and royalists, and accomplished the mission with which his general had charged him.

Macdonald replied that not only he should not budge from where he was, but as soon as his men had got their breath, they would make another attempt on Dawendorff. Only he wished that some sort of diversion could be made on the village to facilitate his difficult task. Chaumette returned to the general; he was so near the field of battle that it had taken only a few minutes to carry his orders and return with the reply.

"Take twenty-five chasseurs and four trumpeters from Abattucci," said Pichegru; "turn the village with them, enter the street at the other end, sound the trumpets with

all your might while Macdonald charges; they'll think they are between two fires and they'll surrender."

Chaumette rode down the hill again, made his way to Abattucci, took twenty-five chasseurs and the trumpeters, sent a twenty-sixth man to Macdonald to tell him what to expect, and rounded the village. At the same moment Macdonald raised his sabre, the drums beat the charge, and in the face of a terrible discharge of musketry he lowered his head and forced his way back into the place. Almost at the same instant Chaumette's trumpets were blaring at the farther end of the street.

The *mêlée* was now general; the Prince de Condé, having reformed, again charged Michaud's square; the royalist infantry was retreating before the 8th Chasseurs and Abattucci; while Pichegru himself sent half of his reserves (about four or five hundred men) to follow the battalion of the Indre; keeping the same number still in hand, in case of unexpected disaster. As the royalist infantry was retreating, it paused to send a last volley, not at Abattucci and his Chasseurs, but at the group on the hill, among whom it was easy to distinguish the commander-in-chief, with his plume and his gold epaulets.

Two men fell; the general's horse was struck, and Charles, giving a sigh, fell backward on his animal.

"Ah! poor child!" cried Pichegru. "Larrey! Larrey!"

A young surgeon about twenty-six or twenty-seven years of age came up. They held the boy on his horse; and as in falling he had put his hand to his breast, they opened his jacket. The astonishment of every one was great when between the waistcoat and the shirt they found a fatigue-cap. This they shook, and the ball fell out.

"No need to look further," said the young surgeon, "the shirt is intact, there is no blood. The boy is weak, and the blow made him faint, that's all. Odd enough! here's a fatigue-cap which would have done no good in its own place, but being on a boy's breast saves his life! Give him a drop of brandy and he'll be all right."

“It is queer,” said Pichegru; “that cap belongs to one of Condé’s chasseurs.”

Just then Charles, to whose lips they had put a flask, came to himself; and his first movement was to feel for the cap. He had opened his mouth to ask for it, when he saw it in the general’s hand.

“Ah, general!” he cried, “forgive me!”

“Sapristi! you’d better say that; a pretty fright you’ve given us.”

“Oh! that’s not it,” said Charles, smiling, but nodding at the cap.

“Yes, by the bye,” said Pichegru, “you’ll have to explain to me about that cap.”

Charles went close to him and whispered.

“It belonged to the Comte de Sainte-Hermine,” he said, “the young *émigré* I saw shot; and who gave it to me just as he died to carry to his family.”

“But,” said Pichegru, feeling the cap, “there’s a letter inside.”

“Yes, general, to his brother; that poor fellow was afraid if he gave it to strangers his brother would n’t get it.”

“Whereas if he gave it to a compatriot he did not fear; is that it?”

“Did I do wrong, general?”

“It is never wrong to fulfil the wish of a dying man, above all if the wish is honorable. I’ll say more; it is a sacred duty to be fulfilled as soon as possible — but now let us see what is going on down there.”

At the end of a few minutes Charles, forgetting his own accident, with his eyes fixed on the battlefield and breathless with the excitement of such a scene, touched the general on the arm and showed him, with an exclamation of amazement, a number of men running on the roofs of the houses, jumping from windows, clambering over garden walls, all making for the plain.

“Good!” said Pichegru, “we are masters of the town; the day is ours.” Then he added, to Lieber, the only

officer who remained by him, "Take the reserve, and prevent those men from rallying."

Lieber put himself at the head of the four or five hundred infantry, and went down the incline at a run.

"As for us," said Pichegru, with his usual quiet manner, "let us go and see what they are doing in the town."

Accompanied by only twenty-five or thirty men, reserved from the 8th Chasseurs, and by General Boursier and Charles, he took the road to Dawendorff at a quick trot.

Charles gave a last look over the plain; the enemy were flying in every direction. It was the first time he had seen a battle; he was now to see a battlefield. He had seen the poetic side, the movement, the fire, the smoke; distance had hidden the details from him. He was now to see the other side of war, the hideous side, — stark immobility, agony, death; he was to know at last the bloody reality.

XXIII.

AFTER THE BATTLE.

FOR the short distance the little troop had to cross, the plain was covered with the wounded, the dying, or the dead. The fight had lasted barely an hour and a half, yet more than fifteen hundred men, friends or enemies, lay heaped together on the battlefield.

Charles approached the line of bodies with a certain dread; at the first corpse they came to, his horse snorted and shied so violently that the boy was almost flung from the saddle. Pichegru's horse, more firmly handled, or else more habituated to such obstacles, leaped them; and there came a moment when Charles's horse, imitating that of Pichegru, did likewise. But soon it was not the dead bodies which made the deepest impression upon the lad; it was the dying, who with awful effort tried, some to get out of the way of the horses of the general and his escort, while others, more horribly mutilated, cried out, with the rattle in their throats: "Comrades, in pity, kill me, kill me!"

Others — these were the least wounded — rose and with a touch of pride saluted Pichegru, waving their hats and crying out: "Vive la République!"

"Is this the first time you have seen a battlefield, Charles?" asked Pichegru.

"No, general," replied the boy.

"Where did you see one?"

"In Tacitus; at the battle of Teutberg with Germanicus and Cecina."

"Yes, to be sure," said Pichegru, "I remember; it is before they get to the forest that Germanicus finds the eagle of the 19th Legion lost by Varus."

“And don't you remember, general, the passage, which I can understand now, where it says: ‘The whole army was seized with pity as it thought of parents, friends, the chances of war, the fate of men’?”

“Yes,” replied Pichegru, “and Tacitus tells about the wide, open plain, the bleaching bones, scattered about and showing where the battle had been. Oh!” cried Pichegru, “I wish I could remember the Latin of it; no translation renders it; stop: ‘*Medio —*’”

“I remember,” said Charles, “‘*Medio campi albertia ossa ut fugerant, ut resisterant.*’”

“Bravo, Charles!” exclaimed Pichegru; “your father gave me a capital present when he sent you here.”

“General,” said Charles, “are you not going to give any orders to carry help to those poor wounded?”

“Don't you see the surgeons are going from one to the other, with orders to make no difference between French and Prussians? We have gained that, at least, by eighteen hundred years of civilization; we don't cut the throats of our prisoners on the altars of Teutates, as they did in the days of Arnim and Marbod.

“And moreover,” said Charles, “the conquered generals are not obliged, like Varus, to stab themselves *infelice dextra.*”

“Do you think,” said Pichegru, laughing, “that it is so very much better to be sent before the Revolutionary Committee, like poor Eisemberg, whose face is always before my eyes and his words in my ears?”

While talking thus they entered the town, where the sight was, perhaps, more dreadful still, the space being less. Before flying over roofs and walls, the Prussians and the *émigrés* had made a desperate resistance; when cartridges gave out they had used any missile that came to hand; from the windows of the first and second stories they had thrown down on the assailants, wardrobes, bureaus, sofas, chairs, and even the marble of the chimney-pieces; some of the houses were in flames, and as there was

nothing left within them, the ruined owners thought it useless to extinguish the fires, and watched them burning. Pichegru gave orders that these fires should be put out wherever possible ; then he rode to the town-hall, where he always took up his abode during a campaign.

There he received the reports. As he entered the courtyard he noticed a baggage waggon, carefully guarded, which bore the blue escutcheon with the three *fleurs de lis* of France ; it had been captured at the Prince de Condé's headquarters. Believing it to be of importance, they had taken it to the town-hall, knowing that the general would come there.

"Very good," said Pichegru ; "it will be opened before the staff."

He dismounted, went up the staircase, and settled himself in the council chamber. The officers who had taken part in the engagement came in one by one. First, Captain Gaume : desiring to do his share in the fight, he had joined the square formed by General Michaud, and had seen the Prince de Condé, after making three vigorous but useless charges, retire in a wide circle toward Hagenau, leaving about two hundred troopers on the battlefield. General Michaud was looking after the return of his men to quarters, and giving orders for rations of bread to be baked in Dawendorff and distributed in the neighboring villages.

Next came Chaumette ; he had, according to the general's order, taken twenty-five chasseurs and the four trumpeters and had entered the other end of the village sounding the charge as if he were at the head of six hundred men. The ruse succeeded. The Prussians and the little body of *émigrés* who defended the town thought themselves attacked before and behind, and the result was the flight through windows and over roofs and walls that Charles had seen and shown to the general.

Next, Abattucci, with a sabre-cut on his cheek and a dislocated shoulder. The general had seen with what splendid courage he had charged at the head of his

chasseurs, but after he reached the centre of the enemy's infantry and the fight became hand to hand, the details were indistinguishable. Abattucci's horse had been killed by a ball through its head. Pinned down by its fall, the rider had his shoulder put out and received a cut from a sabre; he thought himself lost, when a powerful chasseur released him. Still, dismounted in the midst of the wild mêlée, he was in great danger, when the same chasseur, Falou, whom the general had questioned the night before, brought him a horse which he had taken from an officer whom he had killed. There was no time for compliments; Abattucci sprang to the saddle and caught the reins with one hand, while with the other he offered his purse to his deliverer. But the latter pushed back the officer's hand, and carried away by the rush of combatants Abattucci cried: "We shall meet again." Consequently, on reaching headquarters he had given orders that the chasseur Falou should be inquired for in all directions. The young aide-de-camp and his men had killed about two hundred of the enemy and captured a flag. Eight or ten of his men were killed or wounded.

Macdonald waited till Abattucci had made his report before giving in his own. At the head of the battalion of the Indre it was he who had borne the chief brunt of the day. Met in the first place by the fire from the intrenchments, he had passed those intrenchments and entered the town. There, we already know how he was received. Each house had belched fire like a volcano; in spite of the hail of balls which decimated his troops he had continued to advance; but on turning into the main street a battery of two cannon showered them with grape-shot at a distance of five hundred paces. It was then that the battalion slowly retreated and appeared again outside the town. According to the message he had sent, as soon as his men got their breath, Macdonald took them back at the double-quick, inspired by the trumpets of the 8th Chasseurs which were sounding the charge at the other

end of the town. He pushed to the open square, intending to surround the battery, but the chasseurs were there before him.

From that moment the place was ours. Besides the two cannon, a waggon bearing the lilies of France had, as we have seen, fallen into our hands. It will be remembered that the general, foreseeing that it might contain the Prince de Condé's treasure, had given orders that it should be opened only in presence of his staff.

Lieber was the last to report; seconded by Abattucci's chasseurs he had pursued the enemy for over three miles, and had taken three hundred prisoners.

The day had been a good one. Over a thousand of the enemy were killed, and five to six hundred prisoners taken. Larrey had put back Abattucci's shoulder. None of the staff were absent, and they all went down to the courtyard, having sent for a locksmith. One was found close by, and he came with his instruments.

In a moment the cover of the waggon was off. One of its compartments was full of rolls that looked like long cartridges. They broke one and the cartridges proved to be gold coin. Each roll contained a hundred guineas (two thousand five hundred francs) each bearing the effigy of King George. There were three hundred and ten rolls; in all, seven hundred and seventy-five thousand francs.

"Faith!" said Pichegru, "that's just in time; we shall be able to pay the men up to date. Where's Estève?"

Estève was the paymaster of the Army of the Rhine. He answered Pichegru's call.

"Take five hundred thousand francs," continued Pichegru, "and pay everything up at once. Put your office on the ground-floor here; I'll take the first floor."

Five hundred thousand francs were at once counted out to citizen Estève.

"Now," said Pichegru, "twenty-five thousand of the rest are to go to the battalion of the Indre, for that suffered the most."

“That will be about thirty-nine francs to each man,” said Estève.

“And keep fifty thousand for the current wants of the army.”

“What’s to be done with the remaining two hundred thousand?”

“Abattucci shall take them to the Convention with the flag we captured; it is a proper thing to show the world that republicans don’t fight for gold. Come, let us go upstairs, citizens, and leave Estève to attend to his business.”

XXIV.

CITIZEN FENOUILLOT, COMMERCIAL TRAVELLER
IN WINES.

PICHEGRU'S valet, who had the good sense not to discard his station of valet for any pretended rank, nor the name of Leblanc for that of Lerouge, had, during this time, set the table for breakfast and covered it with provisions brought by himself, — a precaution by no means useless in cases like the present, when the guests came straight from the battlefield.

These thirsty, hungry, tired young men, some of them wounded, were not indifferent to the sight of that breakfast, of which they were much in need. But hurrahs of satisfaction burst forth when they saw among the bottles of evidently democratic origin six with silvered necks, indicating that they came from the best vintages of Champagne. Pichegru himself noticed them, and turning to his valet exclaimed with his soldierly familiarity: —

“Ah ça! Leblanc, is this my birthday, or yours? or is it only to celebrate our victory that I find such extravagance on my table? Don't you know if it gets to the ears of the Committee of Public Safety they'll cut my head off?”

“Citizen general, it is n't extravagance, though I must say your victory deserves being celebrated; and the day you capture seven hundred thousand francs from the enemy you might be allowed, without wrong to the government, to drink twenty francs' worth of champagne. No, set your mind at rest, citizen general, that champagne won't cost you or the Republic a penny.”

“You rascal!” cried Pichegru, “I hope you have n't been robbing a wine-shop or pillaging a cellar?”

“No, general; it is a patriotic gift.”

“Patriotic gift!”

“Yes, from citizen Fenouillot.”

“Who is citizen Fenouillot? It can’t be the lawyer at Besançon? There is a lawyer of that name in Besançon, is n’t there, Charles?”

“Yes, general,” replied the lad; “and a great friend of my father, too.”

“He has nothing to do with Besançon or lawyers,” said Leblanc, who was in the habit of saying his say frankly to the general; “he is citizen Fenouillot, commercial traveller for the firm of Fraissinet at Châlons, who, in return for the service you have done him in delivering him from the hands of the enemy, sends you, or rather offers you through me, these six bottles of wine, that you may drink your own health and the prosperity of the Republic.”

“Was he here in this place with the enemy, your citizen Fenouillot?”

“Certainly, as he was a prisoner, — he and his samples.”

“Do you hear that, general?” said Abattucci.

“He might give us some useful information,” remarked Doumerc.

“Where does he lodge, your man?” asked Pichegru.

“Close by, at that hôtel next the town hall.”

“Put another plate there, directly in front of me, and go and tell citizen Fenouillot that I request him to do me the honor to breakfast with us. Sit down, gentlemen, in your usual places.”

The officers all took their seats as usual. Pichegru placed Charles on his left; Leblanc set the extra plate, and went off to execute the general’s order. Five minutes later Leblanc returned; he had found citizen Fenouillot with his napkin at his neck just sitting down to his own breakfast; but citizen Fenouillot had instantly accepted the invitation with which the general honored him, and would follow the messenger.

In fact, an instant later a free-mason’s knock was heard on the door. Leblanc opened it. A man from thirty to

thirty-five years of age appeared upon the threshold, wearing the civilian dress of the period, without either the aristocratic or the *sans-culotte* exaggerations; that is to say, he had a pointed hat with a broad brim, loose cravat, waistcoat with broad lapels, a brown coat with long tails, tight breeches of some light color, and high top-boots. He was fair; his hair curled naturally; the eyebrows and whiskers were brown, the latter being lost in the voluminous folds of his cravat; his eyes were extremely bold; his nose was large, and his lips thin.

As he entered the dining-room, he seemed for an instant to hesitate.

"Come in, citizen Fenouillot," said Pichegru, who noticed the movement, slight as it was.

"Faith, general," said the new-comer, with an easy air, "the gift was so small a matter that I doubted if it were really I to whom your gracious invitation was sent."

"Small matter!" replied Pichegru. "Let me tell you that with a pay of a hundred and fifty francs a day in assignats I should have to go three days without food if I took a fancy to make such a debauch in champagne. Sit down, citizen, — there, opposite to me, that's your place."

The two officers who were sitting on each side of the commercial traveller's place made a motion to move back their chairs and show it to him. Citizen Fenouillot sat down; the general cast a rapid glance at his spotless linen and carefully kept hands.

"You say you were a prisoner when we entered Dawendorff?"

"Prisoner, or something like it, general. I did not know that the road to Haguenau was in the hands of the enemy until I was arrested by a party of Prussians, who were proceeding to drink up my samples then and there; happily an officer came along, who took me to the commander-in-chief. I thought I had nothing to fear except the loss of my samples, and I felt perfectly easy in mind until the word 'spy' began to circulate. At that word, as you can

easily believe, general, I began to prick up my ears; and not wishing to be shot, I asked to be taken before the leader of the *émigrés*."

"The Prince de Condé?"

"I would willingly have appealed to the devil, for that matter! They took me to the prince; I showed him my papers, and answered his questions frankly. He tasted my wine, and knew it was n't the wine of a cheat. He told his Prussian allies that as I was a Frenchman he would keep me as a prisoner of his own."

"Did they make your imprisonment hard for you?" asked Abattucci, while Pichegru observed his guest with an attention which showed he was not far from sharing the opinion of the Prussian general.

"Not at all," replied citizen Fenouillot; "the prince and his son thought my wine very good, and those gentlemen treated me with a kindness almost equal to yours; though I will admit that yesterday, when the news of the taking of Toulon came, and I could n't, as a good Frenchman, avoid showing pleasure, the prince, with whom I had the honor of speaking at the moment, dismissed me in very bad humor."

"Ah, ha!" exclaimed Pichegru, "so Toulon is actually retaken from the British?"

"Yes, general."

"What day was it?"

"The 19th."

"And this is the 21st. How the devil could that be? The Prince de Condé has no telegraph."

"No," said the commercial traveller, "but he has a pigeon post, and pigeons fly sixty miles an hour. The news reached Strasbourg, the land of pigeons; and I saw myself, in the prince's own hand, a tiny note like those they attach to a bird's wing, which contained the news. The note was very small, but the writing was fine, so that a few particulars could be given."

"Do you know those particulars?"

“The town surrendered on the 19th. Part of the besieging army entered it the same day; that evening, by order of a Commissioner of the Convention, two hundred and thirteen persons were shot.”

“Is that all; was nothing said about a certain Buonaparte?” asked Abattucci.

“Yes,” replied the traveller, “the dispatch said the taking of the town was due to him.”

“That is my cousin!” said Abattucci, laughing.

“And my pupil!” said Pichegru. “Faith, so much the better. The Republic needs men of genius to counterbalance scoundrels like that Fouché.”

“Fouché?”

“Yes; did n't Fouché go to Lyon at the heels of a French army, and shoot two hundred and thirteen men the very day he entered upon his functions?”

“Yes, at Lyon; but here at Toulon it was citizen Barras.”

“Citizen Barras, who is he?”

“A deputy from the Var, a man who picked up in India, where he once served, the habits of a nabob, and who sits among the Mountain at the Convention. It seems they talk of razing the town and putting all the inhabitants to death.”

“Let 'em raze and let 'em kill!” cried Pichegru. “The more they raze and the more they kill, the sooner the end will come. Upon my soul, I prefer our old good God to the Supreme Being who allows such horrors.”

“And my cousin Buonaparte, what do they say about him?”

“They say,” replied citizen Fenouillot, “that he is an officer of artillery and a friend of the younger Robespierre.”

“I say, general,” cried Abattucci, “if he has got the court ear of the Jacobins in that way, he'll make his way and protect us.”

“Apropos of protection,” said citizen Fenouillot, “is it true, citizen general, what the Duc de Bourbon told me one day when he was praising you very highly?”

“The Duc de Bourbon is very amiable,” said Pichegru, laughing, “What did he tell you?”

“He said it was his father, the Prince de Condé, who gave you your first rank.”

“That is true,” said Pichegru.

“How so?” asked three or four voices.

“I was serving as a private in the Royal Artillery, when one day the Prince de Condé, who was present at some exercises in the practice-field at Besançon, came up to the piece he thought best handled; but just as the gunner was swabbing it out, the piece exploded and took off his arm. The prince blamed me for the accident, accusing me of not having stopped the touch-hole with my thumb. I let him say what he liked, and then, for all answer, I showed him my bleeding hand. The thumb was turned back and almost torn off. See,” continued Pichegru, holding up his hand, “there’s the scar; on that the prince made me a sergeant.”

Little Charles, who was beside the general, took his hand as if to look at the scar, and then, with a rapid movement, kissed it.

“Hey! what are you doing?” cried Pichegru, vehemently pulling away his hand.

“I? Nothing,” said Charles, “only admiring you.”

XXV.

THE CHASSEUR FALOU AND CORPORAL FARAUD.

AT this instant the door opened and the chasseur Falou appeared, conducted by two of his comrades.

"Beg pardon, captain," said one of the soldiers who had brought Falou to Abattucci, "but you told me you wanted to see him, did n't you?"

"Of course I told you I wanted to see him."

"There! was n't it true?" said the soldier to Falou.

"Yes it must be, if the captain says so."

"Would you believe it, he refused to come, and we had to bring him by force!"

"Why did you refuse to come?" asked Abattucci.

"Hey! captain, because I was afraid you'd talk more nonsense to me."

"Talk nonsense to you!"

"Come," said the chasseur, "I'll take you for judge, general."

"I'm listening, Falou," said Pichegru.

"Bless me! how do you know my name?" Then turning to his two comrades he said, "The general knows my name!"

"I told you I was listening; go on," said the general.

"Well, general, this is how it was; we charged, did n't we?"

"Yes."

"My horse swerved so as not to step on a wounded man; they're amazingly intelligent animals, don't you know?"

"Yes, I know."

"Mine particularly. I was right in front of an *émigré*, ha! such a handsome fellow, quite young, twenty-two at most; he aimed at my head, I parried first guard —"

“Of course.”

“— and thrust straight with the sabre; nothing else to do, was there?”

“No, nothing.”

“Need n’t be provost to know that. He falls, the *ci-devant*, having swallowed about six inches of blade.”

“That was more than was necessary.”

“Confound it, general,” said Falou, laughing at the answer he was about to make, “one can’t be always sure of giving the right measure.”

“I am not blaming you, Falou.”

“So he fell; I saw a magnificent horse which no longer had a master; I caught its bridle; same time I saw the captain without a horse, and I said to myself: ‘Here’s the very thing!’ I galloped up to him; he was struggling like a devil in holy water in the midst of five or six aristocrats. I killed one and wounded another. ‘Come, captain,’ said I, ‘up you go;’ and the minute he got his foot in the stirrup up he was, sure enough, and that’s the whole of it, so!”

“No, that is not the whole of it,” said Abattucci; “for you can’t make me a present of a horse.”

“Why can’t I? are you so proud you won’t take a present from me?”

“No, I am not, and the proof is, if you will do me the honor to give me your hand —”

“The honor is all for me, captain,” said Falou, advancing.

Officer and private shook hands.

“I am paid,” said Falou; “and indeed I ought to return something — but no money, captain.”

“All the same, you exposed your life for me and —”

“Exposed my life for you!” cried Falou. “Pooh! I defended it, that’s all. Do you want to see how that *ci-devant* was coming at me? Look here.”

Falou drew his sabre and showed the blade with a gash almost half an inch deep.

“He was no weakling, I’ll answer for that. Besides,

we shall meet again; you can do me a return in kind, captain; but sell you a horse, I,—Falou? Never!”

And Falou was making for the door when the general stopped him, saying:—

“Come here, my man.”

Falou turned round, quivering with emotion, and walked back towards the general, his hand to his kepi.

“You come from Franche-Comté?” asked Pichegru.

“Yes, general.”

“What part?”

“From Boussière.”

“Have you parents?”

“An old mother, if you call that parents?”

“Yes; what does your old mother do?”

“Bless her! poor dear woman, she makes my shirts and knits my socks.”

“What does she live on?”

“What I send her. But as the Republic is out of pocket and I have n’t had any pay these five months, I’m afraid she lives pretty badly just now. However, they say, thanks to the Prince de Condé’s waggon, we are going to get our back-pay now. Ah! the good prince; my mother will bless him.”

“Bless an enemy of France?”

“What does she know about it? the good God will understand she’s drivelling.”

“So you mean to send her your pay?”

“Oh! I’ll keep a trifle for a drop to drink.”

“Keep it all.”

“And the old woman?”

“I’ll take care of her.”

“General,” said Falou, shaking his head, “I don’t see that clearly.”

“Let me look at your sabre.”

Falou unbuckled his belt and presented the weapon to Pichegru.

“Oh,” he said as he did so, “it is in a dreadful state.”

"In fact," said the general, drawing it from the scabbard, "it is unfit for use; take mine."

And Pichegru, unbuckling his sabre, gave it to Falou.

"But, general," said the chasseur, "what am I to do with your sabre?"

"Parry and thrust with it."

"I'd never dare use it — your sabre!"

"Then you can let it be captured."

"I! not if I live!"

Putting the hilt to his lips, he kissed it.

"Very well; when the sabre of honor which I shall ask for you comes, you can return mine."

"Heu!" cried Falou, "if it is all the same to you, general, I'd rather keep yours."

"Very good, keep it, animal! and stop making such difficulties."

"Oh, friends!" cried Falou, rushing out of the room, "the general called me *animal!* and gave me his sabre! Vive la République!"

"Well, well!" cried a voice in the corridor; "that's no reason why you should bolt head foremost into your friends, especially when they are delegated, as you may say, ambassadors to the general."

"Ho! ho!" laughed Pichegru, "what does that mean? Go and see, Charles; and receive the ambassadors."

Charles, enchanted to have an active part in the piece that was being played, ran to the door and returned almost immediately.

"General," he said, "they are delegates from the regiment of the Indre, who have come in the name of their comrades, with Corporal Faraud at their head."

"Who is Corporal Faraud?"

"The wolf man of last night."

"Last night he was a private soldier."

"Well, to-night, general, he is a corporal; it is true his chevrons are made of paper."

"Paper chevrons!" said the general, frowning.

“ Hang it ! I don’t know,” said Charles.

“ Bring in the citizen delegates from the battalion of the Indre.”

Two soldiers entered behind Faraud, who walked first, with the chevrons of a corporal, made of paper, on his sleeves.

“ What does all this mean ? ” demanded Pichegru.

“ General,” said Faraud, carrying his hand to his shako, “ these are delegates from the battalion of the Indre.”

“ So I see,” said Pichegru, — “ come to thank me, I suppose, in the name of the battalion, for the addition I put to their pay.”

“ On the contrary, general, they have come to decline it.”

“ Decline it ! and why ? ” asked Pichegru.

“ Damn it ! general,” said Faraud, with a peculiar movement of the neck that was his alone, “ they say they fought for glory, for the grandeur of the Republic, for the rights of man, and for nothing else. As for what they did, they say they didn’t do more than their comrades, and consequently, they ought n’t to have more than they. They have been told,” went on Faraud, with the twist of his neck by which he expressed all his sensations, grave or gay, — “ they’ve been told that if they go to citizen Estève they’ll get their pay, — a fact they can’t believe ; but if that wonderful tale be true, general, their pay is enough, they say.”

“ Do you mean they refuse the rest ? ” said Pichegru.

“ Out and out,” replied Faraud.

“ And the dead,” said Pichegru, “ do they refuse it ? ”

“ Who ? ” asked Faraud.

“ The dead.”

“ They have n’t been consulted, general.”

“ Well, you can say to those who sent you that I never take back what I have given ; the gratuity I gave to the living will be given to the fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters, sons and daughters of the dead. Have you any objection to make to that ? ”

"None in the world, general."

"That's fortunate. Now, come here."

"I, general?" said Faraud, twisting his neck.

"Yes, you."

"I'm here, general."

"What are those sardines you've got on your arm?"

"Those are my chevrons as corporal, general."

"Why in paper?"

"Because there are no worsted ones."

"Who made you a corporal?"

"My captain."

"What is your captain's name?"

"René Savary."

"I know him; a young fellow of nineteen or twenty."

"He can hit hard for all that, I tell you, general!"

"Why did he make you a corporal?"

"You know very well," said Faraud, with his accustomed twitch.

"No, I don't know."

"You told me to make two prisoners."

"Well?"

"I made them, — two Prussians."

"Is that so?"

"Read it on my chevron."

So saying he raised his arm and put the chevron within the range of Pichegru's eyes; two written lines were visible thereon. The general read them:—

The fusileer Faraud, 2d company battalion of the Indre, has made two Prussian prisoners, for which reason I have made him corporal, subject to the ratification of the commander-in-chief.

RENÉ SAVARY.

"I did in fact make three — prisoners, I mean," said Faraud.

"Where's the third?"

"The third was a fine, handsome fellow, an *émigré*, a *ci-devant*; the general would have had to shoot him, which

I knew he would n't like to do, or spare him, and that might have compromised him."

"Ha! what then?"

"Then I let him — well, there! I let him go."

"Right," said Pichegru, with a tear in his eye, "I make you sergeant."

XXVI.

THE ENVOY OF THE PRINCE.

THE chasseur Falou and Corporal Faraud have not, I trust, made you forget citizen Fenouillot, commercial traveller in wines for the house of Fraissinet at Châlons, nor the six bottles of champagne which his gratitude induced him to present to Pichegru.

One of these six bottles was still unopened when the general resumed his place at table. Citizen Fenouillot uncorked it, or rather attempted to do so, in a clumsy manner which made the general smile. Pichegru took the bottle from the traveller's hand, cut the strings, and broke the wires with the thumb of his left hand, — that is, with his uninjured thumb, — and sprang the cork.

“Come, citizen,” said he, “a last glass to the prosperity of the arms of the Republic.”

The commercial traveller raised his glass higher than any of the others.

“And may the general,” he said, “finish gloriously the campaign he has so gloriously begun !”

All the officers joined noisily in the toast.

“And now,” said Pichegru, “as I echo the wish of the citizen expressed in that toast, we have not a moment to lose. Our victory of to-day is but the prelude to two struggles far more difficult ; we have two fights to make before we can reconquer the lines of Weissembourg, lost by my predecessor. Day after to-morrow we shall attack Frœschwiller ; in four days, the lines ; on the fifth we shall be in Weissembourg ; the sixth, we shall have raised the siege of Landau.” Then, addressing Macdonald, “My dear colonel,” he said, “you are, you know, my right eye ; I charge you with visiting all the posts, and showing to each

corps the ground it is to occupy. You will command the left wing, Abattucci the right, I the centre; see that the men want for nothing, — no superfluities, of course, but they ought to have rather more than usual to-day." Then, turning to the other officers, he added, "You all know, citizens, the regiments with which you are in the habit of fighting; you know those on whom you can depend. Assemble their officers and tell them I have written to-day to the Committee of Public Safety that on the day after to-morrow we shall sleep at Frœschwiller, and in a week, at the latest, in Landau; tell them to remember one thing, — that my head will answer if I fail of my word."

The officers rose, and each prepared, by buckling on his sabre and taking his hat, to execute the orders of the commander-in-chief.

"As for you, Charles," continued Pichegru, "go to the room they've prepared for us and see that the three mattresses are arranged as usual. You'll find on a chair a little bundle addressed to you; open it, and if what it contains pleases you, use it at once, — I ordered it for you. If the bruise you got this morning hurts your chest come and complain to me, and don't go to the surgeon-major."

"Thank you, general," said Charles, "but I don't want any better compress than the one which flattened the ball. As for the ball itself," added the lad, pulling it from his pocket, "I've kept that to show my father."

"And you can roll it up in a certificate I will give you. Go along, my boy, go."

Charles went off; Pichegru cast his eyes on citizen Fenouillot, who was still sitting in his place; then he bolted both doors which gave access to the dining-room, and again sat down opposite to his guest, who seemed a good deal surprised by these actions of the general.

"There!" said the latter, "now for us two, citizen."

"For us two, general?" repeated the commercial traveller.

"Let us play above board."

"I ask nothing better."

“Your name is not Fenouillot; you are no relation to the lawyer at Besançon; you were not the prisoner of the Prince de Condé; you are his agent.”

“All that is true, general.”

“And you have stayed here, at the risk of being shot, to make me certain royalist propositions.”

“That is also true.”

“You are saying to yourself: ‘General Pichegru is a brave man; he knows there’s a good deal of courage in what I am doing; he will refuse my proposals, but he will not have me shot; and he will send me back to the prince with his refusal.’”

“True again, — except that I hope, after having listened to me —”

“I warn you that there is a case in which, after having listened to you, I shall have you shot.”

“What is that?”

“If you dare to put a price upon my treachery.”

“Or your devotion.”

“We will not discuss words, but things. Are you disposed to answer me on all points?”

“On all points, general, yes, I am so disposed.”

“I shall put you through a close examination, I warn you.”

“Question me.”

Pichegru drew his pistols from his belt and laid them, one on each side of his plate.

“General,” said the pretended commercial traveller, laughing, “is that what you call playing above board?”

“Have the kindness to put my pistols on the chimney-piece, which is nearer to you than to me,” said Pichegru; “they annoy me in my belt.”

He pushed the pistols within reach of the other’s hand; the latter rose, laid them on the chimney-piece, and sat down again. Pichegru made an inclination of his head, — a salutation which the other returned.

“Now,” said Pichegru, “let us begin.”

“I am ready.”

“What is your name?”

“Fauche-Borel.”

“Where do you come from?”

“Neufchatel. I might, however, have been named Fenouillot, and born in Besançon, inasmuch as my family is from Franche-Comté, and quitted it only after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes.”

“In that case I should have recognized you for a compatriot by your accent.”

“Pardon me, general, may I ask how you came to discover I was not a traveller in wines?”

“By your way of uncorking a bottle. Another time, citizen, choose a different business.”

“Which?”

“That of publisher, for instance.”

“So you know me?”

“I have heard speak of you.”

“In what manner?”

“As a rabid enemy of the Republic, and the author of royalist pamphlets. Excuse me if I continue to examine you.”

“Go on, general, I am at your orders.”

“How did you become the agent of the Prince de Condé?”

“My name was first noticed by Monsieur le Régent¹ on the titlepage of a pamphlet entitled, ‘Notes on the Regency of Louis-Stanislas Xavier, son of France, uncle of the King, and Regent of France.’ He noticed it a second time when I made the inhabitants of Neufchatel sign the ‘Act of Union.’”

“Yes,” said Pichegru, “and I know that from that time your house became the rendezvous of *émigrés*, and a hot-bed of the counter-revolution.”

¹ Title borne by Louis XVIII. as long as the son of Louis XVI. was living.

“The Prince de Condé knew it too, and sent a certain Montgaillard to ask if I would attach myself to him.”

“I suppose you know that Montgaillard is double-faced?” said Pichegru.

“I fear so,” replied Fauche-Borel.

“He acts for the prince under two names, — Roques and Pinaud.”

“You are well informed, general; but Monsieur de Montgaillard has nothing to do with me; we serve the same prince, that’s all.”

“Let us resume, then. You were saying that the prince sent Montgaillard to ask if you would attach yourself to him.”

“Yes. He told me that the prince had his headquarters at Dawendorff, and would receive me there with pleasure. I started at once; I went to Weissembourg in order to cheat your spies and make them believe I was going to Bavaria. I then went down to Haguenau, and from Haguenau I reached Dawendorff.”

“How many days have you been here?”

“Two days.”

“How did the prince open the subject?”

“In the simplest way. I was presented to him by the Chevalier de Contye. ‘Monsieur Fauche-Borel,’ said my introducer. The prince rose and came to me. I suppose you wish me, general, to tell you exactly what he said?”

“Yes, exactly.”

“‘My dear Monsieur Fauche,’ he said, ‘I know you through my companions-in-arms, who have told me twenty times how hospitable you have been to them. I have therefore desired to see you and offer you a mission which is as honorable as it will be advantageous. I have seen for a long time that there is little use in relying on foreigners. The replacing of our family on the throne of France is only a pretext with them. The enemy is always an enemy; they are doing everything in their own interests, and nothing really for France. No, it is from within that we must come

to our restoration; and,' he continued, laying his hand on my arm, 'I have thought of you, a Frenchman, to carry a message from the king to General Pichegru. The Convention has just ordered the junction of the Army of the Rhine with that of the Moselle, and it has subordinated Pichegru to Hoche. He will be furious; profit by that moment to induce him to serve the cause of monarchy; make him understand that the Republic is a mere chimera.' "

Pichegru had listened to this tirade with perfect calmness, and he smiled at the conclusion of it. Fauche-Borel expected some sort of reply, and he brought in the appointment of Hoche as commander-in-chief for a climax; but to this part of the ambassador's discourse Pichegru had replied by an amused smile.

"Go on," he said.

Fauche-Borel resumed: —

"It was in vain for me to tell the prince that I was quite unworthy of such an honor. I assured him I had no other ambition than to serve him according to my means, — that is, as an active and zealous man. The prince shook his head and said: 'Monsieur Fauche, you or no man.' Then, laying his hand on my heart, he added: 'You have mettle enough there for just such missions; you could make the first diplomatist in the world.' If I had not been a royalist I might have found good reasons to refuse; but being one, my ambition is to serve the royal cause in any way whatever, and I yielded. I told you, citizen general, how I came by way of Weissebourg and Hagenau to Dawendorff. I was just debating how to go from Dawendorff to Auenheim, when, this morning, your advanced guard came in sight. 'Pichegru spares you the trip,' said the prince; 'it is a good omen.' It was then agreed that if you were beaten I should go to you; for you know the fate the Convention awards to its defeated generals. If you were the victor I was to await you here, and, by help of the little fable of the wine, introduce myself to you personally. You are the victor; you have seen through my little fable; I am

at your mercy; and I offer but one excuse on my own behalf, — my profound belief that I am acting for the happiness of France, and my intense desire to save the shedding of blood. I await with confidence the decision of your justice.”

Fauche-Borel rose, bowed, and sat down again as calm apparently as though he had just proposed a toast to the Nation at a patriotic banquet.

XXVII.

PICHEGRU'S ANSWER.

“MONSIEUR,” replied Pichegru, using the old form of address, abolished by law in France for over a year, “if you were a spy I should have you shot; if you were an ordinary inciter to desertion I should send you before the Revolutionary tribunal, which would guillotine you. But you are a confidential agent who bases his opinion more, I think, on sympathies than on principles. I shall reply to you coldly and seriously, and I shall send you back to the Prince de Condé with my answer. I am of the people, but my birth does not influence my opinions; they are the result, not of the caste in which I was born, but of the long historical studies which I have made. Nations are great organized bodies subject to human maladies: sometimes there is debility, and you must treat them by tonics; sometimes plethora, and they need bleeding. You tell me that the Republic is a chimera, and I am of your opinion, for the present at least. We have not yet reached a republic; we are still in a period of revolution. For one hundred and fifty years kings have ruined us; for three hundred years the great lords have oppressed us; for nine centuries priests have held us in bondage. The moment came when these burdens were too heavy for the loins that bore them; and the year '89 proclaimed the rights of man, relegated the clergy to the status of other subjects of the kingdom, and abolished privileges, whatsoever they were. The king remained; his rights were not yet touched. They said to him: ‘Will you accept France such as we have now made her, with her three orders, — commons, clergy, and nobles, each weighing against the others? Will you accept the Constitution, with the privileges it leaves to you, the civil list it grants, the duties it imposes upon you? Reflect soberly.

If you refuse, say No, and abdicate; if you say Yes, swear it.' The king said Yes, and swore it. The following day he left Paris, and, certain as he felt (all precautions having been taken) of reaching the frontier, he sent to the representatives of the nation who, the night before, had received his oath, this message: 'I swore by constraint and force; my oath was of the lips, not the will; I abdicate my duties; I take back my rights and privileges; I shall return with a foreign enemy to punish your revolt.'

"You forget, general," said Fauche-Borel, "that what you call the foreign enemy are his family."

"Ah," said Pichegru, "that's just the evil of it! It is an evil that the family of the King of France should be the enemy of France; but so it is. Louis XVI., the son of a princess of Saxony and of a son of Louis XV., has not even one half of French blood in his veins. He marries an Austrian archduchess, and these are the quarterings of his royal arms: 1st and 3d, Lorraine; 2d, Austria; and 4th alone, France. It results, as you say, that when the king, Louis XVI., quarrelled with his people he appealed to his family; and as that family was the enemy, he appealed to the enemy; and as, at his call, the enemy entered France, the king committed the crime of treason to the nation, which is equal to that of treason to royalty, if not greater. From all this came a dreadful thing. While the king was imploring the success of his family's arms he was praying for the shame of the armies of France; the queen, knowing that the Prussians were at Verdun, counted the days till they could be in Paris; then came that dreadful thing I spoke of: France, maddened with hatred and patriotism, rose as one man. Resolved to endure no longer the enemy before her, the Austrians and Prussians; the enemy within her, the king and queen; the enemy behind her, the nobles and the aristocracy, — it came to pass that the nation confounded all her enemies in one; cannonaded the Prussians at Valmy, decimated the Austrians at Jemmapes, stabbed the aristocrats in Paris, and beheaded the king and queen

on the place de la Révolution. By means of that terrible convulsion she thought she was cured! She was mistaken. The family which made war upon France, under pretext of securing Louis XVI. on his throne, continued the war under pretext of putting Louis XVIII. on it, but in reality to enter France and parcel her among themselves. Spain wants Roussillon; Austria, Alsace and Franche-Comté; Prussia, the margraviates of Anspach and Bayreuth. The nobles divided themselves into three classes: some fought France on the Rhine and on the Loire; others conspired in her midst; war without and within; foreign war, civil war. That was the cause of the massacre of thousands of human beings in the prisons; of thousands of men and women being dragged to the guillotine. And why was all this? Because the king, having taken an oath, would not keep it; and instead of casting himself into the arms of his people,—that is, France,—threw himself into the arms of his family,—that is, the enemy.”

“Then you approve of the massacres of September?”

“I deplore them. But what can you do with an outraged people?”

“You approve the death of the king?”

“I think it terrible. But the king should have kept his oath.”

“You approve the political executions?”

“I think them abominable. But the king had no right to appeal to the enemy.”

“Ah! you may say what you like, general, the year '93 is a fatal year.”

“For royalty, yes; for France, no.”

“Well, let us put aside the civil war, foreign war, massacres, executions; these millions of assignats mean bankruptcy.”

“So be it.”

“I say so too, in the sense that royalty will have the glory of restoring credit.”

“Credit will be restored by the division of estates.”

“How so?”

“Have you not seen that the Convention decrees that the estates of the *émigrés* and the property of all convents shall become a part of the national domain?”

“Yes; what else?”

“Have you not seen that another decree of the Convention authorizes the purchase of this national domain with assignats, which, for such purchases, shall be held at par, and cannot be depreciated?”

“Yes, I know that.”

“Well, my dear monsieur, *all is there!* With an assignat of a thousand francs, insufficient to buy a ten-pound loaf at a baker’s, a poor man may buy an acre of land and till it himself, and furnish bread for himself and his family.”

“Who will dare to buy stolen property?”

“Confiscated property, which is not at all the same thing.”

“Either way, buyers will not want to be the accomplices of the Revolution.”

“Do you know how much has been sold this year?”

“No.”

“One thousand millions. Next year they’ll sell double.”

“Next year! Do you think the Republic can last a year longer?”

“The Revolution, yes?”

“The Revolution? But, as Vergniaud says, the Revolution is like Saturn; it will eat its own children.”

“It has many children, and some are difficult of digestion.”

“Well, it has devoured the Girondins.”

“The Cordeliers are left.”

“Some day the Jacobins will make but one mouthful of them.”

“Then the Jacobins will be left.”

“The Jacobins! have they any men like Danton, like Camille Desmoulins?”

“They have men like Robespierre and Saint-Just; and they are the only party who follow essential truth.”

“After them?”

“After them, I don't see clearly; I am very much afraid the Revolution will end with them.”

“But between then and now, oceans of blood will flow.”

“Revolutions are thirsty.”

“But those men are tigers.”

“What I fear in revolutions is not tigers, but foxes.”

“And yet you consent to serve them?”

“Yes, because they, even they, are the men of France; they are the Syllas and Mariuses who brace the nation, not the Caligulas and Neros who enervate it.”

“Then you think that each of the parties you have named will rise and fall in turn?”

“If the genius of France is logical, it will be so.”

“Explain yourself.”

“Each party as it succeeds to power will do great things, for which the gratitude of our children will reward it, and commit great crimes, which its contemporaries will punish; and to each party will happen that which happened to the Girondins. The Girondins killed the king, — remark, I do not say royalty, — and now they are succeeded by the Cordeliers; the Cordeliers killed the Girondins, and according to all probability, they themselves will be killed by the Jacobins; and finally, the Jacobins, that last expression of the Revolution, will be killed — by whom? I tell you I don't know. When they are all killed you can come and see me again, Monsieur Fauche-Borel, for there won't be any question of blood then.”

“What will there be a question of?”

“Our shame, probably. I may serve a government that I hate, but I will never serve a government that I despise. My motto is that of Thraseas: *Non sibi deesse.*”

“And now — your answer?”

“Here it is. The moment is ill-chosen to attempt anything against the Revolution, which proves its strength by cutting the throats of its enemies from Nantes to Toulon,

from Lyon to Paris, — five hundred persons a day. Wait till she has had enough of it.”

“And then?”

“Then,” continued Pichegru, gravely, with frowning brows, “as it must not be that France, fatigued by action, should exhaust herself in reaction, and as I have no more confidence in the clemency of the Bourbons than I have in the moderation of the people, the day on which I lend my hand to the return of any member of that family, on that day I shall have in my pocket a charter like that of England, or a constitution like that of America, — a charter or constitution in which the rights of the people shall be guaranteed and the duties of the sovereign defined; that will be the condition of my service, *sine qua non!* I am willing to be Monk, but a Monk of the eighteenth century, a Monk of '93, preparing the presidency of Washington, and not the royalty of Charles II.”

“Monk made his own conditions, general.”

“I shall make none but those of France.”

“Well, general, his Highness has taken the initiative, and, in case you should decide, here is a paper written by his own hand containing offers which go, I am sure, far beyond the conditions you would have made for yourself.”

Pichegru, who, as a true Franche-Comtéan was a great smoker, had been filling his pipe during the latter part of his conversation with Fauche-Borel, and this important operation was just concluded as the envoy handed him the paper which contained the offers of the Prince de Condé.

“But,” said Pichegru, laughing, “I thought I had made you understand that if I decided at all, it would not be for two or three years.”

“So be it; but nothing prevents you, meantime, from knowing the contents of this paper,” replied Fauche-Borel.

“Bah!” said Pichegru, “when we get there it will be time enough.”

Then, without casting a look at the paper, without even unfolding it, he touched it to the flame of the fire, lighted

his pipe with it, and did not let it go till it was entirely consumed. Fauche-Borel, thinking this was done in mere absent-mindedness, made a motion to catch Pichegru's arm. But perceiving, almost instantly, that it was the act of a reflecting man, he let him complete it, and involuntarily he raised his hat.

At that moment the noise of a horse entering the courtyard at a gallop made both men turn their heads. It was Macdonald returning, his horse in a lather, and it was easy to see that he brought important news. Pichegru, who had bolted the door, went quickly to unbolt it; he did not want to be found locked in with the pretended commercial traveller, whose real name and errand might later become known.

Almost immediately the door opened and Macdonald appeared. His cheeks, naturally ruddy, were redder than usual, lashed as they had been by the north wind and a fine rain.

"General," he said, "the advanced-guard of the Army of the Moselle is at Pfaffenhoffen; the whole army is following, and General Hoche with his staff are immediately behind me."

"Ah!" said Pichegru, with an expression of hearty satisfaction, "that's good news, Macdonald. I said that in eight days we should recover the lines of Weissebourg, but now, with a general like Hoche and men like those of the Army of the Moselle, we shall have them in four."

He had scarcely said the words before the staff of young officers who accompanied Hoche flooded, so to speak, the courtyard, the pavement of which disappeared beneath horses, plumes, and floating scarfs. The old town-hall shook to its foundations; it was as though a tidal wave of youth, courage, patriotism, and honor had dashed against its walls. In an instant every horseman was afoot with his cloak off.

"General," said Fauche-Borel, "I think I had better retire."

“No, on the contrary, stay,” said Pichegru; “you can tell the Prince de Coudé that the motto of the generals of the Republic is really and truly *Fraternity!*”

Pichegru stood facing the door to receive the man whom the government sent him as commander-in-chief. A little behind him on his left was Fauche-Borel, on his right Macdonald. The flood of young officers was heard ascending the stairs with the joyous laughter of careless good-humor; but the moment Hoche, who was at their head, opened the door and they saw Pichegru, silence fell. Hoche took his hat in his hand, and the whole staff, bareheaded, entered after him and ranged themselves in a circle round the room. Then Hoche, approaching Pichegru and bowing low, said: —

“General, the Convention has committed an error. It has appointed me, a soldier twenty-five years old, commander-in-chief of the united armies of the Rhine and the Moselle, forgetting that one of the great warriors of our epoch was already in command of the Army of the Rhine. This error I have come to repair, general, by putting myself under your guidance and begging you to teach me the rough and difficult business of real war. I have instinct, you have knowledge; I am twenty-five, you are thirty-three; you are Miltiades, I am scarcely Themistocles; the laurels on which you lie hinder me from sleeping; I ask to share your bed.” Then turning to his officers, who were standing with their heads inclined, hat in hand, —

“Citizens,” he said, “this is our general-in-chief. In the name of the safety of the Republic and the glory of France I request you, and if need be I order you, to obey him as I shall obey him myself.”

Pichegru listened smiling. Hoche continued: —

“I have not come to take away from you the glory of recovering the lines of Weissembourg, a work which you began so admirably yesterday. Your plan is of course already made; I will adopt it, — too happy to serve you

as aid in that glorious work." Then, stretching out his hand towards Pichegru, he continued: "I swear obedience in all matters of war to my elder, my master, my model, to the illustrious general, Pichegru. Your turn, citizens."

The whole staff, with a single gesture, stretched out their hands, and with a single voice, swore.

"Your hand, general," said Hoche.

"In my arms," replied Pichegru.

Hoche flung himself into Pichegru's arms, who pressed him to his heart. Turning to Fauche-Borel, all the time with his arm round his young colleague's neck, Pichegru said: —

"Tell the Prince de Condé what you have seen, citizen; and add that we shall attack him to-morrow at seven in the morning; we owe to a compatriot the civility of giving notice."

Fauche-Borel bowed.

"The last of your compatriots," he said, "died with that Thrases whom you were citing to me just now; you are Romans of old Rome."

And he departed.

XXVIII.

A DRUM-MARRIAGE.

THE same day, about four in the afternoon the two generals were bending over a large military map of the department of the Lower Rhine. A few feet away from them Charles was writing, dressed in a becoming coat of the national blue, with collar and trimmings of sky blue, and wearing the red fez of all headquarter secretaries; this outfit was the present which Pichegru had ordered for him.

The two generals had just decided that the next day, December 21, should be employed in marching round the curve which separates Dawendorff from the heights of Reischoffen, Frœschwiller, and Wœrth, where the Prussians were intrenched. These heights taken, communication with Wissembourg would be cut off, and Haguenau, being isolated, must surrender. The army was to march in three columns; two to attack in front; the third was to file through the woods and rallying to the cannon, take the Prussians in flank. As each of these decisions was made Charles wrote it down and Pichegru signed it; then the commanders of the various corps, who were in the next room, were called in, and each received his instructions and departed to rejoin his command and hold himself ready to execute the order.

At this moment word was brought to Hoche that his rear-guard, finding no room in the village, refused to bivouac in the fields, and showed signs of insubordination. Hoche asked the number of the battalion; they told him it was the third.

“Very good,” said Hoche; “go and tell the third battalion, from me, that it will not have the honor of fighting in the next battle.”

And he went back tranquilly to his work.

A quarter of an hour later four soldiers of the third battalion appeared, in the name of their comrades, to beg the general's pardon and ask that the battalion, which was going to encamp at once in the open, might have the advance in the coming battle.

"The advance?" said Pichegru, "that's impossible; I have promised it as a reward to the battalion of the Indre; they'll march at the head; the 3d battalion may come second."

The last orders were just being sent off when the sound of a barrel organ was heard under the windows, playing the air of the patriot's hymn: "*Allons, enfants de la patrie!*" Hoche paid no attention to the serenade; Pichegru on the contrary, listened attentively as the first notes were heard; then he went to the window and opened it. An organ-grinder was turning the handle of his instrument persistently; but the darkness was too great to distinguish his face; moreover, the courtyard was full of persons coming and going, and Pichegru may have felt afraid of exchanging words with the man. He therefore closed the window in spite of the continued grinding of the musician. But he turned to his young secretary.

"Charles," he said, "go down to that organ-grinder, and when you get near him say, 'Spartacus;' if he replies, 'Kosciusko,' bring him up to me. If he does n't reply, I'm mistaken; leave him where he is."

Charles, without inquiring further, ran off. The organ continued to grind out the Marseillaise, running from one strophe to another without pausing to take breath. Pichegru listened attentively. Hoche looked at him, aware of some mystery which would no doubt soon be explained.

Suddenly, in the midst of a bar, the organ stopped. Pichegru smiled and nodded to Hoche. An instant later the door opened and Charles appeared, followed by the organ-grinder. Pichegru looked at the latter for a moment, saying nothing; he did not recognize him. The man was below middle height, and wore the costume of an Alsatian

peasant. His long black hair fell over his eyes, which were further shaded by a broad-brimmed hat; he seemed about forty to forty-five years of age.

"My friend," said Pichegru, addressing him, "I think that lad may have been mistaken; it is not you I want to see."

"General," replied the organ-grinder, "there can't be any mistake about a password. If you want to see Stephan Moinjski you have found him."

So saying, he raised himself to his full height, took off his hat and flung back his hair, and, save for the color of the hair and beard, Pichegru recognized the Pole who had come to him at Auenheim.

"Well, Stephan," said Pichegru.

"Well, general," replied the spy, "I have found out all, or nearly all you want to know."

"Very good; put down your organ and come here. Listen, Hoche; this is information about the enemy. I am afraid," he added, turning to Stephan, "that you have n't had time to make it thorough."

"Not about Wœrth, because an inhabitant of that town has promised to give the information when we reach Frœschwiller; but about Frœschwiller and Reischoffen I can tell you everything you want to know."

"Begin."

"The enemy has abandoned Reischoffen to concentrate on Frœschwiller and Wœrth; he knows about the junction of your two armies and is concentrating his forces at those points, which he intends to defend to all extremes. Those two points, strong by nature, have just been fortified with intrenchments, redoubts, and bastions. The enemy at the bridge of Reischoffen, which he intends to defend, and on the heights of Frœschwiller and Wœrth, has 22,000 men and about thirty cannon, five of which are detached to defend the bridge. Now," continued Stephan, "as I thought it likely you would begin by Frœschwiller, here is a plan of the ground the enemy are occupying. Condé's

troops are holding the town; those, I have no feeling against, they are Frenchmen. As for the rest, general, once master of the heights you command the town, and consequently it must be yours. As for Wörth, I can't say anything about that yet, — except this, that I hope to help you take it without a fight."

The two generals passed the plan from one to another; it was made with the precision of an excellent engineer.

"Faith, my dear general," said Hoche, "you are lucky in having spies whom, at a pinch, you might make officers of engineers."

"My dear Hoche," replied Pichegru, "the citizen is a Pole; he is not a spy, — he is simply avenging himself." Then, turning to Stephan, he said, "Thank you; you have kept your word and more than kept it; but your work is not done yet. Will you undertake to find two guides who know the neighborhood and will not go astray on the darkest night? You will march with one, and break his head at the first hesitation on his part. I'll march near the other. As you probably have n't any pistols, here are mine."

And the general gave Stephan a pair, which the latter took with a glow of pride.

"I can find safe guides," said Stephan with his native laconism; "how much time do you give me?"

"Half an hour; three quarters at the most."

The pretended organ-grinder shouldered his instrument and was going towards the door, when, before he could touch it, the Parisian Faraud inserted his wriggling head through the aperture.

"Oh! beg pardon, general," he said, "on the honor of a sergeant, I thought you were alone; but I can go out if you require it and tap softly, — as they did in the old times on the doors of tyrants."

"No," replied Pichegru, "not necessary; as you are here, you can stay. Then turning to Hoche, "My dear general," he said, "this is one of my braves; he is afraid of

wolves, it is true, but he is not afraid of Prussians. He made two prisoners this morning, and in return I made him a sergeant."

"Bless me!" said Faraud, "more generals? Then I shall have two for witnesses instead of one."

"I would like you to observe, Faraud," said Pichegru, with that kindness he showed to his men when he felt good-natured, "that this is the second time to-day I have had the pleasure of seeing you."

"Yes, general," said Faraud, "there do come lucky days, just as there are damned unlucky ones, when you can't see fire without catching a ball."

"I presume," said Pichegru, "that you have not come here to deliver a lecture on transcendental philosophy."

"General, I came to ask you to be my witness."

"Your witness!" exclaimed Pichegru, "are you going to fight a duel?"

"Worse than that, general; I'm going to be married."

"Good! to whom?"

"The Goddess Reason."

"You have luck, you scamp!" said Pichegru. "She's the prettiest and best girl in the army. How did you manage it? Tell me the story."

"Oh! it's very simple, general; I needn't say I'm a Parisian, need I?"

"No, indeed."

"Well, the Goddess Reason is a Parisian too; we come from the same neighborhood. I loved her; she was not unfavorable; when, just as we were going to settle it, behold, there came along that procession of 'The country in danger,' with its black flags and the roll of the drums, and citizen Danton after it, calling out, 'To arms! to arms! the enemy is within four days of Paris.' I was a journeyman carpenter, and somehow it put me all topsy-turvy. The enemy four days from the capital! the country in danger! 'Faraud!' I said, 'you must save the country; you must repulse the enemy!' I flung the plane

to all the devils. I grabbed a gun, and I went and enlisted under the banner of the municipality. Then I told the Goddess Reason that her sweet eyes had driven me to despair, and I was going to the wars so as to die the quicker. Then Rose said — her name's Rose, Rose Charleroi, who gets up fine linen — she said: 'As true as there's a God they are going to dethrone, if my poor mother was n't ill, I'd go too!' 'Ah!' said I, 'Rose, women can't fight.' 'But they can be sutlers,' says she. 'Rose,' I cried, 'I'll write you every fifteen days to let you know where I am; and if you can get away, will you join my regiment?' 'Promised,' she says. So we shook hands and kissed each other, and forward, march! After Jemmapes, where my regiment was cut to ribbons, we were drafted into the volunteers of the Indre and sent to the Rhine. Who should I see arrive, about six weeks or two months ago, but Rose Charleroi! Her poor mother was dead, and she had been chosen as the handsomest and best girl of the quarter for the Goddess Reason in some procession, I forget what; after which, faith! she kept her word to me and went and enlisted. When I heard of her arrival I rushed to see her and wanted to kiss her. 'Sluggard!' says she, 'not even a corporal!' 'How can I help that, Goddess?' said I, 'I'm not ambitious.' 'Well, I am ambitious,' she says; 'so don't come and see me again till you're a sergeant — unless it is to drink a drop.' 'But,' I said to her, 'will you marry me the day I am a sergeant?' 'On the flag of the regiment, I swear it!' she says. And she has kept her word, general; in ten minutes we shall be man and wife."

"Where?"

"Here, in the courtyard, under your windows, general."

"What priest is there to marry you?"

"The drummer."

"Ha, ha, so it is a drum-marriage, is it?"

"Yes, general, Rose wants things done regular."

"Very right," said Pichegru, laughing; "I recognize the

Goddess Reason in that. Tell her that as she has chosen me for her witness I'll dower her."

"Dower her, general?"

"Yes, with a donkey and two barrels of brandy."

"Oh, my general! you prevent me from asking you for something else."

"What is it? say on."

"Well, I was to ask, — this is not in my name, but in the name of my comrades, — well, general, it is, hoping for your permission, that the day may end as it began, by a ball."

"Then," said Hoche, "as second witness, I shall pay for the ball."

"And the town-hall shall furnish the ball-room," added Pichegru. "But remember, and let everybody know it, that the ball is to end at two o'clock, and at half-past two the army will march, — we have twelve miles to do before daylight. So every one is warned; those who want to sleep may sleep, those who want to dance may dance. We will witness the marriage from the balcony. When all is ready a roll of the drum will give us notice."

Rich with all these promises, Faraud precipitated himself down the staircase, and there was presently heard in the courtyard the uproar consequent on his apparition.

The two generals left alone made their last decisions for the battle of the morrow. One column, which was to start first under the orders of Colonel René Savary, was to make a forced march, so as to reach the village of Neuwiller by mid-day. At the sound of the first cannon it was to advance on Frœschwiller and attack the Prussians in flank. A second column, under Macdonald, was to go by the Zeuzel to Niederbronn. The two generals would themselves march with this column. The third was to make a demonstration at the bridge of Reischoffen, and try to carry it; if prevented, it was merely to occupy the enemy while the two other columns turned the position. This third column was to be commanded by Abattucci.

These arrangements were hardly settled before the roll of a drum announced to the two generals that their presence was awaited for the nuptial ceremony. They did not keep it waiting, but appeared at once on the balcony.

Mighty cheers resounded as soon as they appeared; Faraud saluted after his fashion, and the Goddess Reason grew as red as a cherry. The whole staff surrounded the bridal pair. It was the first time that this novel ceremony, often repeated afterward in the three great armies of the Republic, had taken place in the army of the Rhine.

“Come,” said Faraud, “to your post, Spartacus!”

The drum-major thus apostrophized mounted a table, before which Faraud and his bride placed themselves. Spartacus gave a roll to his drum, and then in a loud and vigorous voice, so that no person present should lose a syllable of what he said, he thus proclaimed:—

“Listen to the law! Inasmuch as in camp there cannot always be a municipal officer with stamped paper and a scarf to open the gates of Hymen, I, Pierre-Antoine Bichonneau, otherwise called Spartacus, drum-major of the battalion of the Indre, do now proceed to the legitimate union of Pierre-Claude Faraud and Rose Charleroi, vivandière of the 24th regiment.”

Here Spartacus interrupted himself and gave a roll to his drum, which was taken up by all the other drums of the battalion of the Indre and those of the 24th regiment. Then, the roll being concluded,—

“Approach, bride and bridegroom!” said Spartacus.

The bridal pair made one step forward to the table.

“In presence of the citizen-generals Lazare Hoche and Charles Pichegru, assisted by the battalion of the Indre, the 24th regiment, and all those who have been able to get into this courtyard, and in the name of the Republic, one and indivisible, I unite you, and I bless you!”

Spartacus executed another roll, during the performance of which two sergeants of the battalion of the Indre extended a sapper’s-apron (to do duty for the dais) over the

heads of the bride and bridegroom; that done, Spartacus resumed:—

“Citizen Pierre-Claude Faraud, you promise your wife protection and love, don’t you?”

“*Parbleu!*” replied Faraud.

“Citoyenne Rose Charleroi, do you promise your husband constancy, fidelity, and little tipples at discretion?”

“Yes,” replied Rose Charleroi.

“In the name of the law I pronounce you married. The regiment will adopt your numerous children— Stop, stop, don’t go away! Another roll!”

A roll of twenty-five drums was heard, until at a sign from Spartacus it stopped suddenly.

“Without that you would n’t live happy,” he said.

The two generals applauded, laughing. Nothing was now heard but vivas and hurrahs, followed in a few moments by the rattle of glasses.

XXIX.

SIX HUNDRED FRANCS FOR THOSE PRUSSIAN CANNON!

AT six o'clock in the morning, that is, at the moment when the sun was disputing with a heavy fog for its right to illumine the world, the moment too when the first column under Savary was approaching Jägerthal, and the cannon was beginning to growl in the direction of the bridge of Reischoffen attacked by the third column under command of Abattucci, the second column, the strongest of the three, with Hoche and Pichegru at its head, crossed the torrent which passes Niederbronn and took that village without striking a blow.

At this first stage, twelve miles having been done, a slight rest was given to the soldiers; they breakfasted, and the Goddess Reason made her rounds with her donkey and the two barrels of brandy. One barrel was used up, to the cry of "Vive la République." Then the column started again, about eight o'clock, for Frœschwiller, hardly two miles distant. The cannon at the bridge of Reischoffen was still heard.

But suddenly the sound ceased. Was the bridge taken, or had Abattucci been forced to fall back? The general called Doumerc.

"Have you a good horse, captain?" he asked.

"Excellent."

"Able to leap hedges and ditches?"

"Everything."

"Put him to a gallop in a bee-line for the bridge of Reischoffen; bring me news, or get yourself killed."

Doumerc started; ten minutes later two horsemen were seen returning along the way he had taken. They were

Doumerc and Falou. A third of the way the captain had met the worthy chasseur, who was sent by Abattucci to announce that the bridge was carried and he himself marching on Frœschwiller. Falou had taken prisoner a Prussian officer, and Abattucci had made him a corporal. Abattucci requested the general to confirm the appointment. Falou was sent back, duly a corporal, with a verbal message to Abattucci to continue his march on Frœschwiller and threaten the place, and to hold himself ready, while the second column carried the heights, to send to its assistance if necessary. All this was arranged without stopping the march of the column, which was now within sight of the heights of Frœschwiller.

A small wood lay between Niederbroun and Frœschwiller, and as the march was made across the plain and not along a regular road, Pichegru, fearing that the little wood might mask an ambuscade, ordered twenty men and a sergeant to beat it.

"Pooh!" said Doumerc, "it is n't worth while, general, to detach a squad for that."

And putting his horse at a gallop he rode through the wood from end to end and then recrossed it, coming out three hundred feet from where he went in.

"No, general," he cried, "there is no one there."

The wood was passed; but suddenly, when they reached the edge of a ravine, the advanced guard was saluted by a volley of musketry. Three or four hundred sharpshooters were scattered along the windings of the gorge and among the clumps of trees that covered it. The two generals formed their men into an attacking column. The general ordered Charles to stay with the rear-guard, but the boy entreated so earnestly to be allowed to go with the staff that Pichegru consented.

Frœschwiller stood at the base of a hill that bristled with redoubts and cannon. On the right, not three miles distant, Abattucci's column was seen advancing, driving before it the troops that had vainly endeavored to hold the bridge.

“Comrades,” said Pichegru, “shall we await our companions, who have already had their glory at the bridge, before attacking those redoubts? or shall we win for ourselves alone the glory of carrying them before the others come up? It will be hard work, I warn you.”

“Forward! forward!” cried the battalion of the Indre (which formed the head of the column) with one voice.

“Forward!” cried Hoche’s men, who, the night before, had threatened to mutiny, and who, after submitting, had obtained the honor of the second place.

“Forward!” cried General Dubois, who belonged to the Army of the Moselle and commanded the rear-guard, which now, by the wheeling of the column, was brought to the front.

Instantly the drums beat and the bugles sounded the charge; the first ranks broke into the Marseillaise; the ground shook with the onset of these three or four thousand men as the human whirlwind took its course, heads down and bayonets forward. Hardly had it gone a hundred steps before the hill belched forth its flames like a volcano; and then the solid ranks were seen to open in bloody furrows as though an invisible plough had been driven through them; but no sooner were they opened than they closed. The Marseillaise and the cries of “Forward!” continued, and the distance which separated the first French lines from the intrenchments was beginning to disappear, when a second thunder of artillery burst forth and the cannon-balls again tore their way through the ranks. Again the ranks closed up; but this time darkling anger succeeded to enthusiasm; the song died out, a few voices only accompanied the music, the quick-step charge became a run.

At the instant when the first ranks reached the intrenchment a third volley was fired. This time the artillery, using grape-shot, poured an actual hurricane of fire into the attacking column. The whole assaulting force recoiled before that deadly torrent. This time, death no longer mowed in lines, it fell like hail upon a wheatfield; the songs

were silenced, the music ceased, the tidal wave of human beings not only stopped, but it made a motion backward.

Again the victorious hymn resounded. General Dubois, who, as we said, was now in the advance and commanded the attack, had his horse killed under him and they thought him dead. But, in a moment, he freed himself from the body of the animal, rose, put his hat on the point of his sabre, and waved it high, crying out "Vive la République!" That cry, "Vive la République!" was taken up by all the survivors and all the wounded who still had strength to utter it. The moment of hesitation was over; again the charge was sounded, the bayonets were lowered and the roar of lions succeeded to the songs and cries.

The first ranks were already surrounding the redoubt; the grenadiers were clinging to the walls to scale them when thirty cannon thundered in one discharge with a noise as though a powder magazine had exploded. This time General Dubois fell, never to rise again, cut in two by a ball. The first ranks disappeared in a tempest of fire, swallowed up as it were in a gulf. The column not only recoiled, but it fell back, and in a moment, without any one knowing how it happened, forty paces lay between the column and the redoubt, covered with dead and dying.

Then a gallant deed was done. Before Pichegru, who had sent two of his aids to hasten Abattucci, could see his object, Hoche, flinging his hat away that all might recognize him, sprang forward with his hair waving, sabre in hand, leaping his horse over the bodies and standing high in his stirrups, —

"Soldiers!" he cried, "six hundred francs apiece for those Prussian cannon! Going — going —"

"Gone!" cried the men with a single voice.

Again the bands, twice silenced, took up the hymn, and amid the belching of grape-shot and balls, and a hail of bullets, all of which made their mark, Hoche was seen, followed by a crowd maddened with hatred and vengeance and no longer keeping ranks, close to the wall of the

redoubt, where, using his horse as a springboard, he attained the top and plunged, hand to hand, upon the enemy.

Pichegru laid his hand on the shoulder of the boy Charles, who was gazing at this terrible sight with fixed eyes and quivering mouth.

“Did you ever see a demigod, my lad?” he said to him.

“No, no, general.”

“Then,” said Pichegru, “look at Hoche. Was ever Achilles, son of Thetis, grander or handsomer than he?”

And in truth, surrounded by enemies, his long hair floating in the wind, his forehead pale, his lips disdainful, Hoche, with his beautiful face and tall form, was the perfect image of a hero, dealing death and despising it.

How did the soldiers mount behind him? How could they have climbed that parapet that was eight to ten feet high? That is a thing impossible to tell or to describe. But what did happen was that scarcely five minutes after Hoche had made his spring the redoubt was full of Republican soldiers trampling under foot the bodies of a hundred and fifty Prussians.

Again Hoche bounded on the parapet, and counting the cannon of the redoubt, he cried out:—

“Four cannon knocked down, at two thousand four hundred francs, to the first ranks of the attacking column!”

He stood a moment in view of the whole army, like a living flag of the Revolution, exposed as a target to the enemy’s balls, none of which touched him. Then, in a formidable voice, he cried out:—

“Now for the rest! Vive la République!”

And then, amid the shouts and songs of war, the blaring of the brass instruments, the roll of drums, general, officers, and men flung themselves pell-mell into the intrenchments.

At the first discharge of cannon, the *émigrés*, who were holding themselves ready, made a sortie from the town; but they were met by the advanced guard of Abattucci’s column, which, coming up at a run, effectually prevented them from assisting the Prussians, having enough to do to

defend themselves. Abattucci had also detached fifteen hundred cavalry, whom Pichegru now saw coming up at full speed, led by his two aides-de-camp. He put himself at their head, and seeing that Abattucci could well defend himself with the force that remained to him, Pichegru advanced in all haste to the support of those who had borne the brunt of the attack. These fifteen hundred fresh men, animated by their morning victory, sprang at their first onset beyond the second line of works. The cannoneers were killed at their pieces, and the guns, which it was impossible to turn against the Prussians, were spiked.

In the midst of the fire the two generals met, and both together, on reaching the top of a hill from which the whole plain of Neschwiller could be seen, gave a cry of triumph; for a black solid mass, with shining bayonets and tricolor plumes and flags bending like masts in a gale were seen coming up at a quick step. It was Macdonald and the first column, faithful to the rendezvous, who were now in time, not to decide the victory, for that was already decided, but to share it.

At this sight, the Prussians were routed and thought only of escape. They sprang to the parapets of the redoubts, jumped into the intrenchments, and rolled down, rather than descended, a slope of the hill which was so steep it had not been fortified. But Macdonald, by a rapid movement, had surrounded the base of the hill, and received the fugitives on the point of his bayonets.

The *émigrés*, who stood their ground with the bitterness of Frenchmen fighting against Frenchmen, understood, when they saw this flight, that the day was lost. The infantry began to retreat step by step, protected by the cavalry, whose frequent and daring charges were the admiration of those who fought them. Pichegru, under pretence that the men were tired, sent orders to the victors to let the *émigrés* retire, though at the same time he pursued the Prussians with all the cavalry he could muster, and allowed them no chance to rally short of Wœrth.

Then, being in haste to reach the summit of the hill whence they could see the whole battlefield, the two generals started for it, taking the slope along which each had fought. Once there they flung themselves into each other's arms, one with his bloody sabre held high, the other with two shots through his hat. Thus seen in the midst of the smoke which rose to heaven like that of a cooling volcano, they appeared to the eyes of the army, those two victors, magnified by the atmosphere about them to the stature of giants.

At that sight a vast cry of "Vive la République!" resounded on all sides of the mountain and rolled down until it was lost upon the plain, — mingling with the dolorous moans of the wounded and the last sighing breaths of the dead.

XXX.

THE ORGAN.

It was mid-day, and the victory was wholly ours. The Prussians, beaten, abandoned a field of battle covered with their dead and wounded, twenty-four caissons and eighteen cannon. The cannon were dragged before the generals, who paid those who had taken them the price at which they had been put up before the action, — namely, six hundred francs apiece. The battalion of the Indre had taken two.

The soldiers were dreadfully weary, — first with their night march, and then with those three hours of terrific fighting. The generals, while sending one battalion forward to take possession of Frœschwiller, ordered that the rest of the army should halt where it was and breakfast. The bugles sounded, the drums beat to halt, the muskets were stacked. In a moment Frenchmen had relighted the Prussian fires which were not quite out. On leaving Dawendorf three days' rations had been issued, and as the men had received their back pay the night before, each had added something to the government diet-list, — either a sausage or a smoked tongue, a roast fowl or a section of ham. They all had their mess-tins full. If by chance any were not well provisioned and had only their dry bread, they opened the canteens of their dead comrades and took what they wanted.

During this time the surgeons and their aids were employed in sending to Frœschwiller such of the wounded as could be moved, and could await the dressing of their wounds, while they attended to the others on the field of battle. The two generals had settled themselves in a redoubt half way up the slope, occupied, an hour earlier, by

General Hodge. The Goddess Reason, now Citoyenne Faraud, had announced that in her capacity as chief vivandière to the Army of the Rhine she should take charge of the meals of the two generals. In a species of casemate they found a table, chairs, and knives and forks, all in good condition for use; on a shelf were glasses and napkins. The provisions themselves were in the general's waggon, under care of Leblanc. But alas! it now appeared that a stray cannon-ball had demolished the waggon and all it contained. Sad news, which Leblanc, who was not in the habit of uselessly exposing his life, came to tell the general just as the Goddess Reason was laying the table with twelve plates, twelve glasses, twelve knives and forks, and twelve napkins, and had placed twelve chairs around it. Alas! all species of food and drink were conspicuous by their absence.

Pichegru was about to ask his men to make him a voluntary contribution of provender, when a voice which seemed to issue, like that of Hamlet's father, from the bowels of the earth, cried out:—

“Victory! victory!”

It was the voice of Faraud, who had discovered a trap-door, and descending through it had come upon a cellar with a well-filled larder. Ten minutes later the generals were served, and the principal officers of their respective staffs were seated round the board.

Nothing can give an idea of these fraternal symposia, where soldiers, officers, and generals broke the bread of the bivouac together,—the true bread of equality and fraternity. All these men, who were destined to traverse Europe from end to end, who had started from the Bastille like Cæsar's soldiers from the Mille d'Or, began to feel in each other that supreme confidence which results in moral superiority and gives victory. They did not know where they were going, but they were ready to go anywhere! The world was before them, France behind them,—France, that land maternal above all others, the only mother-land

which palpitates with life and loves her children, which has a heart, and trembles with pleasure beneath their feet when they are triumphant, with grief when they are vanquished, with gratitude when they die for her.

Ah! he who knows how to take thee, Cornelia of the nations, he who can gratify thy pride, who can place upon thy head the laurel crown, and in thy hand the sword of Charlemagne, of Philip Augustus, of Francis the First, or of Napoleon, he alone knows all that can be drawn of milk from thy breast, of tears from thine eyes, of blood from thy heart!

There was, in this genesis of the nineteenth century, with its feet still buried in the mud of the eighteenth while it lifted its head into the clouds, there was in these first battles where a single people, in the name of the liberty and happiness of all peoples, flung their glove in the face of all the world, — there was, I say, something grand, Homeric, sublime, which I feel myself powerless to describe; and yet it was to describe it that I undertook this book. It is not the least of a poet's griefs to feel the GRAND and yet, breathless, panting, dissatisfied with himself, to fall below that which he feels.

Apart from the five hundred men sent forward to occupy Frœschwiller, the army, as we have said, remained to bivouac upon the battlefield, rejoicing in its victory and forgetting already the price it cost. The cavalry sent in pursuit of the Prussians had returned with twelve hundred prisoners and six pieces of artillery; the following is the report it brought: —

A short distance from Wœrth the 2d regiment of Carbineers, the 3d Huzzars, and 30th Chasseurs had come up with a body of Prussians surrounding a French regiment belonging to Abattucci's command which had missed its way and marched into the midst of the enemy. Attacked on all sides, the regiment had formed in square and thence from its four fronts came the fire of musketry which attracted the notice of their comrades.

The three regiments did not hesitate. With a solid charge they broke the terrible iron circle that surrounded their comrades. The latter, feeling themselves supported, formed in column and rushed, with heads and bayonets lowered, on the enemy. Cavalry and infantry then began their retreat toward the French army; but a considerable body of the enemy made a sortie from Wœrth, and closed the way; again the fight began, with greater fury than ever. The French fought one to four, and they might perhaps have succumbed if a regiment of dragoons had not at the right moment charged into the mêlée with sabres up and forced a path to the infantry, which it disengaged; the infantry in turn again poured in its regular fire and soon cleared a space about it. Into this space the cavalry charged and made it wider. And then, all together, cavalry and infantry, rushed forward singing the Marseillaise, sabring, bayoneting, gaining ground, and drawing closer around the cannon, which they finally brought back into camp amid shouts and cries of "Vive la République!"

The two generals mounted their horses and rode into Froeschwiller to arrange a defence in case the Prussians should resume the offensive and attempt to retake the place. They also desired to visit the hospitals. All the peasants of the neighborhood and a hundred or more workmen in the town had been pressed into service to bury the dead. Seven or eight hundred men began to dig long trenches seven feet wide, thirty yards long, and seven feet deep, and in them were laid, side by side, Prussians and French, all living men and enemies that morning, now reconciled by death and lying together in one grave. When the two generals returned from their visit to the town the victims of this victorious day were sleeping, not on, but beneath the battle-field, without leaving other trace behind them than eight or ten ridges in the ground at the foot of the hill.

The town was too small to lodge the whole army, but with the quick-wittedness and rapidity of execution of

French soldiers, a straw village rose as if by enchantment upon the plain where a few hours earlier cannon-balls and grapeshot had ploughed the earth; the rest of the army lay in the intrenchments abandoned by the Prussians. The two generals established themselves in the redoubt, where one tent sheltered both.

Toward five o'clock in the afternoon, when darkness was coming on and the generals had just finished dinner, Pichegru, sitting between Charles, whom the sights of this terrible day, on which he had seen war at close quarters for the first time, had rendered thoughtful, and Doumerc, whom the same events had on the contrary rendered more loquacious than usual, — Pichegru, fancying no doubt that he heard some distant sound which might be a signal, hastily laid a hand on Doumerc's arm to silence him, and putting a finger on his lips began to listen.

Silence reigned. Then, in the far distance, was heard the sound of an organ playing the Marseillaise.

Pichegru smiled and looked at Hoche.

“That's sufficient, gentlemen; Doumerc, I release your tongue.”

Doumerc instantly resumed his talk.

Two persons alone understood the interruption or noticed the organ; they were Charles and Hoche. Five minutes later, as the sound drew nearer, Pichegru rose, walked in a careless manner through the door, and stopped on a platform near a covered stairway which gave access to it. The sounds of the instrument came nearer; it was evident that the organ-grinder was climbing the hill. The general himself presently saw him making straight for the redoubt; but when he was twenty yards away from it the sentry challenged him. Unable to give the countersign, the man stopped short and again began the Marseillaise; as he did so, the general leaned forward over the breastwork and said to the sentry: —

“Let him pass.”

The sentry recognized the general, and made way at once

for the organ-grinder. Five minutes more, and Pichegru and the spy were face to face. Pichegru made a sign to the man to follow him, and took him down into the cellar where the provisions of General Hodge had been discovered. By Pichegru's order Leblanc had put a table and two chairs in the place, together with a lighted lamp, and pens, ink, and paper. The valet was now stationed at the door with strict orders to let no one pass unless it were General Hoche or citizen Charles.

Six o'clock was striking in succession from the steeples of the neighboring villages; sometimes two struck together, but that was rare. Stephan listened to the chiming and counted the strokes.

"Good," he said, "we have twelve clear hours of night before us."

"Are we to do any thing to-night?" asked Pichegru, eagerly.

"Yes," replied Stephan, "we shall take Wœrth, please God."

"Stephan!" cried Pichegru, "if you have kept your word to me, what shall I give you?"

"Your hand," replied Stephan.

"There it is," said Pichegru, seizing that of the Pole and shaking it vehemently.

Then sitting down he signed to the other to be seated.

"Now," he said, "what is to be done?"

Stephan placed his organ in a corner, but did not sit down.

"I must have," he answered, "ten carts of straw and ten carts of hay within two hours —"

"Nothing easier," said Pichegru.

"Sixty resolute men, ready to risk all, at least half of whom can speak German —"

"I have a battalion of Alsations."

"Thirty Prussian uniforms."

"They shall be taken from the prisoners."

"Besides all that, three thousand men, well commanded,

to be ready to start from here at ten o'clock, pass Enashausen, and be close to the gate of Wœrth leading to Haguenau by midnight."

"I will command them myself."

"This corps must keep motionless and silent until it hears the cry of 'Fire!' and sees a blaze. Then it must rush into the town, the gates of which will be open."

"Good," said Pichegru; "I understand. But how are you going to open the gates of a town at midnight in the midst of war?"

Stephan drew a paper from his pocket.

"There's a requisition," he said.

And he put before Pichegru an order to the citizen Bauer, innkeeper of the Lion d'Or, to deliver within twenty-four hours ten carts of straw and ten carts of hay for the Chasseurs of Hohenlohe.

"You've an answer to everything," said Pichegru, laughing. Then calling to Leblanc he said: "Give the best supper you can to citizen Stephan, and ask General Hoche and Charles to come here to me."

XXXI.

IN WHICH WE BEGIN TO PERCEIVE THE ORGAN-GRINDER'S PLAN.

THE same evening, toward eight o'clock, twenty carts, ten with straw, ten with hay, left Frœschwiller, by the road to Enashausen. Each was driven by a teamster, who, in virtue of the axiom that French is made to talk to men, Italian to women, and German to horses, was addressing his animals in speech accentuated by those wonderful oaths which Schiller, a dozen years earlier, put into the mouths of his brigands.

Once out of Frœschwiller, the carts went silently along the road leading to the village of Enashausen, situated at an angle of the road, where it turns rather abruptly toward Wœrth. They made no stop in the village, further than to give the teamsters time for a glass of brandy, but continued their way steadily to Wœrth. When they came within a hundred yards of the gate the leading teamster stopped his cart, and went alone to the town. He had not made ten steps before he was stopped by a sentry, to whom he merely replied:—

“I am bringing in some carts on requisition, and going to the guard-house for a permit.”

The first sentry let him pass; so did the second, and the third. When he reached the gate he handed a paper through the wicket and waited. The wicket closed; an instant later the little gate beside the large gate opened. The sergeant on guard came out.

“It is you, my lad, is it?” he said; “where are your carts?”

“A few rods back, sergeant.”

Useless to say that this question and the answer were made in German.

"Very good," said the sergeant, "I'll go and look at them, and then you can enter."

So saying, he called to the guard to watch the gate carefully, and followed the teamster. Together they passed the three sentinels, and reached the carts, which were waiting on the main road. The sergeant cast a perfunctory look at them, and gave the order to pass on. Carts and cartmen continued their way, passed the three lines of sentries, and entered the gates, which closed behind them.

"Now," said the sergeant, "do you know where the barracks of the Chasseurs of Hohenlohe are, or shall I send some one with you?"

"That's useless," replied the head teamster; "we are to take the carts to the Lion d'Or, and go to the barracks in the morning, so as not to make a stir at night."

"Very good," said the sergeant, re-entering the guardhouse. "Good-night, comrades."

"Good-night," returned the teamster.

The hôtel of the Lion d'Or was scarcely more than three hundred feet from the gate. The head teamster knocked, and as it was not yet ten o'clock, the master of the inn himself came out upon the threshold.

"Ah, ha! it is you, Stephan, is it?" he said, glancing at the long line of carts, the first of which was before his door, and the last only a few steps from the gate.

"Yes, Monsieur Bauer, in person," replied the teamster.

"Is all well?"

"All's well."

"No difficulty in getting in?"

"Not the slightest; how is it here?"

"All ready."

"The house?"

"Only a match needed."

"Then shall I bring the carts into the courtyard? The men must be stifling."

Happily the courtyard was immense, and the twenty carts had room to stow themselves. The great gate was closed, and then at a given signal, — three raps, from the hand of each teamster, against the side of his vehicle, — a singular phenomenon was produced.

The bales of hay and straw began to move, and from each of them came two heads, then two bodies, then two entire men, clothed in Prussian uniforms. Next, from each cart another uniform was taken, which the teamsters, pulling off their cartman's smock and trousers, put on. And finally, to complete the whole, each soldier, still standing in the cart, took up his gun, and handed a third to the late teamster; so that by half-past ten o'clock, Stephan, who wore the overcoat and chevrons of a sergeant, had the sixty resolute, German-speaking men he had requested of Pichegru under his command.

They were stationed in a large stable, with orders to load their guns which had been, out of precaution, laid unloaded in the hay. Then Bauer and Stephan left the yard. Bauer guided Stephan, who did not know the town. First, he took him to the house which Stephan had mentioned. It was built at the highest point of the town, at the end opposite to the gate by which the carts had entered, not five hundred feet from the powder magazine. This house, which bore some resemblance to the cottages of the Grand Duchy of Baden and of Switzerland, was all of wood. Bauer showed him a room filled with combustible matters and resinous woods.

"At what hour shall the fire be set?" asked Bauer, as if he were speaking of the simplest thing in the world.

"Twelve o'clock," replied Stephan.

"You are certain the general will be at the gate by that time?"

"Yes, in person."

"You understand," continued Bauer, "that when the Prussians see that the fire is near the powder magazine, they will rush to that end of the town, to prevent its spreading

to the magazine, and to the park of artillery they have there. During that time the street to the gate will be clear, and that's the moment to seize the gate, and enter the town. The general can get as far as the great square without firing a gun. At the first shot there are five hundred patriots ready to open their windows and fire down on the Prussians."

"Have you men to sound the tocsin?" asked Stephan.

"I have two in each church," answered Bauer.

"Very good, then all is well," said Stephan; "let us just give a glance at the powder magazine, and go back."

They returned along the ramparts; the powder magazine and the park of artillery were, as Bauer had said, not five hundred feet from the wooden house, the burning of which was to serve as a signal to the patriots within and without the town.

At half-past eleven they returned to the Lion d'Or. The sixty men were ready; each had had a ration of bread and meat and wine, carefully prepared for them by Bauer; and they were full of enthusiasm, understanding perfectly that a great enterprise was intrusted to them; the thought made them happy and proud.

At a quarter to twelve Bauer pressed Stephan's hand, examined his tinder-box, made sure that the flint and tinder and matches were all there, and took his way to the wooden house. Stephan, left with his sixty men, explained his plan, told each man what he had to do, and made them promise they would do their best.

They waited.

Twelve o'clock struck. Stephan watched the sky for the first gleams of the fire. Hardly had the last stroke died away before a ruddy tint appeared on the roofs of the houses in the upper part of the town. Then the dull murmur of voices which in a town announces some accident was heard. Next the alarming note of the tocsin clamored from one steeple, and was taken up and repeated from all the bell-towers in the town.

Stephan now moved; the time had come. His men were standing in three squads of twenty in the courtyard. He opened the gate into the street. Every one was running in the direction of the upper town. He ordered his men to march in patrol and advance slowly to the gate. He himself preceded them, running, and calling out in German:

“Fire! in the upper town; fire! near the powder works; fire! Save the artillery waggons! save the magazine from exploding!”

Thus shouting, he reached the guard-house containing the twenty-four men who were guarding the gate; the sentry, who was pacing up and down, never thought of stopping him, taking him for the sergeant on duty. He rushed into the guard-room, crying out:—

“Every one to the upper town! save the artillery-waggons and the powder magazine! Fire! fire!”

Of all the twenty-four men, not one stayed behind. The sentry alone, unrelieved from his post, remained. But his curiosity, keenly excited, made him forget the proprieties, and he asked the sergeant eagerly to tell him what the matter was. The sergeant, with much amenity, informed him that a careless servant had set fire to the wooden house of Bauer, the landlord of the Lion d’Or. During this time the patrol came up.

“Qui vive?” said the sentinel.

“Only the patrol,” said Stephan, suddenly putting a handkerchief in the sentry’s mouth and pushing him toward the two foremost men of the patrol, who had the ropes all ready to gag and bind him. Then they took him into the guard-house, locked him in a room, and carried away the key. One of Stephan’s men took the sentry’s post; but it was necessary to know the password. Stephan took the key with one hand and a dagger with the other and went back to the man. What means he used we cannot say, but, in spite of his gag, the sentry had spoken.

The passwords were “Stettin” and “Strasbourg.” They were given to the new sentry.

Then an irruption was made into the hut of the gate-keeper, and he too was gagged, bound, and put in a cellar. Stephan took possession of the keys of the gate.

He now put forty-five of his men into the guard-house and the hut, with four hundred rounds of ammunition, charging them to guard the gate till the last man of them was killed. Then he left the town, taking five men with him to deal with the sentinels outside.

In ten minutes two of the latter were dead, and the third a prisoner. Three of his five men took their places; then, with the two others, Stephan ran along the road to Enashausen.

He had not gone more than a hundred yards when he came upon a dark and solid body of men; they were Pichegru's three thousand. A moment more, and he met the general.

"Well?" said the latter.

"Not an instant to lose, general; come on!"

"The gate?"

"Is ours."

"Come, boys!" shouted Pichegru, understanding that this was not the moment for explanations, "quick step, march!"

XXXII.

THE TOAST.

THE men obeyed with the joyous alacrity of hope. They picked up, one after the other, two of the sentinels; just as they reached the third a sharp fusillade was heard in the direction of the guard-house where Stephan had left his men.

“Quick, quick, general!” cried Stephan, “our men are attacked!”

The column broke into a run. As it approached, the bolts were drawn back and the gate opened. The republicans, though attacked by a triple force, had held firm; the gate was safely ours. The column rushed through it amid shouts of “Vive la République!” Stephan’s men, whose German uniforms pointed them out to those of Pichegru’s soldiers who did not know the ruse, rushed into the guard-house, or clung to the walls, to escape with their lives. Like the wild-boar butting with his snout and overturning everything on its way, the column rushed along the street, overthrowing all obstacles. Meantime, as it pressed onward with fixed bayonets and the few Prussians at the gate were flying before it, anxious to reach their main body and to give warning that the French were in the town, musketry was heard from various quarters of the town. This came from Bauer and his friends, who were firing from the windows.

When Pichegru reached the principal square of the town he was able to appreciate the alarm among the Prussians. They were running hither and thither, not knowing which way to go. He immediately formed part of the column in line of battle and fired upon the fugitives, while he sent a thousand men to the upper town where the crowd was greatest. In a moment the fight was going in a dozen different direc-

tions; the Prussians, surprised, did not attempt to rally to a given point, so rapid had been the attack, and so unexpected and bewildering the conflagration, the tocsin, and the firing from the windows. Although in point of fact they had in the town a number nearly equal to that of Pichegru and Macdonald, they did not make the same struggle they might have made had the advantages not been so markedly on the side of the French.

By one in the morning the Prussians had abandoned the town, lighted on their way by the last flames from Bauer's house. But it was not until ten o'clock in the morning that Pichegru had satisfied himself personally as to the retreat of the enemy. He left guards everywhere; watched the gates with the utmost vigilance, and ordered the men to bivouac in the streets.

All the people in the town behaved as if it were a festival, and did their best to contribute to the welfare of their benefactors. Each brought his tribute; some gave straw and hay, others bread, others wine; all opened their houses and lighted fires, before which spits were seen turning in those immense fireplaces which were the fashion in the eighteenth century, a few rare specimens remaining to the present day.

Presently a sort of procession, like that seen in the Northern cities during carnival, was organized. The Prussian uniforms which Pichegru's men had worn served to dress up effigies; the town spontaneously illuminated; from top to bottom of every house were lamps, lanterns, and candles; the restaurant-keepers and the wine-merchants set tables in the streets, and every citizen took a soldier by the arm and invited him to the fraternal banquet.

Pichegru was careful not to oppose this patriotic demonstration. Man of the people himself, he favored everything that threw the people and the soldiers in each other's arms, — a double body, with a single soul. He knew well, intelligent and sensible as he was, that the strength of France lay there. Only, fearing that the enemy might

profit by some carelessness, he doubled all posts, although, in order that every man should share in the festivities, he ordered them relieved every hour instead of every two hours.

Resident in Wœrth were some twenty aristocrats, who illuminated like the rest, and even more splendidly, fearing no doubt that some one would accuse them of coldness toward the government, and that the day of reprisals having arrived they might suffer in their persons and their property. On this occasion they feared without grounds; their sole punishment was to witness the autos-da-fé before their doors; and these autos-da-fé were nothing worse than the burning of straw men in Prussian uniforms. The joy expressed before these houses seemed greater if not more sincere than elsewhere, for the fears of the occupants had led them to illuminate more gorgeously and to make the demonstration more complete; round the autos-da-fé they placed tables, and on these tables the aristocrats, delighted at being let off so cheaply, served actual banquets.

Pichegru remained in the square, sabre in hand, surrounded by about a thousand men, prepared to carry support, if needed, in any direction. But no serious resistance being made, he continued where he was, listening to reports, and giving instructions. When he saw that the order he had given to bivouac in the streets served as a pretext for a popular demonstration, he promoted it, as we have said, and leaving Macdonald to command in his stead, he took Stephan as a guide, and made his way to the upper town, where the fighting had been heaviest.

About three in the morning he returned.

Bauer had asked as a favor that the general would lodge at the Lion d'Or, and Pichegru granted it. The handsomest apartments in the hôtel had been prepared for him; the staircase was draped with flags, and adorned with garlands and mottoes; the windows of the dining-room were festooned with branches of trees, and flowers, and the table laid with twenty-five plates for the general and his staff.

Pichegru, as we have already said, apropos of the dinner offered to him at Arbois, was very indifferent to all such triumphal demonstrations. But this was a different matter, and he accepted the banquet as a Republican love-feast. He brought back with him the authorities of the town, who had not only been the first to surrender to him, but who had heartily encouraged the inhabitants in the course they had taken.

At the door of the inn, just as Stephan, who had acted as a guide, was preparing to leave him, the general caught him by the arm.

“Stephan,” he said, “I have always practised the maxim that short accounts make long friends. Now I have a double account to settle with you.”

“Soon done, general,” said Stephan; “grant me two requests.”

“They are granted.”

“First, an invitation to supper.”

“For yourself?”

“Oh, general! you know very well I am but a spy.”

“In the eyes of the world, but in mine —”

“Let me be *myself* in yours, and that’s enough, general; I will remain to others what I seem to be. My ambition is for something far beyond the consideration of men, — it aims at vengeance.”

“Well then, what next?”

“That you give a toast.”

“To whom?”

“You shall see when you give it.”

“But I must know who it is, in order to give it.”

“Here it is, written down.”

Pichegru wished to read it; Stephan stopped him.

“No,” he said, “when you give the toast, read it.”

Pichegru put the paper in his pocket.

“And whom do you wish me to invite?” he asked.

“A great citizen, Prosper Bauer.”

“The master of the hôtel?”

“ Yes.”

“ What has he done to make him great ? ”

“ You will know when you read the paper.”

“ You are always mysterious.”

“ In mystery lies my strength.”

“ You know that to-morrow we attack the enemy.”

“ Do you want any more information about him ? ”

“ You are too tired.”

“ I am never tired.”

“ Do what you like ; all you do will be well done — unless you let yourself be captured.”

“ At what hour can I report to you ? ”

“ Any hour. If you are never tired, I have another quality, — I never sleep.”

“ Au revoir, general.”

“ Au revoir.”

Turning toward the group of persons who had stepped aside during his talk with Stephan, he looked in vain for the innkeeper ; not seeing him, he called to Charles.

“ Charles,” he said, “ do me the kindness to find the landlord, Prosper Bauer, and beg him, from me, to do us the honor to sup with us. You are not to allow any excuse, you are not even to listen to any.”

Charles bowed and set off in search of citizen Prosper Bauer. Pichegru went upstairs. The others followed. He put the mayor at his right, and the assistant mayor at his left, keeping the seat opposite to him vacant. That place was for the landlord of the Lion d’Or.

Bauer arrived, timid and embarrassed, almost dragged along by Charles.

“ General,” he said, addressing Pichegru, “ I do not come on your invitation, of which I feel myself unworthy, but at your order.”

“ Very good, citizen,” said Pichegru, pointing to the empty chair opposite to him ; “ take your place there and we will settle the matter after supper.”

The meal was merry ; deliverers and delivered drank

together. Hatreds are bitter between our worthy inhabitants of Alsace and the Prussians, and during the past two months, since the latter had forced the lines of Weissenbourg, the Alsatians found many reasons to hate them still more bitterly. This time they hoped to be rid of them forever. Twenty-five years later they were destined to again see that insatiable black eagle, which, after devouring one third of the white eagle of Poland and the lion of Hanover, returned again to wrench off one head of the bicephalous bird of Austria.

The supper was splendid, the best wines of France and Austria flowed. When the time came for champagne, that sparkling wine of toasts, the general remembered his promise to Stephan. He rose, took his glass in one hand, and unfolded the paper with the other. All present rose, and then in the midst of the deepest silence he read as follows. —

“To that eminent patriot, citizen Prosper Bauer, who alone conceived the plan which recovered for France the town of Woerth; who risked his life by receiving at his inn sixty of our men in Prussian uniforms; who first gave the signal to five hundred other patriots to fire from the windows; and who, to draw the Prussians to the upper town and divert them from the gate, set fire to his own house with his own hands. Let us drink to the man who in one day risked his life and gave his fortune.”

Pichegru was forced to stop,—the applause burst forth three times with triple ardor; but he made a sign that there was more to say; silence fell again, and he continued in a ringing voice: —

“May France and foreign nations read upon our conquering banners, by the glare of that pharos lighted by the purest patriotism and the most filial devotion: Hatred to tyrants! Nationality of Peoples! Liberty to mankind! Honor to the eminent patriot, the great citizen Prosper Bauer!”

Then in the midst of hurrahs and plaudits and bravos

Pichegru went up to him, and embraced him in the name of France. Three days later the taking of Wœrth was announced in the "Moniteur," with Pichegru's toast reported in full. It was the only indemnity the worthy Bauer would consent to receive.

XXXIII.

THE ORDER OF THE DAY.

HOWEVER much we may have wished not to involve ourselves in tales of sieges and of battles, it is absolutely necessary that we should now follow Hoche and Pichegru along their triumphant course. One or two chapters will suffice to bring to a close this first part of our narrative, which we are anxious to continue until the moment when the enemy is driven, on this side at least, beyond the frontiers of France. In fact, as we shall see, after the three victories of Dawendorff, Frœschwiller, and Wœrth, the enemy himself took the frontier route.

At four in the morning Stephan came to announce to Pichegru that the Prussians, bewildered and astonished at the manner in which they had been driven from Wœrth, had abandoned their positions and were retreating in two columns through the notches of the Vosges mountains, one towards Drachenbrönn, the other to Lembach.

The moment that Wœrth was in our power Pichegru dispatched an aide-de-camp to Hoche to announce to him the results of the day and tell him that on the following morning, or rather that morning at five o'clock, he should make a sortie in three columns and attack the enemy in front. He invited Hoche to leave the intrenchments, march on Gœrsdorff and attack in flank. The retreat of the Prussians rendered this manœuvre useless. Doumerc, roused from his sleep, jumped on his horse, and dashed off to tell Hoche to pursue the enemy, while Pichegru turned aside to Haguenau, to retake that town.

But at the moment when Pichegru at the head of his column reached the heights of Spachbach, he met a messenger sent to him by the mayor of Haguenau to tell him

that the Prussian garrison, hearing of the triple victory which cut off their communications with the corps under Hodge and Wurmser had evacuated the town during the night, marched through the woods at Souffelheim, and recrossed the Rhine near Fort Vauban. Pichegru thereupon detached a thousand men and sent them, under command of Lieber, to occupy Haguenau; then, retracing his steps, he passed again through Wœrth, took the road to Pruschorff and slept that night at Lobsam.

Stephan was sent to inform Hoche of this unexpected return and invite him to make the greatest haste to join Pichegru and recover at once the lines of Weissembourg.

The country through which they passed, presented the spectacle of an irruption which must have been something like that which furrowed the earth in the times of the Huns, Vandals, or Burgundians. The Austrians, forced to leave the line of the Moder, had retired to the lines of Weissembourg, on this side of the Lauter, and here they intended to give battle. They were under the command of Marshal Wurmser.

The Prussians had done likewise; ascending the river Sauerbach, under command of Hodge, they crossed the river at Lembach and made their junction with the Austrians at Weissembourg.

But the curious part of it was that the rapid retreat of the two armies bore with it all the *émigrés* and all the Alsatian nobles who had come in the wake of the armies with their families, and who were now fleeing back as best they could. The roads were covered with chariots, carriages, horses, forming an inextricable tangle, through which our soldiers forced their way without seeming to notice that they were in the midst of a population of the enemy, who, strangely enough, as soon as our men had passed through them, appeared to be following the army they were really escaping.

The two French generals made their junction at Roth. At the same moment great cries of "Vive la République!"

were heard ; the ranks of the soldiers opened, and the two representatives commissioned to the armies, Saint-Just and Lebas, made their appearance. They had supposed that the enemy would cling tenaciously to his lines and that their presence with the army would encourage the troops.

The two representatives and their suite joined the headquarters of the two generals, to whom they paid many compliments on the successive battles which had now so completely cleared the way. Charles had been the first to recognize the representative from the department of the Aisne, crying out : —

“ Ah ! here’s the citizen Saint-Just ! ”

Pichegru stooped and said in his ear, —

“ Not a word about that fatigue-cap, young one. ”

“ I’ll be sure of that ! ” exclaimed Charles ; “ ever since he told me how he shot his best friend I distrust him. ”

“ And rightly, too. ”

Saint-Just came up to Pichegru and congratulated him in a few brief, incisive words. Then, recognizing Charles, —

“ Ah ! ” he said, “ so, between a toga and a sword, you have chosen the sword, have you ? Don’t let him be killed, citizen Pichegru ; he is an honest boy who will make an honest man, and that’s a rare thing. ” Taking Pichegru aside, he went on, “ My police tell me, though I cannot believe it, that you had an interview at Dawendorff with an emissary of the *ci-devant* Prince de Condé. I say again, I did not believe it. ”

“ Nevertheless it is true, citizen Saint-Just. ”

“ What did he come for ? ”

“ To make treasonable propositions. ”

“ What were they ? ”

“ I don’t know ; I was filling my pipe at the time, and I lighted it with the letter of the Prince de Condé, without reading what he said. ”

“ Of course you ordered the messenger to be shot ? ”

“ I took good care not to. ”

“ Why so ? ”

“If he were dead he could not tell the prince with what contempt I treated his proposals.”

“Pichegru, you had some secret purpose behind such clemency?”

“Yes; that of fighting the enemy at Frœschwiller the next day, taking Wœrth the day after, and forcing their lines to-day.”

“Then Hoche and you are really ready to march against the enemy?”

“That is what we always are, citizen representative; above all, when you honor us with your company.”

“Very good, then forward!” said Saint-Just.

He sent Lebas to Hoche to order him to advance to the attack. The drums and the trumpets sounded on all sides, and the march was resumed.

Chance willed that the same day, December 26, the Austrians and Prussians determined, if not to resume the offensive, to make a stand before Weissenbourg; so that the French, arriving at the brow of a hill, saw the enemy ranged in battle before them from Weissenbourg to the Rhine. The position was good for the offensive, but not for the defensive; the Lauter being a gulf into which they might be driven in case of defeat. Therefore their advanced guard marched forward at once to the attack.

Seeing this, Hoche and Pichegru concluded that the weight of the battle would fall on their centre, and they gathered there a mass of thirty-five thousand men; while three divisions of the Army of the Moselle threatened the enemy's right from the ravines of the Vosges, and two other divisions, commanded by an aide-de-camp of General Broglie (who saw his first service that day with the Army of the Rhine) advanced to the attack by Lauterbourg. That young aide-de-camp, who was scarcely twenty-seven years old, was named Antoine Desaix.

Suddenly Saint-Just and Lebas, who were marching, one on the battle front of Pichegru, the other on the battle front of Lebas, cried out almost simultaneously: “Halt!” They

were then not a cannon-shot from the enemy, and it was evident that in half an hour the two armies would come together, hand to hand.

"Citizen Pichegru," said Saint-Just (and Lebas said the same to Hoche), "call up your officers; I have a communication to make to them before the battle."

"Officers to the front!" cried Pichegru.

The generals of brigade, the colonels, aides-de-camp, and captains repeated the order, which was passed along the lines. Instantly all officers of every grade, even to the sub-lieutenants, left the ranks and formed an immense circle around Saint-Just and Pichegru, and around Lebas and Hoche on the other front.

This movement took at least ten minutes. The officers alone moved; the soldiers stood motionless. Meantime the Prussians and Austrians advanced, and the noise of their drums and bugles began to reach the ears of the French.

Saint-Just drew a printed sheet from his pocket; it was the "Moniteur."

"Citizens," he said, in that strident voice of his which had such mighty power that it was heard distinctly at a distance of five hundred yards. "I wish before the fight begins to tell you some good news."

"What news?" cried all the officers, with one voice.

Just then a battery of the enemy opened, and its projectiles picked out their victims in the French ranks. An officer, with his head blown off, fell at Saint-Just's feet, but he seemed not to notice, and calmly, in the same voice, went on:—

"The English are driven from Toulon, that infamous town. The tricolor flag waves over it. Here," he continued, "is the 'Moniteur' which contains not only the official announcement but the details; I would read them to you if we were not under fire of the enemy."

"Read them," said Pichegru.

"Read them, citizen representative of the people, read them!" cried the officers.

The soldiers, in whose ranks the first discharge had opened some gaps, looked impatiently at the circle of officers. A second discharge was heard, and again a hailstorm of iron came hissing by. Other openings were made.

“Close up the ranks!” cried Pichegru.

“Close up!” repeated the officers, and the spaces disappeared.

In the midst of the circle a horse fell, struck by a piece of shell. The rider disentangled his feet from the stirrups and approached Saint-Just to hear better.

Saint-Just read : —

28th Frimaire, year II. of the Republic, one and indivisible.
Eleven at night.

The Citizen Dugommier to the National Convention :

CITIZEN REPRESENTATIVES, — Toulon is in our power. Yesterday we took Fort Mulgrave and Little-Gibraltar.

To-day the English have evacuated the forts and burned the French fleet and the Arsenal. The storehouse of masts is on fire ; twenty vessels are burned, eleven of which are line-of-battle ships, and six are frigates : fifteen were carried off ; thirty-eight are saved.

At ten o'clock this evening Colonel Cervoni entered the town. To-morrow I will write you again. Vive la République !

“Vive la République !” cried the officers.

“Vive la République !” echoed the whole centre and the right wing.

A third cannonade was heard, and more than one cry of “Vive la République !” was begun and never ended.

“Here,” continued Saint-Just, “is a letter from our colleague Barras, who is ordered to punish the city of Toulon ; it is addressed to the National Convention.”

CITIZEN REPRESENTATIVES, — The majority of the infamous inhabitants of Toulon have embarked on the vessels of Hood and Sidney Smith ; consequently, national justice cannot be vindicated as it should be. But, happily, the houses could not be torn from their foundations ; the city remains, in order that it may be made to disappear beneath the vengeance of the Republic, like those accursed

towns of which no trace is left. We thought at first of destroying the place by mines, but that might have blown up the magazines and Arsenal. We have therefore sent for all the masons of the six surrounding departments, who with their tools will raze the city to the ground. With an army of twelve thousand masons, the work can be done with speed, and in fifteen days not one stone shall be left upon another in Toulon.

To-morrow the fusillades begin, and will last until there are no more traitors to be shot.

Greeting and fraternity! Vive la République!

The enemy continued to advance; the roll of the drums and the blare of the trumpets could be heard, and also, from time to time, as the wind brought them, the melodious notes of the military bands. All was presently drowned in the roar of cannon. A hail of grapeshot fell upon the French lines, and especially among the circle of the officers.

Pichegru rose in his stirrups; seeing a certain disorder among the men, he cried out: —

“To your ranks!”

“To your ranks!” repeated the officers.

Again the lines formed compactly.

“Ground arms!” cried Pichegru.

And the butts of fifteen thousand muskets touched the ground with admirable regularity.

“Now,” said Saint-Just, without the slightest alteration being noticeable in his voice, “here is a communication from the minister of war; it is addressed to me, but only for transmission to Generals Hoche and Pichegru.”

CITIZEN REPRESENTATIVE, — I have received the following letter from citizen Dutheil, junior: —

“Toulon is in the power of the Republic; the cowardice and perfidy of our enemies have reached their height; our artillery has been magnificent, — to that we owe our victory; not a soldier was less than a hero, and their officers set them the glorious example. Words fail me to express the value of Colonel Bonaparte. Much knowledge, much intelligence, too much daring, — that gives a faint idea of the merits of this officer. It is for you, minister, to advance him for the glory of the Republic.”

I have promoted Colonel Bonaparte to be general of brigade, and I beg you to tell Generals Hoche and Pichegru to put his name in their orders of the day. The same honors will be shown to the brave man whose name they send me as having been the first to cross the lines at Weissembourg.

“You hear, citizens,” said Pichegru, “that the name of Colonel Bonaparte is in the orders of the day of this army. Each of you return to your post, and communicate that name to your men. Now that the English are beaten it is the turn of the Prussians and Austrians! Forward, march! Vive la République!”

The name of Bonaparte, which had just burst so gloriously into light, ran from rank to rank, and a mighty shout of “Vive la République!” went up from forty thousand throats; the drums beat the charge, the trumpets sounded, the bands rang out the Marseillaise, and the whole army, so long detained, sprang forward as one man to meet the enemy.

XXXIV.

FARAUD AND FALOU.

THE object of the campaign, which, as we know, had been to reconquer the lines of Weissenbourg, was accomplished; in ten days, from north to south, at Landau and at Toulon, the enemy had been driven out of France; the soldiers were now to have the rest they so much needed. At Kaiserlautern, Guermersheim, and Landau immense supplies of cloth, shoes, forage, and provisions had been found. In one storehouse alone at Kaiserlautern, over a thousand blankets were taken.

The time had come for Pichegru to fulfil the promises he had made to his men. The accounts of paymaster Estève were all in; the twenty-five thousand francs allotted to the battalion of the Indre were deposited with the general, with an additional twelve hundred, the auction price of the two cannon captured by that battalion. This sum of twenty-six thousand two hundred francs was literally immense, for it was all in gold; the louis d'or at that time, when six thousand millions of assignats were in circulation, was worth seven hundred and twelve francs of the paper money.

The general issued an order that Faraud and the two men who had accompanied him when he was sent with a message from the battalion should be brought before him. All three arrived,—Faraud with the chevrons of a sergeant-major, the other two with those of a corporal.

“Here I am, general,” said Faraud; “and these are the two comrades, Corporal Groseiller, and fusileer Vincent.”

“You are welcome, all three of you.”

“You are very good, general,” replied Faraud, with the usual twist of his neck.

"You know that twenty-five thousand francs were allotted for the widows and orphans of the dead in the battalion of the Indre?"

"Yes, general," replied Faraud.

"To which sum the battalion has added twelve hundred francs?"

"Yes, general, by the same token that it was an idiot named Faraud who was carrying them tied up in a handkerchief, and let them drop in stupefaction, when he heard he was sergeant-major."

"Will you answer for that idiot that he won't do it again?"

"On the word of a sergeant-major, general, even though you were to make him a colonel."

"We have n't got to that yet."

"So much the worse, general."

"Still, I am going to promote you."

"Me!"

"Yes."

"What, again?"

"I make you paymaster."

"In place of citizen Estève?" said Faraud, with his famous twist. "Thanks, general, the place is a good one."

"No, not exactly," said Pichegru, laughing at the fraternal familiarity that makes the strength of armies, and which the Revolution introduced into ours.

"More's the pity!" said Faraud.

"I make you paymaster in the department of the Indre, to the amount of twenty-six thousand two hundred francs; that is to say, I charge you — you, and those two comrades of yours, as a reward for the satisfaction your conduct has given to me — to distribute that sum among the families whose names are on this paper."

And the general gave Faraud a list, drawn up by the quarter-masters.

"Ah, general!" cried Faraud, "that's a reward indeed! What a pity they've deposed the good God."

“Why so?”

“Because the prayers of those families would have sent us straight to heaven.”

“As for that,” said Pichegru, “by the time you are ready to go there, probably he will have been reinstated. Now, how do you propose to go on your mission?”

“Where, general?”

“To the department of the Indre; there are several others to pass through before you get there.”

“On foot, general. It will take some time, but that does n’t matter.”

“Well, I wanted to see what you’d say, brave hearts that you are! See here, this is a purse for your expenses: nine hundred francs; three hundred for each of you.”

“We can go to the end of the world on that.”

“But you mustn’t stop every third mile or so for a tippie.”

“We won’t stop at all.”

“Not at all?”

“No, I’ll take the Goddess Reason with me.”

“Then I shall have to add three hundred francs for the travelling expenses of the Goddess Reason; there! there’s a cheque on citizen Estève.”

“Thank you, general; when shall we start?”

“The sooner the better.”

“To-day?”

“Yes, off with you, my boys; and good luck to you. Only, at the first cannon — ”

“Back at roll-call, general.”

“Very good. Now go and tell them to send me citizen Falou.”

The three soldiers departed.

Five minutes later citizen Falou presented himself, wearing at his side, with infinite majesty, the general’s sabre. Since the general had last seen him a slight change had come over his countenance. A gash, beginning at the ear, and ending at the lip, had laid open the right cheek;

the lips of the wound were held together by straps of plaster.

"Ah, ha!" said Pichegru, "it seems you were rather late with your tac."

"No, it was n't that, general," said Falou; "there were three of them after me, and before I could kill two, the third gave me that razor cut. It is n't anything; it would be dry now if there was any wind; unluckily the weather is so damp."

"Well, the fact is, I'm not sorry it happened."

"Thank you, general; a fine scar like that is no injury to a man's appearance."

"That's not what I mean."

"What then?"

"It gives me a chance to grant you a furlough."

"A furlough, — me?"

"Yes, you."

"Oh, general, see here! no nonsense; I hope you don't mean a lasting furlough?"

"No, no, — only for fifteen days."

"What for?"

"Why, to go and see mother Falou."

"Poor old dear! that's true."

"You want to take her your back-pay, you know."

"Ah, general! you have no idea what a lot of brandy poultices it takes for wounds; they are like a mouth; they drink and drink, — you can't imagine."

"But I can guess that your pay is cut into."

"Worse than my sabre was when you saw fit to give me a new one."

"Well, I'll do for your pay as I did for your sabre."

"You don't mean you'll give me more?"

"Here, take that. The Prince de Condé bears the expense."

"Gold! oh, what a pity the old woman is blind! the sight would have reminded her of the good times when there was gold."

"She will have eyes enough to sew the sergeant's cap on your sleeve that the Prussians have cut into your cheek."

"Sergeant, sergeant of cavalry! I, general?"

"Yes, that is the rank they have written on your furlough."

"True," said Falou, looking at the document, "there it is, with all its letters."

"Get ready to start."

"To-day?"

"To-day."

"On foot, or on horseback?"

"In a carriage."

"Carriage! — I in a carriage?"

"In a post-chaise, too."

"Like the hounds of the king when he went on a hunt! Might I know why I'm to have that honor?"

"My secretary, Charles, who is going to Besançon, will take you with him and bring you back."

"General," said Falou, clicking his heels together and bringing his hand to his kepi, "it remains for me to thank you."

Pichegru gave him a nod and a wave of the hand; Falou pirouetted on his heels, and departed.

"Charles! Charles!" called Pichegru.

Charles, who was in the next room, ran in.

"Here I am, general," he said.

"Where is Abattucci?"

"With us, general. He is making out the report you asked for."

"Will it soon be ready?"

"Ready now, general," said Abattucci, appearing at the door with a paper in his hand.

Charles made a motion to retire; the general caught him by the wrist.

"Stop," he said, "I want to speak to you." Then addressing Abattucci, "How many flags?" he asked.

"Five, general."

"Cannon?"

"Twenty-eight."

"Prisoners?"

"Three thousand."

"How many of the enemy killed?"

"You may safely say seven thousand."

"How many did we lose?"

"Scarcely two thousand five hundred."

"You are to start for Paris, with the rank of colonel, which I have asked for you of the government. You will present the flags to the Convention in General Hoche's name and mine, and you will hand in the report which General Hoche is no doubt preparing. Estève will give you a thousand francs for the expenses of your journey. The choice I make of you personally to convey these flags to the Convention, and the promotion I have asked for you, sufficiently prove my opinion of your talents and courage. If you see your cousin Bonaparte, remind him that I was his tutor at Brienne."

Abattucci wrung the hand the general held out to him, and departed.

"Now for you and me, my little Charles," said Pichegru.

XXXV.

IN WHICH ABATTUCCI FULFILS THE MISSION HE RECEIVED FROM HIS GENERAL, AND CHARLES THAT WHICH HE RECEIVED FROM GOD.

PICHEGRU cast an eye about him to see if they were quite alone ; then, looking at Charles, he took the boy's hands in his.

“ Charles, my dear child,” he said, “ you took upon you in the sight of heaven a sacred duty which you must now fulfil. If there is in this world a promise that men should keep inviolably it is that made, as you made yours, to a dying man. I told you I would give you the means of fulfilling it. I now keep my word. You still have, of course, the count's fatigue cap ? ”

Charles opened two buttons of his coat and showed the cap to the general.

“ Good. I shall send you with Falou to Besançon ; you will go with him to the village of Boussières, and give the burgomaster the gratuity intended for Falou's mother. Now, as I don't wish that the money should be thought to come from some pillage or marauding expedition, which would certainly be the case if Falou took it himself to his mother, I wish the burgomaster to give it ; and I also send him a letter for the chief men of the village, certifying to the courage of the new sergeant. I give you and Falou eight days' furlough, counting from the day you reach Besançon, — you must want to show off your new uniform. ”

“ Won't you give me something for my father, general ? ”

“ Yes, a letter just before you start. ”

At that moment Leblanc announced that the general was served.

As Pichegru entered the dining-room he cast an uneasy look at the table : all the usual places were set, and some added ; for the general had invited Desaix to dine with him, and Desaix had brought one of his friends serving in Pichegru's army, whom he had made his aide-de-camp, — René Savary, the same who had written Faraud's certificate on his paper chevrons.

The dinner was as gay as usual ; no one was missing, — the two or three wounded escaping with scratches. After dinner they mounted their horses, and Pichegru, with his whole staff, visited the outposts. When they returned to the town the general dismounted and told Charles to do likewise. Then, giving the horses to the chasseur on service, he took Charles by the arm into the shopping street of Landau.

"Charles, my lad," he said, "among the other official and secret missions with which you are charged, I have a private little commission of my own I want you to do for me ; will you ?"

"With delight, general," said the boy, hanging on to Pichegru's arm. "What is it ?"

"I don't know yet. There's a good little friend of mine in Besançon, named Rose ; she lives in the rue du Colombier, No. 7."

"I know her," said Charles ; "she is the dressmaker at our house, — a good girl, about thirty, limps a little."

"Yes, just so," said Pichegru, smiling. "She sent me the other day six beautiful linen shirts she had made for me ; and I would like to send her something in return."

"That's a good idea, general."

"But what shall it be ? I can't think of anything that would please her."

"Why, general ! take the advice the weather gives you : buy her a fine umbrella, and we can use it to get back with. I'll tell her you used it, and that will make it more precious."

"That's a good idea ; and it will be very useful to her

when she does her errands. Poor Rose! she has no carriage for her comfort. Here's a place; let us go in here."

They happened to be passing an umbrella shop. Pichegru opened and shut a dozen or more, and finally selected a magnificent umbrella of sky-blue silk. For it he paid thirty-eight francs in assignats at par. This was the present that the first general in France sent to his love. The reader will understand that I should not have related this circumstance unless it were strictly historical.

That evening Pichegru devoted to his correspondence, advising Charles, who was to start the next day at day-break, to go to bed and have a good sleep. The boy was at an age when sleep is truly the river of rest, from which childhood draws not only strength for the coming day, but forgetfulness of the past and indifference for the chances of the morrow.

That night a curious little circumstance happened, which I shall relate, the particulars having been told me by the same little Charles, then a man of forty-five, and (according to his wishes expressed in Strasbourg to Eugène) a learned writer, passing his days in a vast library.

Charles, in obedience to Saint-Just's decree, had thrown himself on his bed fully dressed. He wore, like the officers at headquarters, a black cravat very tightly fastened round his neck. This was Pichegru's own particular fashion, and the whole staff had adopted it, not only to do as the general did, but also to protest against the voluminous cravats introduced by Saint-Just. Charles, wishing still further to imitate his general, used to tie the cravat in a tight little knot on the right side,—a fashion he always retained, and which I saw him use up to the time of his death in 1844.

Half an hour later Pichegru, who was writing, heard Charles moan. Thinking the boy had the nightmare he paid no attention to him. But after a while, as the moans became distressing and finally turned into a choking sound,

Pichegru went to him and found him purple in the face. Slipping his hand under the boy's head he raised it, and loosened the knot of the cravat which was strangling him. The lad roused up and recognized Pichegru leaning over him.

"Ah! is it you, general?" he said; "do you want me?"

"No," said the general, laughing; "it is you, on the contrary, who want me. You moaned, and I came to you and saw at once what was the matter. If you will wear, like the rest of us, a tight cravat, you must be careful to loosen it before you go to sleep. I'll explain to you later how neglect of that precaution may be followed by apoplexy and sudden death. It is one method of suicide."

We shall see, later, how it was employed by Pichegru.

The next day Abattucci started for Paris; Faraud and his two companions for Châteauroux; and Charles and Falou for Besançon. Fifteen days later Faraud reported that the distribution had been made throughout the department of the Indre. But before this, the general had received a letter from Abattucci telling him how, to the accompaniment of shouts of "Vive la République" from the members of the Convention and all spectators present, the five flags had been presented to the president, who had publicly confirmed his, Abattucci's, promotion.

Still earlier, on the sixth day after Charles' departure, Pichegru received the following epistle, dated 14th Nivôse (January 3).

MY DEAR GENERAL,—The new calendar made me forget one thing; that is, that if I reached Besançon on the 31st of December, I should be just in time to wish my family a happy new year.

You did not forget it; and my father feels very grateful for this kindness on your part, and desires me to thank you heartily.

On the 1st of January (old style), all the new-year wishes wished, and the whole family kissed, we started, Falou and I, for Boussière. There, according to your directions, we stopped the carriage before the door of the burgomaster, to whom I gave your letter. He sent

at once for the drummer of the village, and told him to announce the great news to the inhabitants of Boussière, and made him read your letter three times over so that he should make no mistake in repeating it. Then he despatched him with orders to make the proclamation first in front of Mère Falou's cottage. This the drummer did ; and out came the old woman at the roll of the drum, leaning on her stick. Falou and I stood close by her.

After the roll stopped the proclamation began. When the poor old woman heard her son's name, she did n't comprehend at first, and began to cry, calling out : —

“ Is he dead ? is he dead ? ”

Falou ripped out an oath fit to crack the skies, declaring that her son was living ; this made her turn round and as she could see just enough to know a uniform she called out : —

“ No, no ! he 's here, he 's here ! ”

And with that she tumbled into her son's arms, and he kissed her like everything, and all the village applauded. Then, as the proclamation had been interrupted by this filial performance, the drummer began it all over again. At the last words the burgomaster, who wanted to make a fine scene of the affair, appeared with a laurel crown in one hand and the purse in the other. He laid the laurels on Falou's head, and the purse in his mother's hands. I could not stay till the end, but I am told there was a great fête that night in the village, with illuminations and a ball and fire-barrels and rockets, and that Falou, in the midst of his fellow-citizens, stalked about till two in the morning, with his laurel crown upon his head, like Cæsar himself.

As for me, my general, I went back to Besançon to do the sad duty you know of, about which I will tell you when I get back.

Up to that moment I had had no time to attend to your commission. But now I ran to the rue du Colombier and up to the third story of No. 7. Rose knew and welcomed me as her little friend ; but when she knew I was sent by her great friend — oh ! then, general, I must tell you, she took me in her arms and kissed me, crying : —

“ Oh ! did he really think of me ? ”

“ Yes, Mademoiselle Rose.”

“ What, all out of his own head ? ”

“ Yes, yes, I tell you.”

“ And he chose me that beautiful umbrella ? ”

“ Yes, he chose it.”

“ And he used it over his own head ? ”

“ Well, we both used it, but he carried it.”

And then, without saying another word, she looked at the handle and kissed it and began to cry. I could n't comfort her, you see, for I was crying, too; besides, they were tears of joy, and it would have hurt her if I had said, "Stop." So I told her how much you liked the shirts, and that you would not wear any others. And then you should just have heard us talk about you! She is going to write and thank you, but she has given me lots of messages to carry back.

My father, too, sends you a great many. I think you must have told him a lot of very big fibs about his son, for while he read your letter he kept looking at me out of the corner of his eye, and I saw tears on his eyelashes. He is going to write to you himself, like Mademoiselle Rose.

I think I have taken up more of your time about myself than I am worth; but it was you who made me a person of importance by trusting me with three commissions; so I hope you will forgive the chatter of

Your little friend,

CHARLES NODIER.

THE THIRTEENTH VENDÉMAIRE.

I.

A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW.

NEARLY two years have elapsed since the events recorded in the preceding chapters. That our readers may clearly understand those that are to follow, we must take a bird's-eye view of the two terrible, but inevitable years 1794 and 1795.

As Vergniaud had prophesied, and as Pichegru had repeated after him, the Revolution devoured her own children. Let us see this terrible mother at her work.

On the 5th of April, 1795, the Cordeliers were executed. Danton, Camille Desmoulins, Bazire, Chabot, Lacroix, Héroult de Séchelles, and the poor poet-martyr Fabre d'Églantine, author of one of our most popular songs (*Il pleut, il pleut, bergère*) died together on the same scaffold, to which Robespierre, Saint-Just, Merlin of Douai, Couthon, Collot-d'Herbois, Fouché of Nantes, and Vadier drove them.

Then came the turn of the Jacobins. Vadier, Tallien, Billaut, Fréron accused Robespierre of having usurped the dictatorship; and Robespierre, his jaw broken by a pistol-shot, Saint-Just, his head high, Couthon with both legs crushed, Lebas, and all their friends to the number of twenty-two, were executed on the morrow of that tumultuous day which bears historically the fatal date of the 9th Thermidor.

On the 10th Thermidor the Revolution still lived; for the Revolution is immortal, it is not for any party rising

or falling to kill it; the Revolution was living, but the Republic was dead. With Robespierre and Saint-Just, the Republic was beheaded. The night of their execution boys were shouting at the doors of the theatres: "A carriage! who wants a carriage? Will you have a carriage, *bourgeois*?" The next day and the day after eighty-two Jacobins followed Robespierre, Saint-Just, and their friends on the place de la Révolution.

Pichegru heard of the bloody reaction; he was then commander-in-chief of the Army of the North. He believed that the hour for blood had passed, and that the hour for filth was coming with the Vadiers, the Talliens, the Billauts and the Frérons. He made a signal to Mulheim, and Fauche-Borel came to him.

Pichegru saw true, — the ascending period of the Révolution had passed; it had reached the reactionary or descending period. Blood still flowed, but it was the blood of reprisals.

On the 17th of May, 1795, a decree was issued closing forever the Hall of the Jacobins, the cradle of the Revolution, the mainstay of the Republic. Fouquier-Tinville, the public prosecutor, the colleague of the guillotine, was not more guilty than the machine itself, for he simply obeyed the orders of the Revolutionary tribunal, as the guillotine obeyed his. Fouquier-Tinville now fell under that knife, in company with fifteen judges or jurymen of the Revolution. In order that this reaction might be shown to be complete, the execution took place on the place de Grève. The ingenious invention of Doctor Guillotin returned to its original locality, and the gallows disappeared; equality in death was well established.

On the 1st Prairial Paris became aware that it was dying of hunger. Famine drove the faubourgs to the Convention. Haggard, ragged, famished, they invaded the chamber; deputy Féraud was killed in trying to protect the president, Boissy d'Anglas. Seeing the tumult that this event caused in the assembly, Boissy d'Anglas put on his

hat. They showed him Féraud's head on a pike. He respectfully uncovered his own head, bowed, and again covered himself. But during this scene Boissy d'Anglas, till then a semi-revolutionist, became half a royalist.

On the 16th of the same month Louis-Charles of France, Duc de Normandie, pretender to the throne under the name of Louis XVII.,—he of whom the Duc d'Orléans had said during a supper, "The son of Coigny shall never be my king,"—died of scrofula in the Temple, aged ten years, two months, and twelve days. But even in the days of the Republic the old axiom of the French monarchy survived: "The King is dead, long live the King!" Louis, Comte de Provence, immediately, on his own authority, proclaimed himself king of France and Navarre, under the name of Louis XVIII.

Then came the terrible day of Quiberon, during which, as Pitt said, "English blood did not flow," but, as Sheridan said, "England's honor streamed from every pore."

During this time the victories of Hoche and Pichegru had borne fruits. As a result of the retaking of the lines of Weissembourg, at which our readers were present, and at the sight of the tricolor banner carried across the frontier in the hands of Saint-Just, and floating victoriously in Bohemia, Frederick William, who was the first to invade our borders, recognized the French Republic and made peace with it. Not having taken any territory from each other, neither power had anything to restore. Only, eighty thousand Prussians slept on the plains of Champagne and Alsace, and the bitter quarrel began which will not end either at Jena or at Leipzig.

Meantime the army of the Eastern-Pyrenees had invaded Biscay, Vittorio, and Bilboa. Already masters of that part of the frontier of Spain which is the most difficult of access, the French, who were approaching Pampeluna, were likely to seize the capital of Navarre and open an easy way for the invasion of the two Castiles and Arragon. The King of Spain proposed a peace. This was the second

crowned head who recognized the Republic, and in recognizing it he accepted the fate of his relations Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette.

Peace was signed. Before the necessities of war, family considerations vanished. France abandoned her conquests beyond the Pyrenees, and Spain ceded to France that part of the island of Saint-Domingo which was Spanish. But, as we have said, the question of peace with Spain was not to be regarded from the point of view of material advantages. No, the question was altogether a moral one. The reader has, no doubt, already understood it. The defection of Charles IV. to the cause of kingship was very different in its importance from that of Frederick William. Frederick William was held by no tie to the Bourbons; whereas Charles IV., in signing the peace of August 4th with the Convention, ratified all that the Convention had decreed.

As for the Army of the North, operating against the Austrians, it took Ypres and Charleroi, won the battle of Fleurus, reconquered Landrecies, occupied Namur and Trèves, recovered Valenciennes, carried the fort of Crève-Cœur, also Ulrich, Gorcomm, Amsterdam, Dordrecht, Rotterdam, and the Hague. Finally, and this was an unheard-of thing, which was so far lacking to the picturesque annals of French warfare, the Dutch line-of-battle ships, caught in the ice, were captured by a squadron of huzzars on horseback. This extraordinary feat of arms, which seemed like a caprice of Providence in our favor, led to the capitulation of Zealand.

II.

A GLANCE AT PARIS: THE INCROYABLE.

ALL these successes of our arms had echoed to Paris. Paris, that near-sighted city, which cannot see beyond a limited horizon except when some great national impulse drives her outside of her material interests, — Paris, weary of bloodshed, was rushing eagerly into pleasures, and asked no better than to turn its eyes for amusement to the theatre of war and enjoy the glorious drama which France was playing there.

Most of the actors and actresses of the Comédie-Française and the Théâtre Feydeau, imprisoned as royalists, were released after the 9th Thermidor. Larive, Saint-Prix, Molé, Dazincourt, Mademoiselle Contat, Mademoiselle Devienne, Saint-Phar, and Elleviou were received back with vehement applause at the Française and the Feydeau. People rushed to the theatres, where they began to listen coldly to the Marseillaise and to call for the "Reveil du Peuple." Presently, the *jeunesse dorée* of Fréron made its appearance.

We say every day those words, "Fréron" and "jeunesse dorée," without forming any clear idea to ourselves as to what the *jeunesse dorée* of Fréron was. Let us here tell what it was.

There were two Frérons in France: one, an honest man, a stern and upright critic, mistaken at times, but, at any rate, mistaken in good faith; this was Fréron the father, Élie-Catherine Fréron. The other, who knew neither faith nor law, whose only religion was hatred, his only motive vengeance, his only God self-interest, was Fréron the son, Louis-Stanislas Fréron.

The father witnessed the whole of the eighteenth century. Averse to innovations in art he attacked all literary innovations in the name of Racine and Boileau. Averse to political innovations, he attacked them in the name of religion and royalty. He recoiled before none of the colossi of modern philosophism.¹

He attacked Diderot, who had come in his wooden shoes and jacket from the little town of Langres, half abbé, half philosopher. He attacked Jean-Jacques, who had come from Geneva without clothes or money. He attacked Alembert, a waif found on the steps of a church, and long called Jean Lerond, the name of the church on the steps of which he was found. He attacked the great seigneurs called Montesquieu and Monsieur de Buffon. Finally, surviving the anger of Voltaire (who had tried to stab him with epigrams and kill him in his satire of "The Poor Devil," and annihilate him in his comedy of "The Scotch-woman"), he stood erect enough to call out to the great Voltaire on the day of his triumph: "Remember that you are mortal!"

He died before his two great antagonists, Voltaire and Rousseau, in 1776, of an attack of gout, which went to his head, owing to the suppression of his paper, "The Literary Year." It was the weapon of this fighter, the club of this Hercules; that being broken, he did not care to live.

The son, who had King Stanislas for his godfather and Robespierre for a schoolmate, drank the dregs of the bitterness poured by public opinion into his father's cup. All the accumulated insults which for thirty years had lain upon the head of the elder Fréron fell, like an avalanche of shame, upon that of the son; and as the son's heart was devoid of belief, incapable of fidelity, he could not bear it. That which had made the father invincible was his unshaken belief in duty nobly performed. The

¹ *Philosophism* may not be a good word academically speaking, but it gives our idea much better than the word *philosophy*.

younger Fréron, not having that counterpoise to the contempt which overwhelmed him, became ferocious; unjustly treated (for he was not responsible for his father's acts), he longed to make himself hated for real cause. The laurels which Marat gathered by publishing the "Ami du Peuple" broke Fréron's rest. He founded the "Orator of the People" in emulation of it.

Timid by nature, Fréron the younger could not stop in his cruelties, fearing to do so. Sent to Marseilles he became its terror. Carrier drowned at Nantes; Collot-d'Herbois shot at Lyon; Fréron did better at Toulon, — he fired canister. One day, when he suspected, after a discharge of artillery, that some of the condemned had fallen intentionally at the same time as those who had actually been shot, and were counterfeiting death, he called out: —

"Let those who are not dead rise; the nation pardons them."

The poor wretches who were not wounded believed him and rose.

"Fire!" cried Fréron.

This time the work was thoroughly done; no one could rise again.¹

By the time he returned to Paris, Paris had made a step towards clemency; the friend of Robespierre now became his enemy; the Jacobin retreated till he turned into a Cordelier. He scented the 9th Thermidor. He made himself Thermidorian with Tallien and Barras, denounced Fouquier-Tinville, sowed, like Cadmus, the teeth of that

¹ We are apt to put aside these atrocities as belonging to a past age. Few of us consider the fact that in 1871 deeds quite as horrible were committed in Paris. There was nothing in the first Revolution more infernal than the massacres in the Rue Haxo; and Théophile Ferré was an almost exact reproduction of Fréron. Many of the men who committed these atrocities emigrated to the United States, where they founded clubs and secret associations. The reader is referred to M. Maxime Ducamp's "Paris under the Commune;" which is accepted as the most authentic and dispassionate history of that period. — Tr.

dragon that was named the Revolution, and was soon after seen, amid the blood of the old régime and the filth of the new, to be the leader of the youth of Paris, that *jeunesse dorée* which took his name.

This *jeunesse dorée* — in opposition to the *sans-culottes* who wore short hair, round jackets, trousers, and phrygian caps — appeared with either long queues, — a fashion revived from the time of Louis XIII. and called “cadenette” (from the name of its inventor Cadenet, a scion of the house of Luynes), — or else with hair falling loose on the shoulders and beside the face in locks then called “dog’s-ears.” They revived the fashion of powder and used it plentifully. In the morning they wore very short surtout coats, with velvet breeches, black or green. When in full dress the surtout was replaced by a light-colored evening coat cut square in front and buttoned across the pit of the stomach, while the tails hung down behind to the calves of the legs. The muslin cravat was high, with enormous ends, and stiffly starched. The waistcoat was white, made of piqué or dimity, with broad lapels and ruffings; two watch-chains dangled on satin breeches that were either pearl-gray or apple-green; these breeches came to the middle of the calf of the leg, where they were buttoned with three buttons, from which hung a mass of ribbons. Silk stockings, striped crossways with yellow, red, or blue, and pumps, — considered the more elegant the thinner, lower, and more flaring they were, — an opera hat under the arm, and a monstrous stick, or club, with a huge handle, completed the costume of an *incoyable*.

Now, why did the satirists who fasten upon all novelty call the individuals who composed the gilded youth of Paris *the incoyables*? We propose to tell you.

It did not suffice to change all garments, so as not to be mistaken for revolutionists; it was necessary to change the language. Discarding the vulgar dialect of 1793 and the democratic “thou,” a honied tone and idiom were invented; consequently, instead of rolling their *r*’s, like the pupils of

the modern Conservatory, they suppressed them altogether, and the eighteenth letter of the alphabet came very near being lost forever in this philological cataclysm — like the dative of the Greeks. They boned the language to take out its vigor and instead of giving themselves their *parroles d'honneur* — their word of honor — with a due rest on the consonant, they thought it best to give their *paole d'honneu*.

They had, according to circumstances, a *gande paole d'honneu* or a *petite paole d'honneu*, but whichever kind of word of honor they used to enforce some statement that was difficult or impossible to believe, the listener, too polite to contradict the person he was talking with, contented himself by saying: —

“It is *incoyable*” [inconceivable].

Then the other would reply: —

“On my solemn word of honor.”

After that, there was no further doubt.

Hence the designation “Incroyable,” changed into “Incoyable,” bestowed upon the *jeunesse dorée*, the gilded youth of France.

III.

THE MERVEILLEUSE.

THE *incoyable*, that hybrid of the reaction, had his female, born like himself and of his epoch. They called her the *meiveilleuse*.

She borrowed her garments, not like the *incoyable* from modern fashions, but from the Greek and Corinthian draperies of the Phrynes and Aspasia. Tunic, mantle, peplum, all were cut to an antique pattern. The more a woman managed to make herself naked, the more elegant she was. The true *meiveilleuse* — or *merveilleuse* [marvellous] for that of course was the derivation of the word — went bare-armed and bare-legged. The tunic, made like that of the Hunting Diana, was often slashed open at the side, with no other fastening than a cameo clasp holding together the slashed sides just above the knee.

But that was nothing. The ladies made the excuse of summer heat to appear at balls and on the public promenades in filmy garments less concealing than the cloud that enveloped Venus when she led her son to Dido. Eneas did not recognize his mother until she came out of her cloud. *Incessu patuit dea*, says Virgil. But these ladies did not need to step out of their cloud to be seen; they were perfectly visible through it, and whoever took them for goddesses must have been at some pains to do so. This diaphanous airiness — Juvenal speaks of it — became altogether the fashion.

Besides the private parties there were public balls. Society met at the Lycée-Bal, and the Hôtel Thélusson, to mingle, while dancing, their tears and woes and plans of vengeance. These assemblies were called “the balls of the Victims.” In order to be admitted it was necessary to have

had a relation of some kind guillotined by Robespierre, drowned by Carrier, shot by Collot d'Herbois, or blown to bits by Fréron.

Horace Vernet, who was forced at that time to draw costumes for a living, has left a portfolio of the fashions of the period, drawn from life with that charming gift he received from heaven. Nothing is more amusing than his collection of grotesque figures; and one cannot help asking one's self how it was possible for an *incoyable* and *meiveilleuse* to meet and speak without laughing in each other's faces.

Let us say at once, however, that some of the costumes adopted by the dandies who frequented the balls of the Victims were of a terrifying character. Old General Piré has told me a score of times that he met at these balls several *incoyables* wearing waistcoats and tight trousers made of human skin. Those who had only some distant relation to mourn, like an uncle or an aunt, contented themselves with dipping the end of their little finger in a blood-red liquid; for which purpose they cut off the little finger of their glove and, in order to renovate the color from time to time, they carried their pot of blood to the ball, as the women carried their rouge-pots.

While dancing they conspired against the Republic; which was all the easier, because the Convention, though possessing a national police, had no Parisian police. Strange fact! public murder had put an end to private murder, and there were never, perhaps, so few crimes committed in France as during the years '93, '94, and '95; passions had other means of exercise.

But the time was approaching when the Convention, that terrible Convention which, on the 21st of September, 1792, the day it entered on its functions, abolished royalty to the sound of the cannon of Valmy and established the Republic, the time, we say, was approaching when the Convention was to lay down its powers. It had been a cruel parent. It devoured the Girondins, the Cordeliers, the Jacobins,—the most eloquent, energetic, and intelligent of its children.

And yet, withal, it was a faithful son. It fought with success the enemies of the nation, both within and without. It raised fourteen armies, — ill-fed, it is true; ill-clothed, it is true; ill-shod, it is true; and worse paid. What matter? those fourteen armies not only drove the enemy beyond the frontier, but they took the duchy of Nice, and Savoie, made a conquering march into Spain, and laid a hand on Holland.

It created the "Grand Livre" of the national debt, — that is to say, the Funds, — the Institute, the *École Polytechnique*, the *École Normale*, the Museum of the Louvre, and the Conservatory of Arts and Sciences.

It issued eight thousand three hundred and seventy decrees, mostly revolutionary.

It gave to men and things a stupendous tone and character; grandeur was gigantic, courage foolhardy, stoicism impassible. Never was there cooler disdain for the executioner, never was blood shed with less remorse.

Does any one desire to know how many parties there were in France during those two years, that is to say, from '93 to '95? There were thirty-three. Does any one wish to know the names given to those parties? They are as follows: —

Ministerials; Partisans of civil life; Knights of the dagger; Men of August 10th; Septembriseurs; Girondins; Brissotins; Federalists; Men of the State; Men of May 31st; Moderates; Suspects; Men of the plain; Frogs of the marsh; Montagnards.

The above are for 1793 only. The following are for 1794 and 1795: —

Alarmists; Pitiers; Sleepers; Enemies of Pitt and Coburg; Muscadins; Hebertists; Sans Culottes; Counter-Revolutionaries; Inhabitants of the ridge; Terrorists; Maratists; Cut-throats; Drinkers of blood; Thermidori-ans; Patriots of 1789; Companions of Jehu; Chouans.

Add to these the *jeunesse dorée* of Fréron, and it brings us to the 22d of August, 1795, — the day when the new Con-

stitution (called the Constitution of the year III.), after being discussed article by article, was finally adopted by the Convention. At this time the louis d'or was worth twelve hundred francs in assignats.

It was at this period that André Chénier, brother of Marie-Joseph Chénier, was put to death. He was executed on the 25th of July, 1794, that is to say, the 7th Thermidor, two days before Robespierre, at eight in the morning. His companions in the cart were MM. de Montalembert, de Créquy, de Montmorency, de Loiserolles, — that glorious old man who answered the call of the executioner in place of his son, and went joyfully to his death to save him, — and lastly, Roucher, the author of "Les Mois," who did not know that he was to die with André Chénier, and when he saw him in the fatal cart gave a cry of pleasure and sat down beside him. A friend of Roucher and of Chénier, who had the courage to follow the cart at the risk of his own life to prolong their last farewell, heard the two poets talking of poetry and love and the future along the whole way. André Chénier showed to Roucher his last poem, which he was just finishing when the executioner called him. It was written in pencil; and after Roucher had read it he gave it to the third friend, who left them only at the foot of the scaffold. It was thus that these lines were preserved, and that Henri de la Touche, to whom we owe the only edition of André Chénier's poems that exists, was able to put them in his volume.

At the moment when Chénier mounted the scaffold he said, touching his forehead and sighing: —

"And yet I did have something here!"

"No," said the friend who was not to die with him, "it was *there!*" touching his heart.

André Chénier, for whom we have wandered from our subject, and whose memory has drawn from us these few words, was the first to plant the banner of the new French poesy.

IV.

THE SECTIONS.

THE day on which the Convention proclaimed the Constitution, called that of the year III., every one cried out: "The Convention has signed its own death-warrant."

In fact, it was supposed that like the Constituent assembly it would, with ill-judged abnegation, interdict its own members from entering the Assembly that succeeded it. It did nothing of the kind. The Convention understood very well that the last breath of republicanism was in its own body. In a people so restless as the French, who, in a moment of enthusiasm had overturned a monarchy of eight centuries, the Republic could not in three years obtain such foothold that its firm establishment might be left to the natural course of events. The Revolution needed to be watched over and defended by those who made it and who had an interest in perpetuating it; but who were they? Who could they be but the Conventionals, they who had abolished the feudal constitution on the 14th of July and the 4th of August, 1789; who had overturned the throne on the 10th of August, 1792; who had cut off the King's head January 21, 1793; and from that day till the present day had fought all Europe, reduced Prussia and Spain to ask for peace, and driven Austria beyond the frontiers?

So then, strong in its past, the Convention decreed on the 5th Fructidor (August 22) that the new Legislative body, composed of two councils, the Council of the Five Hundred, and the Council of the Ancients, the first charged with the proposal of the laws, the second, two hundred and fifty in number, with the adoption of them, should be two

thirds composed of the members of the Convention, and that one third only of new members should be elected.

It remained to be seen who would select the members. Would the Convention itself appoint those of its own body who were to become a part of the Council of the Five Hundred and the Council of the Ancients, or would the electoral colleges be charged with that duty?

On the 13th Fructidor (August 30), after a very stormy session, it was decided that the choice should be delegated to the electoral colleges. That was what they called the decrees of the 5th and 13th Fructidor.

We are dwelling perhaps too lengthily upon this purely historical part of our book, but it takes us with great strides towards the terrible day of the 13th Vendémiaire, the first on which Parisians heard cannon booming in the streets of Paris, and we wish to make that crime fall upon the heads of those who were the guilty parties.

Paris, from that epoch, though the centralization was less than it is to-day and dated back only four or five years, Paris was already the brain of France; whatever Paris accepted France sanctioned. This was plain enough when the Girondins attempted vainly to federalize the provinces.

Now Paris was divided into forty-eight Sections. These Sections were not royalist; on the contrary, they protested their attachment to the Republic, and, aside from two or three whose reactionary opinions were known, none would have fallen into that absurd contradiction of rejecting a principle before it had borne its fruits and after they had shed such blood and sacrificed so many of their greatest citizens to maintain it. But Paris, frightened at finding herself knee-deep in blood, stopped, stopped short three-quarters of the way, and turned to attack the Terrorists who wanted to continue the executions, while Paris herself desired them to cease. So without deserting the banner of the Revolution, and in fact showing themselves ready to follow that banner, they refused to go beyond the lines where the Girondins and Cordeliers had borne it.

That banner, therefore, was theirs so long as it sheltered the remains of the Girondin and Cordelier parties; it was the banner of a moderate republic, which bore for its motto, "Death to the Jacobins."

Well, the precautions taken by the Convention had no other object than to protect those Jacobins who had escaped the 9th Thermidor, in whose hands the Convention desired to replace the sacred ark of the Republic.

Without being aware of it, the Sections, under the shock of fear, inspired by a threatened return of the Terror, did actually serve the royalist cause better than the most devoted adherents could have done. Never were there so many foreigners in Paris; the hôtels and lodging-houses were filled to their eaves. The faubourg Saint-Germain, a desert six months earlier, now swarmed with *émigrés*, Chouans, unsworn priests, and divorced women. Rumor said that Hoche and Tallien had gone over to the royalists; what they had really done was the conquest of Rovere and Saladin. It did not concern itself with Lanjuinais, Boissy d'Anglas, Henry de la Rivière, and Lesage, who had always been royalists, and wore a mask on the days they had been forced to appear republican.

It was said that great offers had been made to Pichegru; that after rejecting them at first he had changed his mind, and the matter had been arranged for a million francs in specie, two hundred thousand francs a year from the Funds, the château of Chambord, the Duchy of Artois, and the government of Alsace.

It was amazing what a number of *émigrés* returned, some with false passports and names, others proclaiming their real names and demanding that they be erased from the proscribed lists; others, again, showed false certificates of residence to prove that they had never left France. It was useless to decree that every returned *émigré* should go to his own country district and there await the decision of the Committee of Public Safety; the *émigrés* discovered ways of eluding the decree and remaining in Paris. It was felt, not without

a certain uneasiness, that it could not be mere chance that brought so many persons of the same opinions to the same point. Something, it was believed, was plotting, and at a given moment the earth would open beneath the feet of one of the numerous parties who were crowding the streets of Paris.

A great many gray coats with black and green collars were seen, and every one turned round to look at them. Those were the colors of the Chouans. Nearly always in the wake of these young men, wearing publicly the royal livery, came brawls and scuffles, which, so far, had kept up an appearance of private quarrels.

Dussault and Marchenna, the two most famous pamphleteers of that day, papered the walls of the city with posters calling the Parisians to insurrection. Old La Harpe, the pretended pupil of Voltaire, who began by vowing him a latrian worship and ended by rejecting him, — old La Harpe, after being a furious demagogue, became, during an imprisonment of some months, a savage reactionary who insulted the Convention which had honored him. A man named Lemaistre had a workshop in Paris that was openly royalist, with many correspondents in the provinces; in this way, by means of ramifications, he endeavored to turn Paris into another La Vendée. This man had a secondary establishment at Mantes, which took its orders from Paris. Lemaistre, as we all know, gave a splendid dinner to the electors of Mantes, after which the amphitryon (imitating the famous supper to the guards of Versailles) served a dish full of white cockades. Each guest took one and fastened it to his hat.

Not a day passed in which some murder was not committed upon patriots, and the murderer was either an *incoyable* or a young man in a gray coat. It was particularly in the cafés about the rue de la Loi (formerly rue de Richelieu) at the restaurant Garchi, the Théâtre Feydeau, and on the boulevard des Italiens that these murders took place. It became very plain that the underlying cause of these

troubles was the opposition of the Sections to the decrees of the 5th and 13th Fructidor, which prevented a fresh election of the two councils by imposing two thirds of the members of the Convention upon the new Legislative bodies. It is true, as we have said, that these two thirds were to be chosen, not by the Convention itself, as the Sections at first feared, but by the primary assemblies. Still the Sections had hoped for better things; they wanted a complete change, and for that purpose a reactionary Chamber.

There was talk at first of appointing a President, but the monarchical tendency of that was so obvious that no sooner was it made in the Convention than Louvet, one of the Girondins who escaped massacre, sprang up crying out: "Ha! so that some day you may appoint a Bourbon!"

On that warning that a presidency would open the way to royalty, the Executive Directory was proposed, to be composed of five members voting by majority, and having responsible ministers. These propositions were voted upon in the following manner (for never, even in the most progressive days of the Revolution, were elections made on such a wide basis as they are to-day). Votes were cast at two stages: first, all citizens over twenty-one assembled in primary meetings on the 1st of every Prairial, and elected the electoral colleges; secondly, these electoral colleges assembled on the 20th Prairial to appoint the two councils; the two councils, in turn, appointed the Directory.

V.

THE PRESIDENT OF THE SECTION LE PELETIER.

As polls could not be opened on the 1st Prairial for the good reason that the 1st Prairial was already past, the 20th Fructidor was the day appointed for the election.

It was hoped that the first act of Frenchmen reunited after such terrible experiences would be, like that of the Federation on the Champ de Mars, an act of fraternity, a pledge of the forgiveness of injuries. It was, on the contrary, a dedication to vengeance. All the pure, disinterested, energetic patriots were driven from the Sections, which now began to organize revolt. The defeated patriots rushed to the Convention, swarmed into the tribunes, related what had happened, and put the Convention on its guard against the Sections, demanding arms and declaring that they were ready to employ them in the service of the Republic.

The next day and the following days the danger of the situation was fully understood, when it was seen that forty-seven out of the forty-eight Sections, which made the bulk of the Parisian population, had accepted the Constitution and rejected the Decrees. The Section of the Quinze-Vingts alone had adopted all, Decrees and Constitution.

On the other hand, the armies, two of which were reduced to inaction by peace with Prussia and with Spain, voted everything without restriction, amid cries of enthusiasm. By this time the Army of the Sambre-et-Meuse, the only one actively employed, had conquered at Wattignies, relieved Maubeuge, triumphed at Fleurus, given Belgium to France, crossed the Rhine at Dusseldorf, laid siege to Mayence, and, by the victories of the Ourthe and the Roër, had won the Rhine for France. It paused on the field of battle

itself, the field it had just won, and over the bodies of Frenchman dead for liberty it swore fidelity to the new Constitution, which, while putting an end to the Terror, upheld the Republic and continued the Revolution.

There was great joy in the Convention and for all the true patriots who were left in France, when the news came of this enthusiastic vote of the armies. On the 1st Vendémiaire of the year IV. (September 23, 1795) the result of the voting was made known. The Constitution was unanimously accepted. The Decrees had a very large majority. In some localities the electors had actually been led to vote for a king, — a fact which proves the degree of liberty of action which followed within two months after the 9th Thermidor.

This news produced a sort of excitement in Paris, a double and conflicting excitement, — of joy among the Conventional patriots; of fury among the royalist Sections.

Then it was that the Section Le Peletier, known throughout the Revolution under the name of the Section of the Filles-Saint-Thomas, the most reactionary of all the sections, the grenadiers of which had on the 10th of August resisted the Marseillais, set up this principle: "The powers of all constituent bodies cease in presence of the assembled People."

This theory, put to vote in the Section, was converted into a decree, and this decree was sent round to the forty-seven other Sections, who received it with acclamation. It simply proclaimed the dissolution of the Convention.

The Convention did not allow itself to be intimidated; it replied by a declaration and another decree. It *declared* that if its authority were threatened it would retire to a provincial town and perform its functions there. It *decreed* that all lands conquered beyond the Rhine, as well as Belgium, Liége, and Luxembourg, henceforth belonged to France. This was replying to the threat of its overthrow by a proclamation of its grandeur.

The Section Le Peletier, treating with the Convention as

power to power, sent its president at the head of a deputation of six members to signify to the Convention what it called an "act of safeguard;" in other words, a decree issued by the Section, declaring that in presence of the assembled People the powers of legislative bodies ceased. The president of this Section was a young man about twenty-five years of age, always very plainly dressed, though an air of extreme elegance, which was far more in his bearing than in his clothes, emanated from his whole person. Following the fashion, but not to exaggeration, he wore a dark-red velvet frock-coat, with jet buttons cut in facets and the buttonholes worked with black silk. A white foulard cravat with floating ends swathed his neck. A waistcoat of white piqué with very light blue flowers, trousers of pearl-gray tricot, white silk stockings, and a broad-brimmed black felt hat, low crowned and pointed, completed his attire. He had the fair skin and blond hair of a man from the North or East, keen and yet earnest eyes, white and delicate teeth between full red lips. A tricolor sash, folded so that little or none of the white could be seen, was round his waist, which was lithe and graceful; from this belt hung a sabre, and in it were a pair of pistols.

He advanced alone to the bar of the Convention, leaving his companions behind him, and with that air of consummate insolence which had not yet descended to the bourgeoisie, or to which the bourgeoisie had not yet attained, he said, in a strong voice, addressing Boissy d'Anglas, president of the Convention:—

"Citizen representative, I have come to announce to you in the name of the mother-Section, of which I have the honor to be president, and in the name of forty-seven other Sections (that of the Quinze-Vingts alone excepted),—I come to announce to you that your powers are withdrawn and your reign is over. We approve of the Constitution, but we reject the Decrees. You have not the right to appoint yourselves. Merit our suffrages, do not seize them."

"The Convention does not recognize the power of either

the mother-Section or the other Sections," replied Boissy d'Anglas; "and it will treat as rebels all those who do not obey its Decrees."

"And we," said the young president, "will treat as an oppressor every power which seeks to impose upon us an illegal will."

"Take care, citizen!" replied Boissy d'Anglas, in a calm, but threatening voice. "No one has the right to answer back the president of this Assembly."

"Except me," said the young man, — "except me, who am above him."

"Who are you, then?"

"The voice of the sovereign People."

"And who are we, whom the People have elected?"

"You are no longer anything so soon as the People have reassembled and withdrawn the powers they confided to you. Appointed three years ago, you are weakened, wearied, worn out by three years' struggle. You represent the wants of an epoch past and gone and already far away. Was it possible, three years ago, to foresee the events that have now happened? I, appointed three days ago, I represent the will of yesterday, to-day, and to-morrow. You — you are the elect of the people, I agree to that, but of the people of '92, who had royalty to destroy, the rights of man to establish, the foreigner to drive from the frontiers, the factions to repress, scaffolds to erect, heads too lofty to strike off, estates to divide. Your work is done, — done well or ill is not the question; it is *done*, and the 9th Thermidor gave you your dismissal. To-day, men of the storm, you wish to perpetuate your power, when none of the causes that made you what you are remain, — when royalty is dead, the enemy driven out, the factions suppressed, the scaffolds useless, the estates divided; you wish, for your own selfish interests, your personal ambitions, to make your power perpetual, to control our choice and force the people to accept you. The People do not want you. A pure epoch demands pure hands. The Chamber

must be purged of Terrorists, whose names are inscribed by history on the guillotine. This must be ; it is the logic of the situation, it is the voice of the conscience of the People, it is the will of the forty-seven Sections of Paris, that is to say, of the People of Paris."

This speech, listened to in the silence of amazement, was hardly ended, voluntarily, by the orator, when a frightful tumult arose in the Chamber and in the tribunes. The young president of the Section Le Peletier had just uttered aloud the sentiments that for fifteen days the royalist committee, the *émigrés*, and the Chouans had been saying under their breaths in every corner of the city. For the first time the question was clearly opened between the monarchists and the republicans.

The president of the Convention rang his bell violently ; finding that it produced no effect, he put on his hat. During this time the orator of the Section Le Peletier stood calmly by, with one hand on the butt of his pistol, waiting until the uproar should subside and allow the president of the Convention to reply to him.

Silence was long awaited, but it came at last. Boissy d'Anglas made a sign that he wished to speak. He was just the man to reply to such an orator. The overbearing haughtiness of the one clashed against the disdainful pride of the other. The monarchical aristocrat had spoken ; the liberal aristocrat replied. Though his forehead frowned and his eye was darkling and dangerous, his voice was calm.

"By the patience of the Convention," he said, "all of you who have listened to that orator can measure the Convention's strength. If any words like those of the citizen president of the Section Le Peletier had been uttered a few months ago in these precincts, the traitorous language would not have been heard to the end. The arrest of the orator would then and there have been decreed, and on the morrow his head would have fallen. And why ? because in times of carnage we doubt all, even our rights,

and to put an end to doubt we annihilate the object of our doubt. In times of peace and strength our course is different, and why ? we are certain of our rights, and though the Sections have defied us we know we are sustained by France and our invincible armies. We have listened without impatience ; we answer without anger. Return to those who sent you ; say that we give them three days in which to see their error ; if, at the end of that time they do not voluntarily obey the Decrees, we shall compel them to do so by force."

"And you," said the young president, with equal firmness, "if in three days you have not laid down your powers, if you have not withdrawn the Decrees, if you have not proclaimed the freedom of elections, we declare to you that all Paris will march upon the Convention and the People's anger will be felt."

"So be it!" said Boissy d'Anglas ; "this is the 10th Vendémiaire —"

The young man did not let him finish.

"On the 13th Vendémiaire, then," he said. "That will be, I warn you, another bloody date to add to your history."

Rejoining his companions, he left the Chamber, and as he did so he turned and threatened the whole Assembly with a gesture. No one knew his name ; for it was only three days since, on Lemaistre's recommendation, he had received his appointment as president of the mother-Section.

The Convention asked : —

"Who is he ? he is not a man of the people, he is not a bourgeois, he must be a *ci-devant*."

VI.

THREE LEADERS.

THAT same evening the Section Le Peletier met in its central committee rooms, secured the co-operation of the Sections Butte-des-Moulins, Contrat-Social, Luxembourg, Théâtre-Français, rue de la Poissonnière, Brutus, and Temple. Then it lined the streets of Paris with groups of *muscadins* (*muscadin* is the synonym of *incroyable*, only in a more extended sense), groups which shouted as they walked about:—

“Down with the two-thirds men!”

The Convention, on the other hand, collected all its soldiers into the camp at Sablons, about five thousand men or thereabouts, and placed them under command of General Menou, who, in 1792, had been at the head of the second camp formed near Paris, and was afterwards sent to La Vendée, where he was defeated. Recommended by these antecedents he was named general of the interior on the 2d Prairial, and had saved the Convention. Some young men who were shouting, “Down with the two thirds!” met Menou’s patrols, and instead of dispersing when summoned to do so, replied to the summons with pistol-shots; the soldiers retorted with musketry, and blood was drawn.

During this time, that is, during the evening of the 10th Vendémiaire, the young president of the Section Le Peletier, which was then in session at the convent of the Filles-Saint-Thomas, situated in those days exactly where the Bourse now stands, gave the chair to the vice-president, and jumping into a coach which he found at the corner of

the rue Notre-Dame-des-Victoires was driven to a large house in the rue des Postes, belonging to the Jesuits. All the windows of this house were closed, and not a ray of light filtered through them.

The young man stopped the coach before the door and paid the coachman; then, as soon as the vehicle had turned the corner of the rue du Puits-qui-parle and the sound of its wheels died away in the distance, he walked a few steps farther, passed the front of the house, and seeing that the street was solitary, he knocked in a peculiar manner at a little garden gate, which was opened so quickly as to prove that a person was stationed behind it with orders not to keep a visitor waiting.

"Moses," said the person who opened the gate.

"Manu," replied the new arrival.

On this response of the lawgiver of the Hindus to the lawgiver of the Hebrews the gate was closed and the young president of the Section Le Peletier was allowed to continue his way. He went round the house. The windows were as dark toward the garden as they were toward the street, but the doorway of the portico, guarded by a second watchman, was lighted. To this man, the new arrival spoke first.

"Moses," he said.

"Manu," replied the other.

Then the guardian of the door stood aside to let the young president pass in; and he, encountering no further obstacle, went straight to a third door, opened it, and entered a room where the persons whom he came to see were sitting. They were the presidents of the Sections Butte-des-Moulins, Contrat-Social, Luxembourg, rue de la Poissonnière, Brutus, and Temple, who had come to announce that they were ready to follow the fortunes of the mother-Section and rebel with her.

The new arrival had scarcely opened the door before a man about forty-five years of age in general's uniform came to him and shook hands. He was citizen Auguste Danican,

who had just been made general-in-chief of the Sections. This officer had served in La Vendée against the Vendéans; but, being suspected of connivance with Georges Cadoudal, he was recalled, escaped the guillotine by a miracle, thanks to the 9th Thermidor, and now took his place in the ranks of the counter-revolution.

The Sections had at first intended to appoint the young president of the Section Le Peletier as their commander-in-chief, he having been strongly recommended to them by the royalist agency of Lemaistre,—so strongly indeed that they had sent to Besançon to request his presence only four days earlier. But the latter, when he learned on his arrival that overtures had already been made to Danican, and that if the command were taken from him he was likely to become a powerful enemy among the Sections, declared that he was quite contented with the second, or even the third place, on condition that he should take as active a part as any man in the combat which could not fail to take place before long.

When Danican came forward to speak to the new-comer he quitted a man of low stature, despicable face, crooked mouth, and sinister eye. This was Fréron,—Fréron, repudiated by the Montagne, who abandoned him to the mercies of Moïse Bayle; Fréron, the savage republican, rejected with disgust by the Girondins, who gave him over to the blasting imprecations of Isnard; Fréron, stripped of his false patriotism, naked though covered with the leprosy of crime, who now, feeling the need of shelter behind the banner of some faction, had given himself over to the royalist party, which was not over nice in its choice of recruits.

We have seen many revolutions, and yet not one of us can explain certain antipathies which, in times of trouble, attach themselves to such or such political characters; neither can we explain certain alliances so utterly illogical that there is no comprehending them. Fréron was nothing; he had never distinguished himself in any way; he had

neither mind, character, nor political consideration; as a journalist he was one of those hack writers who write for their daily bread, selling the rags of his honor and his father's reputation to the best payer. Sent as representative of the people into the provinces, he returned from Marseille and Toulon soaked in royalists' blood. He was now, two years later, under the banner of the royalist party.

Explain that who can.

Fréron now found himself suddenly at the head of a powerful party, a party strong in youth, vigor, and vengeance, burning with the passions of the times, which, the laws being silent, led to all except to the giving of an honest hand by an honest man.

Fréron had just been relating to the meeting, with much emphasis, what the young men who, as we have already said, were exchanging shots with Menou's soldiers, had said and done.

The young president, on his side, related with great simplicity what had taken place in the Convention, and declared that there was now no retreating from that position. War was already declared between the usurping representatives and the Sectionists. Victory would undoubtedly belong to whoever was first in the field.

But no matter how pressing the situation was felt to be, Danican declared that nothing could be decided till Lemaistre and the person who was with him returned to the meeting.

He had hardly uttered the words when Lemaistre, the chief of the royalist agency, re-entered the room, followed by a man about twenty-four to twenty-five years of age, with an open, frank face, fair curly hair covering almost entirely the forehead, prominent blue eyes, a short neck sunk in the shoulders, a broad chest, and Herculean limbs. He was dressed in the costume of the rich peasants of the Morbihan, with the single exception that a gold braid

about a finger wide, edged the collar and button holes of his coat, also the brim of his hat.

The young president advanced to meet him. The Chouan held out his hand. It was evident that the two conspirators knew they were to meet, and that, without previous personal acquaintance, they recognized each other.

VII.

GENERAL ROUND-HEAD AND THE CHIEF OF THE
COMPANY OF JEHU.

LEMAISTRE presented them to each other.

“General Round-head,” he said, designating the Chouan. “Citizen Morgan, leader of the Company of Jehu,” he added, bowing to the president of the Section Le Peletier.

The young men clasped hands.

“Though chance gave us birth at the two extremities of France,” said Morgan, “the same convictions unite us. And yet, though our ages are the same, general, you are already celebrated and I am still obscure, or known only through the misfortunes of my family. It is to their misfortunes and my desire to avenge them that I owe the recommendation of the royalist committee of the Jura, and my position in the Section Le Peletier.”

“Monsieur le comte,” replied the royalist general, bowing, “I have not the honor of belonging, as you do, to the nobility of France. No, I am simply a son of the thatch and the plough. When men are called, as we are, to risk our heads upon the same scaffold, it is well to know each other; one does n’t want to die in company with those we would not live with.”

“Do all the sons of thatch and plough in your parts express themselves as elegantly as you, general? If so, you can have no regrets that you were not born to the nobility to which I have the accident to belong.”

“My education, monsieur le comte,” returned the young general, “has not been that of a Breton peasant; being the eldest of six children, I was sent early to the lyceum at Vannes, and I received a solid education there.”

“Moreover, I have heard,” said the count, smiling, “that you were born under a star, and that some prophecy predicts for you great things.”

“I don’t know if that prophecy is anything to boast of,” said the other, “though it has partly been accomplished. My mother was suckling me at her breast while she was sitting on our door-step, when a beggar, leaning on his stick, came by and looked at us. My mother, as usual, cut him a slice of bread, and put it, with a sou, in his hand. The beggar shook his head and touched my forehead with his skinny finger. ‘There’s a child,’ he said, ‘who will bring great changes in his family, and great troubles to the State.’ Then looking at me rather sadly, he added: ‘He will die young, but not before he has done more than the oldest man;’ and he went his way. Last year the prophecy was accomplished for my family. I took part, as you know, in the Vendéan insurrection of 1793 and 1794.”

“And gloriously!” interrupted Morgan.

“I did my best. Last year, just as I had organized the Morbihan, the gendarmes and soldiers entered Kerliano by night and surrounded our house. Father, mother, uncles, children, we were all taken and put in prison at Brest. It was then that the prediction made of me when a child recurred to my mother’s mind. The poor woman, all in tears, reproached me for being the cause of the family misfortunes. I tried to console and strengthen her by telling her that she suffered for God and the King. But, bless me! women don’t understand the value of those two words. My mother continued to weep, and died in prison after giving birth to another child. My uncle, a month later, died in the same prison. On his death-bed he told me the name of one of his friends to whom he had lent the sum of nine thousand francs with a promise of its being returned on demand. After my uncle died I had but one idea, — to escape from prison, obtain that money, and apply it to the cause of the insurrection. I succeeded. My uncle’s friend lived at Rennes. I went there. He was in Paris. I took

his address and followed him. I have just seen him ; faithful and loyal Breton that he is, he has returned to me in gold the money that he borrowed in gold. I have it here in my belt," continued the young general, striking his side, — "nine thousand francs in gold, which are worth two hundred thousand in these days. Convulse Paris on the one hand, and I promise you that within two weeks the Morbihan shall be in flames."

The two young men had walked aside during their colloquy and were now standing alone in the embrasure of a window. The president of the Section Le Peletier looked about him and seeing that they were too far away from the other conspirators to be overheard, he laid his hand on the general's arm and said : —

"You have spoken to me of your family, general ; I owe you the same explanations on my family and on myself. Morgan is only a pseudonym. My name is Édouard de Sainte-Hermine ; my father, Comte Prosper de Sainte-Hermine, was guillotined ; my mother died of grief ; my brother, Léon de Sainte-Hermine, has been shot. Just as my father bequeathed his vengeance to my elder brother, so my brother bequeathed to me that of my father and his own. A young lad of our neighborhood, who was present at his execution, brought me his fatigue cap, the last and only legacy he could leave me. It said to me : 'Your turn now !' I devoted myself to the work. Not being able to incite the Jura and Alsace, which are both revolutionary, to rise, I have, with my friends, young nobles from the neighborhood of Lyon, organized parties to capture the money of the government and send it to you and your friends in the Morbihan and La Vendée. That is why I have been so anxious to meet you. We are destined to grasp hands across all France."

"Only," said the general, laughing, "I hold out an empty hand, and yours fills it."

"That is a small matter in comparison to the glory you are winning every day, while our sort of warfare wins none.

Well, it can't be helped; every one must work for the cause of God wherever God has placed him. That is why I have hastened here to do what I can in the struggle just before us. What will be the result? No one can even surmise. If they have no better man to oppose to us than Menou the Convention is lost, and the day after it is dissolved the monarchy will be proclaimed, and Louis XVIII. will ascend the throne."

"How so, — Louis XVIII.?" exclaimed the Chouan.

"Yes; Louis XVII., who died in prison, had not ceased to be king. You know the cry of the French monarchy, 'The King is dead; long live the King!' King Louis XVI. is dead; long live King Louis XVII.! King Louis XVII. is dead; long live King Louis XVIII.! The regent does not succeed his brother, he succeeds his nephew."

"A singular reign, that of the poor boy," said the Chouan, shrugging his shoulders, — "a reign in which they guillotined his mother and aunt, and during which he was prisoner in the Temple, with a cobbler for a tutor! I will admit to you, my dear count, that the party to which I have devoted myself, body and soul, has had aberrations which alarm me. Now, suppose — God grant it may not be so — that his Majesty Louis XVIII. does not ascend the throne for a dozen years; will he still have reigned those dozen years over France, no matter in what corner of the earth he may have been?"

"Of course."

"Then it is absurd. But, excuse me, I am a peasant and I am not expected to understand such things. Royalty is my second religion, and for that, as for the first, I have faith."

"You have a great heart, general," said Morgan, "and whether or not we ever see each other again, I trust we may be friends. If we never meet again it will be because I am dead, — shot or guillotined. In that case, just as my elder brother inherited my father's vengeance, and I have inherited his, so my younger brother will inherit that which

I shall bequeath to him. If royalty, thanks to the sacrifices we have all made for it, is saved, we shall be heroes. If, in spite of those sacrifices, it is lost, we shall be martyrs. You see that in either case we shall have nothing to regret."

The Chouan was silent for a moment. Then plunging his eyes into those of the young noble, he said:—

"Monsieur le comte, when men like you and me meet and have the good fortune to belong to the same cause, they ought to swear to each other, I will not say eternal friendship, for perhaps the nobleman would hesitate to descend to the peasant, but an unalterable regard. Monsieur le comte, receive the assurance of mine."

"General," said Morgan, with tears in his eyes, "I offer you more than friendship, I offer you fraternity."

The young men threw themselves into each other's arms with the clasp of a lasting friendship.

VIII.

THE MAN IN THE GREEN COAT.

THE assistants in this scene had looked on from afar, recognizing the fact that they had before their eyes two powerful personalities. Lemaistre was the first to break the silence.

"Gentlemen," he said, "you are all witnesses of the fraternal union of these two leaders of the same cause, which is our cause also. These are men who will do more than they pledge themselves to do. One is forced to return to the Morbihan to unite the movement there with the one we are about to make here. The other must prepare, and make ready to direct, our own movement here. Let us therefore take leave of the general, who has now finished his work in Paris, and devote ourselves to our own, which is well begun."

"Gentlemen," said the Chouan, "I should certainly offer to remain here, to fire a first gun with you to-morrow, or next day, or the day after, as the case may be; but I confess in all humility that I do not know much about street warfare. My war is made among ravines and ditches, gorse and forests. Here I should be one soldier the more, but down there I should be a leader the less; and since Quiberon of fatal memory there are but two left, Mercier and I."

"Go, my dear general," said Morgan; "you are happy in being able to fight in the open, without fearing that the chimneys of the houses will be down upon your head. God bring me to you once more, or you to me."

The Chouan officer took leave of every one, but with more feeling perhaps toward his new friend than toward his old ones. Then, without followers and on foot, like the most insignificant of men, he made his way to the Orléans barrier.

“A bold fellow, Cadoudal!” was the comment of Danican, Lemaistre, and those he left behind him to mature their plans for the next day.

About the same hour at which Georges Cadoudal (whose incognito we have just betrayed) was taking leave of citizen Morgan and making his way to the Orléans barrier, a group of those young men of whom we have already spoken in the preceding chapter were passing from the rue de la Loi to the rue Feydeau, shouting, —

“Down with the Convention! Down with the two thirds! Long live the Sections!”

At the corner of the rue Feydeau they came face to face with a patrol of patriot soldiers, on whom the last orders of the Convention enjoined particular severity against midnight brawlers. The two parties were about equal in numbers, so that the three summons to disperse required by law were received with sneers and jeers; and the only reply made to the third was a pistol-shot from the group of young men, which wounded a soldier.

The patrol replied with a volley, which killed one of the rioters and wounded two others. The guns being discharged, the parties were equal as to weapons. Thanks to their enormous canes, or rather cudgels, the Sectionists could knock aside the bayonets as they would the point of a sword in a duel, and get in direct blows, which, though the cudgels could not pierce the breast like bayonets, were not less dangerous; such blows upon the head, if not parried, brought a man down like an ox.

As usual, this affray, which involved an unusual number of persons, put the whole neighborhood in a ferment, and took on alarming proportions. The excitement was all

the greater because there was a first representation that night at the Théâtre Feydeau, the aristocratic theatre of the period. They were playing "Toberne, or the Swedish Fisherman," words by Patras, music by Bruni, and "The Good Son," words by Louis Hennequin, music by Lebrun. Consequently the place Feydeau was filled with carriages, and the passage Feydeau with a line of theatre-goers on foot.

At the cries of "Down with the Convention! Down with the two thirds!" and the noise of the shots which followed the cries, and the vociferations that followed the shots, the carriages were all driven hastily away, some getting foul of one another; the spectators on foot, fearful of being shot, or captured, or run down and smothered in the narrow passage-ways, forced their way back; windows opened, and imprecations were rained upon the soldiers by men, while gentler voices encouraged the young men of the Sections, who were, as we have said, the handsomest, wealthiest, and best-dressed men in Paris. The lanterns suspended beneath the arcades lighted up the scene.

Suddenly a voice cried out distinctly, in a tone of agony, "Citizen in the green coat! look out for yourself!"

The citizen in the green coat, who was facing two soldiers, understood from that warning that he was threatened behind. He sprang to one side and dealt a blow haphazard with his cane, but with such luck that he broke the arm of a soldier who was about to pin him with a bayonet, and followed it with another in the face of a man who was brandishing the stock of a musket and about to bring it down upon his head. Then he looked up to the window whence the voice had come, sent a kiss to a white and graceful form, which leaned from a balcony, and was on guard in time to parry another bayonet-thrust aimed at his bosom.

But almost at that instant help arrived for the soldiers

of the Convention. A dozen armed men rushed from the nearest guard-house, crying out, —

“Death to the muscadins!”

The young man in the green coat saw himself surrounded; but, thanks to a vigorous twirl of his cane, which he described about his head like a halo, he succeeded in keeping his assailants at a distance, all the while beating a retreat, and endeavoring to reach the arcade. This retreat, not less able, but assuredly more difficult than that of Xenophon, was aimed for a gateway with iron panels most artistically wrought, which he had just seen closed in haste, the porter extinguishing the lantern above it. But before the lantern was put out, the young man saw with the eye of a skirmisher that the gate was not closed, only pushed to. If he could reach it, enter it, and close it upon his assailants, he was safe; unless, indeed, the porter was patriot enough to refuse a louis d’or, which at that period was worth twelve hundred francs, — a patriotism not likely to be put in practice.

But, as if his adversaries guessed his intentions, the nearer he got to the gate the harder they pressed him. Adroit and vigorous as he was, the struggle, which had lasted more than a quarter of an hour, was beginning to tell on him; it weakened his perceptions and exhausted his strength. Still, as there were but two steps more to make to reach the ark of safety, he summoned all his energy, knocked over one assailant with a blow on the head, pushed another aside with his fist, and reached the gate; but at the very instant that he pushed it back he could not ward a blow from the butt end of a gun (happily delivered flat) on his forehead.

The blow was violent; sparks flew about the young man’s eyes, and his blood beat like a torrent in his arteries. But, blinded as he was, his presence of mind did not forsake him. He bounded back and propped himself against the gate, which he closed violently, flung the louis to the porter, and seeing a staircase lighted by a lantern, he

sprang to it rapidly, and went up ten steps holding to the rail; but there, the walls of the house seemed shaking around him, the stairs trembled, and he fancied that he rolled down a precipice.

Happily, he merely fainted and slipped gently down upon the stairs.

IX.

AN INCROYABLE AND A MERVEILLEUSE.

A SENSATION of coolness brought him to. His glance, at first vague and undecided, presently fixed itself on surrounding objects. There was nothing alarming about them. He was lying in a boudoir, which was also a dressing-room, hung with lustrous pearl-gray satin scattered over with bunches of roses; the sofa on which he lay was covered in the same material.

A woman behind him was supporting his head on a pillow, while another on her knees before him was washing his forehead with a perfumed sponge. Hence the soft sensation of coolness which had brought him to. The woman, or rather the young girl, who was bathing his head was pretty and daintily dressed, but it was the daintiness and prettiness of a waiting-maid. The eyes of the young man did not, therefore, rest upon her, but were raised towards the other woman, who was evidently the mistress of the first. He gave an exclamation of pleasure as he recognized the person who had warned him from the window, and he made a movement to rise toward her; but she held him down with two white hands applied to his shoulders.

"Gently, citizen Coster de Saint-Victor," she said. "We must first attend to your wound; after that I will determine how far your gratitude may go."

"Ah! so you know me, madame," said the young man, with a smile that showed a set of dazzling teeth and a glance which few women ever resisted.

“Who does not know the handsome Coster de Saint-Victor, the king of elegance and fashion, — if the title ‘king’ were not abolished?”

Coster de Saint-Victor made a sudden turn and saw the young woman face to face.

“Obtain the restoration of that title, madame, and I will proclaim the beautiful Aurélie de Saint-Amour queen.”

“Ha! so you know me, citizen Coster?” said the young woman in her turn, laughing.

“Who does n’t know the modern Aspasia? This is the first time I have the honor of being near you; and I now say, madame —”

“Well, you say what?”

“That Paris need not envy Athens, nor Barras Pericles.

“Well, well; that blow on your head is not as dangerous as I feared.”

“How so?”

“Because it has not taken the wit out of it.”

“No,” said Coster, lifting the hand of the handsome courtesan to his lips; “but it may take the reason.”

At that moment the bell rang in a peculiar manner. The hand that Coster held quivered; Aurélie’s maid sprang up and looked at her mistress anxiously.

“Madame,” she said, “it is the citizen-general.”

“Yes,” replied Aurélie; “I know that.”

“What will he say?” exclaimed the maid.

“Nothing.”

“Nothing?”

“Exactly; for I shall not admit him.”

She shook her head with a petulant air.

“Not admit the citizen-general Barras?” cried the maid, giving her mistress a frightened look.

“What!” exclaimed Coster de Saint-Victor, with a burst of laughter, “is it citizen Barras who is ringing?”

“Himself; and you see,” added Mademoiselle de Saint-Amour, “that he is quite as impatient as an ordinary mortal.”

"But, madame —" insisted the maid.

"I am mistress in my own house," said the capricious young woman; "it pleases me to receive M. Coster de Saint-Victor, and it does not please me to receive M. Barras."

"Oh, pardon me, my generous hostess!" said Coster de Saint-Victor; "but my delicacy is opposed to your making such a sacrifice. I beg you to allow your maid to open the door; and while the citizen is in the salon I can surely get out by some other way."

"I will admit him on condition that you do not go away."

"Oh, I'll stay," said Coster, "and gladly, too, I assure you."

The bell rang for the third time.

"Go and open the door, Suzette," said Aurélie.

Suzette hurried away. Aurélie bolted the door of the boudoir behind her, put out the candles that were burning on the *psyche*, looked for Saint-Victor in the darkness, found him, and kissed him on the forehead, saying, —

"Wait here for me."

Then she entered the salon by the door from the boudoir just as citizen-general Barras was entering it from the dining-room.

"Ah, my beauty! what is this I hear?" he exclaimed, going up to her. "Have they been cutting throats under your windows?"

"Yes, my dear general, in such a terrifying way that that silly Suzette was afraid to open the door to you; she fancied it was some of the rioters trying to get in. I kept telling her, 'It is the general's ring; don't you know it?' I really thought I should have to go and open the door to you myself. But what procures me the pleasure of a visit from you to-night?"

"They give a first representation this evening at the Feydeau; I want to take you, if you will come with me."

"No, thank you; all that firing and the shouts and

vociferations have completely upset me. I am ill, and I shall stay at home."

"Very well; but as soon as the play is over I shall come and ask you for some supper."

"Ah! you ought to have given me notice; there is absolutely nothing in the house."

"Don't be uneasy, my dearest; I will go over to Garchis, and tell him to send you a bisque, a cold pheasant and a bechamel, a few shrimps, a mould of ice-cream and fruit, — a mere trifle of some kind."

"My dear friend, you had much better let me go to bed. I assure you I am horribly out of humor."

"I don't prevent you from going to bed. You can sup in bed, and be as ill-humored as you like."

"You really insist?"

"No, I entreat; you know, madame, you are the only mistress here; I am but the first of your servants."

"How can I refuse anything to a man who talks like that? Go to the Feydeau, monseigneur, and your humble servant will expect you."

"My dear Aurélie, you are simply adorable; and I don't know why I do not bar your windows like those of Rosine."

"Why should you? You are Count Almaviva."

"Is there no Cherubino hidden in your closet?"

"I shall not say to you, 'Here is the key;' I say to you, 'It is in the door.'"

"Well, see how magnanimous I am: if there is any one there, I leave him time to get away. Therefore, au revoir, my beautiful divinity. Expect me in about an hour."

"Very good; and tell me all about the play. I shall enjoy it more than if I saw it."

"So be it; but I will not engage to sing it to you."

"When I want singing, my dear friend, I send for Garat."

"I know that; and be it said, by the way, my dear Aurélie, that you send for him pretty often."

"Oh, don't be uneasy; your rights are protected by Madame Krudener. She never lets him out of her sight."

"They are writing a romance together."

"Yes, in action."

"You are malicious."

"No, I am not; it does n't pay. I leave that kind of thing to virtuous women who are old and rich."

"Once more, will you come with me to the Feydeau?"

"No, thank you."

"Very well; au revoir."

"Au revoir."

Aurélié conducted the general to the door of the salon, and Suzette took him to the door of the apartment, which she double-locked behind him. When the handsome Aurélié turned round she saw Coster de Saint-Victor on the threshold of the boudoir, and she gave a sigh; he was wonderfully handsome.

X.

TWO PORTRAITS.

COSTER DE SAINT-VICTOR had not returned, like some Incroyables, to the use of powder. He wore his hair without comb or queue, simply floating in locks that were black as jet; so were the eyebrows and lashes surrounding large sapphire-blue eyes, which were, according to the expression he chose to give them, full of power or of gentleness. His skin, now a little pale from the blood he had lost, was of ivory whiteness; the nose was straight and delicate and quite irreproachable; the firm red lips disclosed his handsome teeth, and the rest of the body, thanks to the shape of the clothing of that day, which brought out all the lines of the figure, seemed modelled from that of the Antinous.

The two young people looked at each other for a moment in silence.

“Did you hear?” said Aurélie.

“Alas, yes!” replied Coster.

“He sups here, and it is your fault.”

“How so?”

“You forced me to admit him.”

“Does it annoy you that he should sup here?”

“Of course it does.”

“Truly?”

“I swear it! I am not in the mood to be amiable to-night to persons I don't love.”

“But to those whom you do love —”

“Ah, I should be charming!” said Aurélie.

“Suppose,” said Coster, “I found a way to prevent him from supping with you?”

“Well?”

“Who would sup in his place?”

“A pretty question, — he who prevented the other from supping.”

“And you would not be ill-humored with him?”

“Oh, no!”

“Pledge it!”

She held out her cheek, and he pressed his lips to it. At that moment the bell rang again.

“Ah! this time I warn you,” said Saint-Victor, “that if he has been stupid enough to come back I shall not go away.”

Suzette put her head into the room.

“Am I to open the door, madame?” she asked, frightened.

“Of course; open at once.”

Suzette went to the door. A man with a large flat basket on his head came in, saying:—

“Supper for citizen-general Barras.”

“Do you hear that?” said Aurélie.

“Yes,” replied the Incredible; “but on the word of a Saint-Victor he shall not eat it.”

“Am I to set the table all the same?” said Suzette, laughing.

“Yes,” replied the young man, as he darted from the room; “if he does n’t eat it, another will.”

Aurélie followed him with her eyes. Then, when the door closed upon him, she turned to her waiting-woman.

“Come and dress me, Suzette,” she said; “and make me as handsome as you can.”

“For which of the two does madame wish to look handsome?”

“I don’t know yet; meantime, make me handsome — for myself.”

Suzette immediately set about the business.

We have already described the dress of the fine ladies of that day, and Aurélie was a fine lady. Belonging to a good family in Provence, and playing the rôle we have already



PORTRAIT OF BARRAS

indicated, it is best to leave her the name she took, and by which she appears in the archives of the police-office. Her history was that of nearly all the women of her class, for whom the Thermidorian reaction was a triumph. She was a young girl without fortune, seduced in 1790 by a young noble who took her from her family, brought her to Paris, emigrated, entered Condé's army, and was killed in 1793. She was thus left alone, without other property than her youth and her beauty. Picked up by a *fermier-général*, she regained even more luxury than she had lost. But the time came for the suppression of the *fermiers-généraux*. Aurélie's protector was among the twenty-seven persons executed with Lavoisier May 8, 1794. Before dying, he gave her outright a large sum of money, of which she had hitherto enjoyed the interest only; so that, without having an actual fortune, the handsome Aurélie was far above want.

Barras heard of her beauty and her distinction, obtained an introduction to her, and after a certain period of probation was accepted. He was then a very handsome man of forty, belonging to a noble family of Provence, — a contested nobility, though quite incontestable for those who know the old saying, "Old as the rocks of Provence, noble as the Barras."

A sub-lieutenant at eighteen in the Languedoc regiment, he had quitted it to go out and join his uncle, the governor of the Île de France. He came near perishing in a shipwreck off the coast of Coromandel, seized the helm himself at the right moment, and, thanks to his courage and coolness, managed to beach the ship safely on an island inhabited only by savages. Here they remained, he and his companions, for over a month. They were finally rescued and taken to Pondicherry. Barras returned in 1788 to France, where a great future awaited him.

At the time of the convocation of the States-General, Barras, like Mirabeau, did not hesitate; he offered himself as a candidate of the middle party, and was elected. On

the 14th of July he was seen among the conquerors of the Bastille; as a member of the Convention he voted the death of the king; as deputy he was sent to Toulon after its recovery from the English. His report from there is well known. He simply proposed to raze the town.

On his return to the Convention he took an active part in all the great days of the Revolution, and particularly that of the 9th Thermidor; so that when the new Constitution was proposed he seemed destined, infallibly, to be one of the five Directors.

We have mentioned his age and his beauty. He was a man about five feet seven in height, with handsome hair, which he powdered to conceal the fact that it was turning gray, splendid eyes, a straight nose, and thick lips defining a sympathetic mouth. Without adopting the exaggerated fashions of the *jeunesse dorée*, he followed them in the degree of elegance that was suited to his years.

As for the beautiful Aurélie de Saint-Amour, she was just twenty-one years old, entering the true period of a woman's beauty, which is, according to our ideas, from twenty-one to thirty-five. Her nature was extremely fastidious, extremely sensual, extremely impressionable. Within herself she bore flower and fruit of woman, — perfume, flavor, and pleasure.

She was tall, which made her seem at first sight rather thin; but thanks to the style of dress that was then worn, it was soon seen that her slimness was that of Jean Goujon's Diana. She was blond, with those dark amber reflections that we see in the hair of Titian's Magdalen. If her head was dressed with blue velvet fillets in the Greek manner she was beautiful; but when, after dinner, she loosened her hair and let it fall over her shoulders, shaking her head to make a halo of it, and when her cheeks, which had the freshness of a camellia and a peach, outlined their oval against the tawny hair which heightened the effect of the black eyebrows, the dark-blue eyes, the carmine lips and pearly teeth, and when from each of her rosy ears

there hung a spray of diamonds like lightning flashes, — then indeed she was superb.

This luxuriant beauty had developed only within the last two years. That which she had given to her first lover (the only man she had ever loved) was the beauty of the young girl full of hesitations and doubts, who yields, but never gives herself. Then, suddenly, she felt the sap of life abounding in her; her eyes opened wider, her nostrils dilated, and she breathed the love of that second youth which follows adolescence. It was then that necessity forced her not to give, but to sell herself; and she did it with the under-current of a thought that she would some day return, rich and independent, to that liberty of heart and person which a woman desires.

Two or three times, at the soirées of the hôtel de Thélusson or at the theatres, she had noticed Coster de Saint-Victor paying court to the handsomest and most distinguished women of the day; and each time her heart seemed to leap in her bosom, as if ready to fly to him. She felt that some day or other, even if she had to make the advances, that man would belong to her, or rather, she would belong to that man. She was so fully convinced of this, thanks perhaps to an inner sense which does sometimes tell us the secrets of the future, that she awaited events without much impatience, certain that some day the object of her dreams would pass near enough to her, or she would pass near enough to him, to join their beings by the irresistible law that fastens iron to magnet.

That evening, when, on opening her window to watch the tumult in the street, she saw the handsome demon of her solitary thoughts in the midst of the struggling crowd, she had cried out with an inward impulse and almost in spite of herself: "Citizen in the green coat, look out for yourself!"

XI.

ASPASIA'S TOILET.

AURÉLIE DE SAINT-AMOUR might have called to Coster de Saint-Victor by his name, for she knew it; but to give him his name in the midst of that crowd of enemies would be giving him his death.

Saint-Victor, on his part, recognized her when he recovered his senses; for she was already noted, not only for her beauty, but also for her wit, — that indispensable complement to every beauty that aspires to reign. The occasion she had dreamed came within her reach, and she caught it as it passed. Saint-Victor thought her marvellously handsome; but he knew it was impossible to compete either in magnificence or generosity with Barras. Moreover, he knew all the shameful mysteries of Parisian life, and he was incapable of sacrificing the position of a woman to a moment of selfishness or the allurements of pleasure.

Perhaps the beautiful Aspasia, now mistress of herself through a sufficient fortune, — a fortune she was certain to increase through the celebrity she had acquired, — perhaps the beautiful courtesan would have preferred a man with less delicacy and more passion.

However, in any case she wanted to be beautiful, and Suzette obeyed her to the letter, joining the mysteries of art to the marvels of nature, "making her beautiful," as she said, in the same boudoir to which we introduced our readers in a former chapter.

The modern Aspasia, who was about to deck herself in the costume of the ancient Aspasia, was lying on the same sofa where Saint-Victor had been lying; but its place was changed. Suzette had drawn it between the little chimney-

piece, adorned with old Sèvres figurines, and a *psyche* in a round frame twined with a wreath of roses in Dresden china. Wrapped in a cloud of transparent muslin, Aurélie had delivered up her head to Suzette, who dressed it in the Grecian style, that is to say, in the style brought about by political reminiscences and, above all, by the pictures of David, who was then in all the force of his power and the flower of his fame. A narrow blue velvet ribbon studded with diamond stars passed just above the forehead, then again round the upper part of the head, and disappeared beneath the chignon; from it little feathery curls escaped, so light that the merest breath set them waving.

Thanks to the flower of youth that bloomed in her complexion, and to the peachy smoothness of her transparent skin, Aurélie could do without powder and all the other cosmetics with which the women then, as to-day, plastered their faces. In fact, her actual beauty would have been injured had she used them, for the skin of her throat had silvery and mother-of-pearl reflections with rosy tints which the slightest cosmetic would have tarnished. Her arms, which looked like alabaster warmed by faintly roseate tones, harmonized delightfully with the bust. Her whole body, in all its details, seemed a challenge to the loveliest models of antiquity and the Middle Ages; except that Nature, that wondrous sculptor, seemed to have set itself the task of softening the severity of antique art with the grace and *morbidezza* of modern beauty.

That beauty was so real that she who possessed it seemed hardly yet accustomed to it; and every time that Suzette took away part of her clothing and left that part of her body bare, she smiled upon herself complacently, and yet without vanity. Sometimes she would stay whole hours in the warm atmosphere of her room, lying on her sofa, like the Farnèse Hermaphrodite, or Titian's Venus. This contemplation of herself, which was shared by Suzette, who could not keep her eyes from her beautiful young mistress, was shortened on this occasion by the warning of the clock.

Suzette approached her with a garment of that exquisitely transparent tissue which is woven only in the East.

"Come, mistress," said Suzette, "I know you are very beautiful, and no one knows it better than I; but here 's half-past nine striking. It is true that, now madame's hair is done, the rest will take no time."

Aurélie shook her shoulders like a statue which casts off a veil, and murmured two questions, addressed to that supreme power that men call love:—

"What is he doing? Will he succeed?"

What Coster de Saint-Victor was doing (for we cannot suppose that the beautiful Aurélie was thinking of Barras) we will now relate.

They were giving, as we have said, a new piece at the Feydeau, — "Toberne, or the Swedish Fisherman," preceded by a little opera in one act. Barras, when he left Made-moiselle de Saint-Amour, had only to cross the rue des Colonnes. He reached the theatre when the first piece was half finished, and as he was known to be a Conventional strongly in favor of the Constitution and likely to become one of the five Directors, his entrance was saluted with a few groans and cries of—

"Down with the Decrees! Down with the two thirds! Long live the Sections!"

The Feydeau was the theatre *par excellence* of reactionary Paris. Still, those who came to see the play managed to silence those who were inclined for uproar. Cries of "Down with interrupters!" prevailed and peace ensued.

The first play ended tranquilly enough; but no sooner had the curtain fallen than a young man jumped on one of the stalls, and pointing to the bust of Marat which was a pendant to that of Lepelletier de Saint-Fargeau, cried out:—

"Citizens! why do we allow the bust of that monster with a human face called Marat to disgrace these precincts, when in the place which he usurps we might see the image of the great citizen of Geneva, the illustrious author

of 'Emile,' of the 'Contrat Social,' and 'La Nouvelle Héloïse'?"

The orator had scarcely finished this apostrophe before there burst from the balconies, galleries, boxes, stalls, and pit a Babel of cries:—

"It is he! it is he! it is Coster Saint-Victor! Bravo, Coster! bravo!"

Coster drew himself up still higher, and putting one foot on the back of the seat, he continued:—

"Down with the Terrorists! Down with Marat, that sanguinary monster who demanded three hundred thousand heads! Long live the author of 'Émile,' the 'Contrat Social,' and 'La Nouvelle Héloïse'!"

Suddenly a voice cried out:—

"Here is a bust of Jean-Jacques Rousseau."

A pair of hands in the pit raised high the bust above all heads. How came the bust of Rousseau opportunely there at the exact moment when wanted? Nobody knew; but its apparition was none the less greeted with cries of enthusiasm:—

"Down with the bust of Marat! Long live Charlotte Corday! Down with the Terrorists! Long live Rousseau!"

XII.

SIC VOS NON VOBIS.

It was this manifestation that Coster de Saint-Victor was awaiting. He clung to the limbs of the caryatides which supported the proscenium, put his foot on the cornice of the balcony, and climbed, assisted and held up by a dozen hands, to the front of Barras's box. Barras, who did not know what Coster wanted of him, and was not disposed to regard him as one of his best friends, rolled back his chair. Coster saw the movement.

"Excuse me, citizen-general Barras," he said; "I don't want to disturb you, but like you I am a deputy, deputed to knock that bust up there from its pedestal."

So saying, and springing on the railing of the proscenium box, he struck at Marat's effigy with his heavy cane. The bust tottered on its base, and then fell over upon the stage with a crash, and was broken into a thousand bits, amid the loud applause of the whole audience.

At the same time the same execution was done on the harmless bust of Lepelletier de Saint-Fargeau, killed January 20 by the Garde de Paris. The same acclamations hailed its fall. Then two hands rose above the stalls crying out:—

"Behold the bust of Voltaire!"

Instantly that bust was handed from hand to hand up a sort of Jacob's ladder, until it reached the now empty niche. The bust of Rousseau followed on the other side, and the two busts were installed in the places just vacated, amid the hurrahs and bravos of the whole theatre.

All this while Saint-Victor, still standing on the railing of Barras's box, and holding by one hand to the neck of a projecting griffin, waited till silence was restored. He might have waited long if he had not made a sign that he wanted to speak. On that the cries of "Long live the author of 'Émile,' the 'Contrat Social,' 'La Nouvelle Héloïse'!" and those of "Long live the author of 'Zaïre,' 'Mahomet,' and 'La Henriade'!" died away, and everybody cried out, "Coster wishes to speak! Speak, Coster! we are listening. Hush! silence!" Coster made another sign, and judging that his voice could now be heard, he cried out:—

"Citizens, thank the citizen Barras here present, in this box." All eyes turned to Barras. "The illustrious general reminds me that the same sacrilege we have just rebuked here exists in the Hall of the Convention. In fact, two commemorative pictures of the death of Marat and that of Lepelletier Saint-Fargeau, painted by the Terrorist David, hang on those walls."

A cry burst from every mouth:—

"To the Convention! to the Convention!"

"The worthy citizen Barras," continued Coster, "will open the doors for us. Long live the citizen Barras!"

And the whole audience, which had hissed Barras on his arrival, now cried, "Long live Barras!"

As for Barras himself, he was bewildered by the part which Saint-Victor was forcing him to play in this comedy,—a part in which he really counted for nothing,—and seizing his hat and cane and overcoat, he sprang from the box, and down the stairway to reach his carriage. But rapidly as he had made the movement, Coster sprang with equal rapidity on the stage, and crying out, "To the Convention, friends!" disappeared down the actor's staircase, through the stage entrance, and was knocking at Aurélie's door before Barras had found his carriage.

Suzette rushed to open it; Coster slipped in rapidly.

"Hide me in the boudoir, Suzette," he said. "The citi-

zen Barras will be here in a few minutes to tell your mistress that I am to eat his supper."

He had hardly said the words before a carriage was heard to stop before the street door.

"Hey! quick! quick!" cried Suzette, opening the door of the boudoir. Saint-Victor rushed in. Hasty steps were heard on the staircase.

"Come in, citizen-general," said Suzette. "I thought it was you, and I was holding the door open. My mistress has been expecting you for some time."

"To the Convention! to the Convention!" cried a troop of young men who had followed Barras's carriage, striking on the door with their sticks.

"Heavens! what is it now?" asked Aurélie, appearing in her beautiful costume, and full of anxiety.

"My dear friend," said Barras, "a riot, which deprives me of the pleasure of supping with you to-night. I came to tell you myself, that you might not doubt my regrets."

"Ah, what a misfortune!" cried Aurélie; "and such a good supper, too!"

"Such a sweet tête-à-tête!" added Barras, endeavoring to heave a mournful sigh. "I have not an instant to lose. I must reach the Convention before the crowd."

And faithful to his civic duties, the future Director paused only to reward Suzette's fidelity by stuffing a roll of assignats into her hand, after which he ran rapidly downstairs.

Suzette locked the door behind him, and as she did so with a double turn of the key and pushed the bolt, her mistress cried out to her:—

"Suzette, what are you doing?"

"Locking the door."

"But Saint-Victor—?"

"Look behind you, madame," said Suzette.

Aurélie gave a cry of surprise and pleasure. Saint-Victor appeared at the door of the boudoir, stepping softly on tip-toe, and held out his elbow to her.

"Madame," he said, "do me the honor to take my arm to the dining-room."

"How did you manage it? What have you done?"

"I will tell you all that," said Saint-Victor, "while I eat the supper of citizen Barras."

XIII.

THE ELEVENTH VENDÉMIAIRE.

ONE of the resolutions taken at the royalist agency in the rue de la Poste after Cadoudal had left the house at the close of the session, as we related in a former chapter, was to meet the next day at the Theatre of the Odéon.

On the same evening a flood of persons, led by some fifty members of the *jeunesse dorée*, had rushed, as we have seen, to the Convention; but their leader, Saint-Victor, having disappeared as if through a trap-door, the crowd and the muscadins went alone to the Convention, which Barras had by this time warned of the coming invasion.

From the point of view of art it is a great pity that the two pictures against which the crowd was excited were destroyed. One of them, the "Death of Marat," was David's masterpiece.

The Convention, aware of the dangers by which it was surrounded, and conscious that at any moment a fresh crater in the volcano of Paris might open, declared its session permanent. The three representatives, — Gillet, Aubry, and Delmas, — who, on the 4th Prairial, were appointed to the command of the armed forces, were now directed to take all measures for the safety of the Convention. The general uneasiness was great, especially when it became known that a meeting of armed citizens was to take place the next day at the Odéon.

The next day, October 3 (11th Vendémiaire), was devoted by the Convention to a funeral function, which was arranged to take place in its own hall in memory of the Girondins. Several members urged postponing this affair; but Tallien declared that it would be unworthy of

the Convention not to attend to its legitimate duties tranquilly, even in the midst of perils.

The Convention issued an immediate decree, ordering all illegal meetings of electors to disperse. The night passed in tumults of all kinds in the remote parts of Paris; guns were fired, citizens were knocked down; wherever Conventionals and Sectionists met there was an interchange of blows.

The Sections, on their side, in virtue of the right of sovereignty which they arrogated to themselves as the People, were also issuing decrees; a decree had fixed the meeting for the 11th Vendémiaire at the Odéon.

News was coming in from all the towns surrounding Paris in which were royalist committees. Insurrectionary movements had taken place at Orléans, Dreux, Verneuil, and Nonancourt. At Chartres the representative Tellier had tried to prevent the uprising, and having failed to do so, blew out his brains. The Chouans had everywhere cut down the 14th-of-July trees, — glorious symbols of the triumph of the People; they had flung the statue of Liberty in the mud; and in the provinces, as in Paris, they knocked down the patriot citizens when they met.

While the Convention deliberated about the conspirators, the conspirators were acting against the Convention. From eleven o'clock in the morning the electors had been making their way towards the Odéon, but only the most adventurous had so far entered it. Had these electors been counted, their number would have been shown to be something less than a thousand. In the midst of them a few young men made a great noise and much bravado, going and coming with clanking sabres, which trailed on the floors and knocked over benches. But the number of chasseurs and grenadiers collected by the Sections was not over four hundred. It is true, however, that a crowd of ten thousand persons were collected in and about the place of meeting, choking the entrances to the theatre, and filling the adjoining streets.

If on that day the Convention, kept well-informed, had acted with vigor, it could have mastered the insurrection; but again it attempted conciliatory measures. It added to the decree which made all electoral meetings illegal an article stating that those persons who immediately desisted would not be proceeded against. As soon as this additional article was determined upon, officers of police, escorted by six dragoons, started from the Tuileries where the Convention held its sessions, to summon the persons assembling at the meeting to obey it.

But the streets were crowded with inquisitive spectators. These spectators wanted to know what the police and the dragoons were about to do; they surrounded and hindered them so much that although the squad left the palace at three o'clock it was nearly seven before, amid cries, howls, and provocations of all sorts, they reached the Odéon. From afar, persons about the theatre had seen them coming on horseback up the rue de l'Egalité, which faces the building. Rising above the crowd, they looked like boats tossed on the surface of a raging ocean.

At last, however, they reached the square. The dragoons stationed themselves on the steps of the theatre; the police, whose duty it was to make known the proclamation, went up on the portico; the torch-bearers surrounded them, and the reading of the decree began.

But no sooner had the first words issued from their lips than the doors of the theatre opened with a great burst, and the SOVEREIGNS (that was the name given to the Sectionists) came out, surrounded by the electoral guard. They flung the police from the top to the bottom of the portico, while the guards marched upon the six dragoons with fixed bayonets. Amid the howls of the populace the police disappeared, swallowed up in the crowd; the dragoons dispersed, the torches went out, and from the midst of that mighty chaos arose a shout of "Long live the Sectionists! Death to the Convention!"

These cries, prolonged from street to street, echoed to

the very Hall of the Convention itself. While the victorious Sectionists re-entered the Odéon, taking, in their enthusiasm over this first success, an oath not to lay down their arms until the Tuileries and the Convention were in ruins, the patriots (though they themselves had cause of complaint against the Convention) no longer doubting the danger that threatened Liberty, of which the Convention was the last tabernacle, rushed thither in crowds to offer help and ask for arms. Some came from the prisons; some had been excluded from the Sections; the greater part were officers dismissed from the service by the head of the war-committee. Aubry joined them. The Convention hesitated to accept their services; but Louvet, that indefatigable patriot who alone stood upright amid the ruin of parties, — Louvet, who had long desired to arm the faubourgs and reopen the club of the Jacobins, insisted so strongly that he carried his point.

Not a minute was then lost. All the unemployed officers were collected. They were given the command of these patriots, — these soldiers without leaders, — and all, officers and soldiers, were put under the orders of the brave General Berruyer.

This arming of the people was taking place on the evening of the 11th Vendémiaire, just as the news came of the attack on the police and the dragoons by the Sectionists. The Convention therefore decided on breaking up the meeting at the Odéon by armed force.

In virtue of that order, General Menou sent in a column of regulars and two pieces of cannon from the camp at Sablons. But when these troops arrived at eleven o'clock that night on the place de l'Odéon, that and the theatre were both deserted.

The whole night was spent in arming the volunteer patriots, and in receiving challenge after challenge from the Section Le Peletier, also from the Sections Butte-des-Moulins, Contrat-Social, Comédie-Française, Luxembourg, rue Poissonnière, Brutus, and Temple.

XIV.

THE TWELFTH VENDÉMIAIRE.

On the morning of the 12th Vendémiaire the walls were covered with posters, enjoining all National guards to report at their Sections, which were threatened by the Terrorists, — that is to say, by the Convention.

At nine o'clock, the Section Le Peletier declared its session permanent, proclaimed revolt, and ordered the beat to arms to be sounded throughout Paris. The Convention, thus provoked, did the same. Two species of heralds pervaded the streets. The air was full of those strange shudderings which accompany the fever of great cities and are the symptoms of grave events. It was seen that the Sections had passed beyond the line of rebellion, and that it was no longer a question of convincing or conciliating them, but of crushing them. None of the great Revolutionary days had ever dawned with such terrible forewarnings, — neither July 14th, August 10th, nor even September 2d.

Toward eleven in the forenoon it was felt that the moment had arrived, and the initiative should be taken. The Convention, knowing that the Section Le Peletier was the headquarters of the rebels, resolved to disarm it, and ordered General Menou to march against it with a sufficient body of troops and cannon.

The general came from Sablons and marched across Paris. But on the march he saw what he had no idea of; that is to say, he found he had to do with the nobility, the rich bourgeoisie, — the class, in short, which usually makes opinion. It was by no means the faubourgs, as he had supposed, whom he was now to shell. It was the place

Vendôme, the rue Saint-Honoré, the boulevards, the faubourg Saint-Germain.

The man of Prairial 1st hesitated on the 12th Vendémiaire. He marched, it is true, but tardily, slowly. The Convention had to send its representative Laporte to hurry him. And yet all Paris was hanging on the issue of this great duel.

Unhappily, the president of the Section Le Peletier, whom we already know from his visit to the Convention and his conference with the Chouan general, Cadoudal, was a man as rapid in his decisions as Menou was weak and hesitating in his.

It was eight o'clock in the evening before General Verdières received from General Menou an order to take sixty of the grenadiers of the Convention, a hundred men from the battalion of the Oise, and twenty cavalry, to form a left column, and march on the Section Le Peletier. He was enjoined to hold possession of the left side of the rue des Filles-Saint-Thomas and await orders.

He had scarcely appeared at the entrance of the rue Vivienne, before Morgan, appearing at the gate of the convent of the Filles-Saint-Thomas, brought out a hundred grenadiers of the Section and ordered them to shoulder arms. They obeyed without hesitation. Verdières gave the same order to his troops; but they muttered.

"Friends," cried Morgan to the soldiers of the Convention, "we shall not fire first; but after the firing begins no quarter is to be expected from us. If the Convention wants war, it shall have it."

Verdières's grenadiers wanted to reply. Verdières called out:—

"Silence in the ranks!"

Silence followed. Then he ordered the cavalry to out sabres, and the infantry to ground arms. These orders were obeyed. Meantime Menou's centre column was coming up by the rue Vivienne, and his right by the rue Notre-Dame-des-Victoires.

The Section was instantly converted into an armed force. At least a thousand men issued from the convent and formed before the portico. Morgan, sword in hand, placed himself ten paces in advance of them.

“Citizens,” he said, addressing the Sectionists under his command, “you are for the most part married men, fathers of families. I have therefore a responsibility for many lives; and however much I may desire to give death for death to those tigers of the Convention, who have guillotined my father and shot my brother, I order you, in the name of your wives and children, not to fire first. But at the first shot fired by our enemies, — you see I stand here ten paces in front of you, — the man who fires that shot will die by my hand.”

These words were said in the midst of profound silence, for before uttering them Morgan had raised his sword in sign that he wished to speak; so that neither party, Sectionists or Conventionals, lost a syllable of what he said.

Nothing was easier than to reply to such words and turn them into pure bravado by a triple volley, one from the right, another from the left, the third from the rue Vivienne. Exposed as a triple target, Morgan of course would fall dead.

The amazement, therefore, was great when, instead of the word “Fire!” which every one expected to hear, followed by a treble volley, the representative Laporte was seen to consult with General Menou, and then to advance towards Morgan, while the general ordered his men to ground arms. That order was executed as promptly as the other.

But the amazement was greater still when, after exchanging a few words with Laporte, Morgan called out: —

“I am here only to fight, and because I supposed there would be fighting. When it comes to compliments and concessions, that is the affair of the vice-president. I retire.”

Putting his sword into its scabbard, he stepped back and was lost to sight among the Sectionists. The vice-president took his place. After a conference of ten minutes between citizens Lalau, Laporte, and Menou, a movement was made. Part of the Sectionist troops turned round the convent of the Filles-Saint-Thomas and entered the rue Montmartre; at the same time those of the Convention retired to the Palais-Royal.

But hardly had the latter disappeared before the Sectionists led by Morgan reappeared, again shouting with one voice:—

“Down with the two thirds! Down with the Convention!”

This shout, starting from the convent of the Filles-Saint-Thomas, spread almost instantly through every quarter of Paris. Two or three churches which had saved their bells sounded the tocsin. That sinister clang, unheard in the city for three or four years, produced a more terrible effect than the roar of cannon. It was reaction, — political and religious reaction, — borne upon the wings of the wind.

It was eleven at night when this terrible sound and the news of the result of General Menou's advance was made known in the Convention. The session, though not adjourned, was scarcely going on; but the deputies now flocked in, questioning each other, and doubting if the news were true that the positive order to surround and disarm the Section Le Peletier could have been evaded and transformed into a friendly conversation; the retirement of each party seemed actually impossible.

Presently the news came that the Sectionists, far from retiring to their own homes, had returned upon their steps, and that the convent, their headquarters, was like a fortress, from which they were defying and insulting the Convention.

Chénier sprang to the tribune. Embittered by the cruel accusation which followed him to his death, — and beyond it, — of having, out of jealousy, allowed his brother André to be guillotined, Marie-Joseph Chénier was

always for the harshest and most expeditious measures of coercion.

“Citizens,” he cried, “I cannot believe what we are told! Retreat before the enemy is a misfortune; retreat before rebels is treason. I desire, before I leave this tribune, to know whether a majority of the French people is, and will be, respected; or whether we are to bow our necks to the will of the Sectionists, — we, who are the will of the Nation! I demand that the government be required to instantly give account to this Convention of what is happening in Paris.”

Shouts of approbation responded to this appeal. Chénier’s motion was unanimously voted.

XV.

THE NIGHT OF THE TWELFTH AND THIRTEENTH
VENDÉMIAIRE.

DELAUNAY (d'Angers), a member of the government, mounted the tribune, and replied for it.

"Citizens," he said, "we are informed at this very moment that the Section Le Peletier is surrounded on all sides."

Applause broke out; but in the midst of it, a voice louder than any called out:—

"That is not true!"

"I affirm," continued Delaunay, "that the Section is surrounded."

"It is not true!" repeated the same voice, with still greater firmness. "I have just come from the Section. Our troops have withdrawn; the Sectionists are masters of Paris."

At this moment a great noise of feet and cries and vociferations was heard in the corridors. A flood of people surged into the hall, terrible and overwhelming as a rising tide. It reached the tribune, a hundred voices crying out:—

"To arms! to arms! We are betrayed! Summon General Menou!"

"I demand," said Chénier from his place, and mounting on his seat, "I demand the arrest of General Menou. Judge him instantly; if guilty, shoot him in the courtyard."

Cries of "Arrest General Menou!" echoed on all sides. Chénier continued:—

"I demand that arms and ammunition be again distributed to the patriots, who shall take the sacred name of

the 'Battalion of '89' and swear to be killed on the steps of this hall."

Then, as if they had been waiting for this demand, three or four hundred citizens rushed into the hall, demanding arms. These were veterans of the Revolution, — the living history of the last six years; men who fought beneath the walls of the Bastille, who attacked, on the 10th of August, the same château they were now demanding the right to defend. They were officers covered with scars, the heroes of Jemappes and Valmy, set aside because their dazzling actions were done by men obscure in name, because they had beaten the Prussians without strategy, and the Austrians without knowing mathematics or how to spell. They all believed that the aristocratic faction had caused their removal from the army. It was, in fact, the reactionary Aubry who tore their swords from their hands and the epaulets from their shoulders.

They kissed the guns and sabres that were given to them, and pressed them to their hearts, crying out: —

"We are free at last to die for the country!"

At that moment an usher entered, announcing a deputation from the Section Le Peletier.

"Do you hear?" cried Delaunay d'Angers. "I told you the truth; they have come to accept the conditions imposed by Menou and Laporte."

The usher retired and in a few moments returned alone.

"The head of the deputation asks if there is safety for him and for those who accompany him, no matter what they have to say to the Convention?"

Boissy d'Anglas stretched out his hand.

"On the honor of the nation," he said, "those who enter here shall go out safe and sound as they came in."

The usher then returned to those who had sent him. A great silence fell on the Assembly. They all hoped that this new parley would offer a way of conciliation out of the difficulty. In the midst of the silence steps were heard approaching. All eyes turned to the door; a quiver passed through the whole assembled company.

The head of the deputation was the same young man who had spoken so haughtily to the Convention the night before. The expression of his face did not denote that he came to make any submission.

"Citizen president," said Boissy d'Anglas, "you have asked to be heard, and we will listen to you; you have asked for life and liberty, and we grant it. Speak!"

"Citizens," said the young man, in a clear, distinct voice, "my desire is that you shall reject these last proposals of the Section Le Peletier, which I now bring you, because my wish is to fight. The happiest day of my life will be that on which I shall enter this hall with my feet in blood, and fire and steel in my hand."

A threatening murmur came from the seats of the Conventionals; a sort of shudder of amazement was seen to pass among the groups of patriots gathered in the corners.

"Go on," said Boissy d'Anglas; "swell your threats to insolence. You know that you have nothing to fear, and that life and liberty are guaranteed to you."

"For that reason," replied the young man, "I shall tell you simply what brings me here. What brings me here is the sacrifice of my personal vengeance to the general good, and even to your good. I did not think I had the right to send you by others the summons I now make to you. Hear it: If to-morrow, by daybreak, the walls of Paris are not covered with posters announcing that the Convention resigns in a body, that Paris and France are free to choose all their representatives and not one third only, and this without condition, we shall consider war declared, and march upon you. You have five thousand men; we have sixty thousand and justice on our side." He drew a watch cased in diamonds from his pocket. "It is now a quarter to twelve o'clock. To-morrow, at mid-day, that is to say, in twelve hours from now, if Paris has not received from you the satisfaction she hereby demands, of the walls which shelter you at this moment there will not be left one stone upon another, and fire will be lighted at all four corners

of the Tuileries to purify the royal residence for your stay in it. I have done."

Cries of rage and threats burst from the throats of all present. The patriots, who had just obtained their arms, wanted to fling themselves on the insolent orator; but Boissy d'Anglas stretched forth his hand.

"My word and yours is pledged, citizens," he said. "The president of the club Le Peletier can retire as he entered, safe and sound. That is how we keep our word; we will see how he keeps his."

"Then it is war!" cried Morgan, joyfully.

"Yes, citizen; and civil war, — the worst of all wars," replied Boissy d'Anglas. "Go, and never appear here again; I will not again insure your safety."

Morgan retired with a smile upon his lips. He had what he came to seek, — the certainty of a battle on the morrow.

He had hardly left the hall before a frightful uproar arose from the seats of the galleries and the groups of patriots.

Midnight sounded. It was now the 13th Vendémiaire.

Let us here leave the Convention, inasmuch as there are six or eight hours before the struggle begins, and enter one of those mixed salons which men of both parties frequented, and where, consequently, the news was received more surely and rapidly than at either the Convention or the Sections.

XVI.

THE SALON OF MADAME LA BARONNE DE STAËL,
SWEDISH AMBASSADRESS.

Two thirds of the way along the rue du Bac, between the rue de Grenelle and the rue de la Planche, rises a massive building, which may still be recognized by the four Ionic columns coupled two and two, which support a heavy stone balcony. It was the house of the Swedish embassy, now inhabited by the celebrated Madame de Staël, daughter of M. Necker, and wife of the Baron de Staël-Holstein, the Swedish ambassador.

Madame de Staël is so well known that it is almost unnecessary to give her physical portrait; still we shall say a few words about her. Born in 1766, Madame de Staël was then in the zenith of her genius, — we do not say her beauty, for she was never beautiful. Passionately admiring her father, — a second-rate man, whatever may be said to the contrary, — she had followed his fortunes and emigrated with him, although the position of her husband as a foreign ambassador ensured her safety.

But she soon returned to Paris, made a plan for the escape of Louis XVI., and in 1793 addressed the Revolutionary government in justification of the queen at the time of her trial. The declaration of war between Gustavus IV. and France and Russia was followed by the recall of the ambassador to Stockholm, where he and his wife remained from the death of the queen to that of Robespierre. After the 9th Thermidor Monsieur de Staël returned to France, still with the title of Swedish ambassador; and Madame de Staël, who could not live without

a view of the gutter of the rue du Bac (which sight she said she preferred to that of Lake Lemán), came back with him.

They had hardly returned before she opened her salon, and very naturally received all the men of distinction in Paris, whether Frenchmen or foreigners. But although consenting, among the first, to the ideas of 1789, whether it was that the march of events, or that the voice of her own heart modified her ideas, she devoted her whole strength to securing the return of the *émigrés*, and asked so frequently for the erasing of their names from the proscribed lists, particularly the name of M. de Narbonne, that the famous butcher Legendre denounced her from the tribune. Her salon and that of Madame Tallien shared the social distinctions of Paris, that of Madame de Staël being more monarchical than constitutional, — that is to say, of a stripe between that of the Cordeliers and the Girondins.

On the night of which we are now speaking, that is, during the night of the 12th and 13th Vendémiaire, the salon of Madame de Staël at eleven o'clock, — the hour when the trouble was at its height in the Convention, — the salon of Madame de Staël was crowded with visitors. The party was most brilliant. No one, looking at the toilets of the women and the easy bearing of the men, could have believed that the people of Paris were about to cut one another's throats. And yet, in the midst of all the gayety, all the wit, which is never so keenly aroused in France as in times of danger, there were moments when a cloud seemed to darken the assembly, as in summer a passing storm casts its shadow over fields and harvests.

Every fresh arrival was received with exclamations of curiosity and eager questions, which proved indubitably the interest which all took in the situation. For the time being the two or three women who, in Madame de Staël's salon shared with her the honors of their wit or their beauty, were neglected. The men rushed to the new-

comer, obtained all they could from him, and returned to their own circle to report and discuss the news. By a sort of tacit agreement, each of the women who, by right of wit or beauty, had, as we have said, the distinction of belonging to this society, held her own particular court apart from the others in the vast ground-floor reception-rooms of the Hôtel de Suède; so that, besides Madame de Staël's own salon, there were, that night, the additional salons of Madame Krüdener and Madame Récamier.

Madame Krüdener was three years younger than Madame de Staël; she was a Courlandaise, born at Riga. Daughter of Baron Wifthinghof, a rich landowner, she married at fourteen Baron Krüdener, and went with him to Copenhagen and to Venice, where he fulfilled the functions of Russian ambassador. Separated from her husband in 1791, she regained the liberty relinquished for a short time during her married life. She was a very charming and a very intelligent and witty person, who could write and speak French perfectly. The only thing for which she was blamed at this very unsentimental period was a tendency to solitude and revery. Her melancholy, essentially of the North, made her seem like the heroine of some ancient Scandinavian saga, and gave her, in the midst of a careless and joyous world, a disposition which tended to mysticism.

Sometimes her friends were tempted to blame her for the species of ecstasy which would seize her suddenly in the midst of a gay party. But when they came near her at such moments of excitement and looked at her fine eyes raised to heaven, they saw the Saint Teresa in her soul, and forgot the woman of the world for the woman of inspiration. It was said, however, that those fine eyes, ecstatically raised to heaven, deigned to return to earth so soon as the handsome singer Garat entered the room. A novel she was then writing, entitled "Valérie, or the Letters of Gustave de Linard to Ernest de G——," was said to be the history of their love.

She was a woman of twenty-five or twenty-six years of age, with the very fair hair peculiar to the women of cold climates. In moments of ecstasy her face had the rigidity of marble, to which the skin, as white and smooth as satin, gave additional likeness. Her friends — and she had many before she had disciples — said that at times, when her spirit communicated with higher spirits, she would utter disconnected words which, like those of the antique oracles, had a meaning. In short, Madame Krüdener was the precursor of modern spiritualism. In our day she would have been what is called a *medium*. The word was not then invented, so they contented themselves with calling her inspired.

Madame Récamier, the youngest of all the fashionable women of that day, was born at Lyon in 1777, and was named Jeanne-Françoise-Julie-Adélaïde Bernard. She married, in 1793, Jacques-Rose Récamier, who was twenty-six years older than herself. His fortune came from an immense hat-making business founded by his father at Lyon. While still young he had travelled for the house, though not until he had had enough classical education to enable him to quote, on occasion, both Horace and Virgil. He spoke Spanish, the hat-business having frequently taken him to Spain. He was handsome, tall, fair, vigorously strong, easily moved, generous, but rather frivolous, and not much attached to his friends, to whom, however, he never refused a benefit in money. One of his best friends, to whom he had done many services, died; he merely said, with a sigh, —

“Another cash drawer closed!”

Married in the very midst of the Terror, on the 24th of April, 1793, he went on his wedding-day to witness the executions, as he had done the day before, and would do on the morrow and all the succeeding days. He had seen the king die, he had seen the queen die, he had seen Lavoisier die, and the twenty-seven farmer-generals and his best friend Laporte and, in short, nearly all those with

whom he had held business or social relations; and if asked why he was so assiduously present at the terrible spectacle, he would answer:—

“To get accustomed to the scaffold.”

It was, in fact, by a miracle that M. Récamier escaped the guillotine, but he did escape it; and his presence as supernumerary at the theatre of death proved useless to him.

Was it this daily contemplation of the nothingness of life that made him oblivious of the beauty of his wife, to the degree of never loving her except as a father; or was it through some imperfection, with which capricious Nature does sometimes afflict its noblest specimens? The fact that his marriage was one in name only remains a mystery, without being at any time a secret.

Nevertheless, when Mademoiselle Bernard became his wife, at the age of sixteen, she had just, as her biographer tells us, passed from childhood into the splendor of youth. A supple, elegant figure; shoulders worthy of the goddess Hebe; a throat of exquisite shape and perfect proportion; a rosy mouth; pearly teeth; charming arms, though rather thin; chestnut hair, which curled naturally; a delicate, regular nose of the true French type; an incomparably dazzling skin; a countenance all candor, slightly mischievous, but rendered irresistibly attractive by its expression of kindness; something indolent in her manner, and withal proud; and a head better set on her shoulders than the rest of the world could show,—that was the woman of whom it could be said, as Saint-Simon said of the Duchesse de Bourgogne, “Her bearing was that of a goddess on the clouds.”

These separate salons, or courts, seemed to be as independent of each other as if they were in different houses; only, the principal salon, the one through which all the others were reached, was that of the mistress of the house. That lady, who was now in her twenty-ninth year, was, as we have said, the celebrated Madame de Staël, already known in politics by the influence she had exerted in get-

ting M. de Narbonne appointed as minister-of-war; and in literature, by her letters of enthusiasm about Jean-Jacques Rousseau.

She was not handsome, yet it was impossible to pass near her without being aware that here was one of those powerful organizations which sow words in the field of thought, as a laborer casts his seed-corn in the furrows. She was dressed that evening in a gown of red velvet, opening at the sides on a straw-colored satin petticoat; a yellow satin turban was on her head, surmounted by a bird-of-paradise plume; and between her thick lips, which gave to view a handsome set of teeth, she held a sprig of heather in bloom. The nose was rather coarse, the cheeks a little swarthy; but the eyes, forehead, and brows were marvellously fine. Material or divine, there was power there.

Leaning against the chimney-piece, on which she rested one hand, while with the other she gesticulated like a man, and still holding her heather, from which, now and then, she would tear off a blossom with her teeth, she was saying to a handsome young man, her ardent adorer, whose fair curls flowed to his shoulders and framed his face: —

“No, you are mistaken; I swear you are mistaken, my dear Constant. I am not against the Republic; on the contrary, those who really know me know with what ardor I accepted the principles of '89. But I have a horror of sansculotteism and vulgar loves. The moment I saw that Liberty, instead of being the purest and chastest of women, was only a courtesan, going from the arms of Marat to those of Danton, and from the arms of Danton to those of Robespierre, I made my curtesy to her. There may be no more princes or dukes or counts or marquises, if you will; I agree to all that. There's no nobler title than 'citizen' when addressed to Cato, or 'citoyenne' when spoken to Cornelia; but this thee-ing and thou-ing with my washer-woman, and supping of Spartan broth out of the same porringer as my coachman, — no, I will not agree to that.

Equality is a fine thing; but we have got to define what we mean by *equality*. If it means that all educations should be equal, at the cost of the State, well and good! that all men are equal before the law, very good! But if it means that all French citizens are of the same cut physically and mentally, that is not a proclamation of the rights of man; it is the law of Procrustes! Having to choose between the constitution of Lycurgus and that of Solon, between Sparta and Athens, I choose Athens, and what is more, the Athens of Pericles, and not of Pisistratus."

"Well," said the handsome young man to whom she had addressed her social jeremiad, and who was no other than he who afterwards became the great Benjamin Constant, "you are wrong, my dear baroness; you take Athens in her decline, and not in her early strength."

"Decline! Pericles! I think, on the contrary, I take her in all her splendor."

"Yes; but remember, madame, that nothing begins in splendor. Splendor is the fruit, and before the fruit are buds, leaves, flowers. You reject Pisistratus? you are wrong. It was he who trained the poorer classes and paved the way for the future greatness of Athens. As for his sons, Hippias and Hipparchus, I give them up to you. But Aclysthenes, who carried the number of senators to five hundred, as our Convention has just done, — it was he who opened the way to the grand period of the wars against the Persians. Miltiades vanquished the Persians at Marathon; Pichegru has just beaten the Prussians on the Rhine. Themistocles annihilated their fleet at Salamis; Moreau has captured that of Holland by a charge of cavalry, — that's an originality, to boot. The liberty of Greece issued from the struggle which seemed likely to destroy her, just as ours is issuing from our struggle with foreign royalties. That was how rights were extended; then it was that the archons and the magistrates were chosen from all classes. You forget that Æschylus was the fruit of that fecund period. Illuminated by the divine light of genius, he

created Prometheus, — that is to say, the resistance of mankind to tyranny, — Æschylus, younger brother of Homer, but who might have been his elder.”

“Bravo! bravo!” said a voice. “You are making very fine literature upon my word. But all the while they are cutting throats in the *quartier* Feydeau and the Section Le Peletier. Listen; don’t you hear the tocsin?”

“Ah! is that you, Barbé-Marbois?” said Madame de Staël, addressing a man about forty years old, very handsome, though his beauty was of the pompous, vapid kind which we see in courts and in diplomacy, — a very honest man, however, the son-in-law of William Moore, governor of Pennsylvania. “Where do you come from?”

“Straight from the Convention.”

“What are they doing?”

“Arguing. They have outlawed the Sectionists and armed the patriots. As for the Sectionists, you can hear them yourself; they are ringing the bells, which proves they are monarchists in disguise. To-morrow they will have their guns, and there ’ll be a fine uproar, in my opinion.”

“What else could you expect?” said a man with straight hair, hollow temples, livid skin, and a crooked mouth, ugly with the double ugliness of man and animal. “I have said to them in the Convention again and again, ‘As long as you do not have a properly organized ministry of police and an active police minister, — active not because it is his business, but his vocation, — things will continue to go to the devil.’ I, who keep a dozen fellows in my pay as an amateur, simply because it amuses me to play police, I am much better informed than the government.”

“What do you know now, Monsieur Fouché?” asked Madame de Staël.

“Since you ask me, baroness, I know that the Chouans have been convoked from all parts of the country, and that yesterday, at Lemaistre’s house — You know Lemaistre, baroness?”

"You mean the agent of the princess?"

"Yes. Well, at his house the Jura and the Morbihan shook hands yesterday."

"Which means — ?" asked Barbé-Marbois.

"Which means that Cadoudal renewed his oath of fidelity, and the Comte de Sainte-Hermine his oath of vengeance."

The other salons had poured into the first salon, and were pressing round the speakers.

"We know very well what Cadoudal is," said Madame de Staël, — "a Chouan who, after fighting in La Vendée, crossed the Loire; but who is the Comte de Sainte-Hermine?"

"The Comte de Sainte-Hermine," replied Fouché, "is a young noble from one of the first families in the Jura. He is the second of three sons. His father was guillotined, his mother died of grief, his eldest brother was shot at Auenheim; and he has sworn to avenge his father and brother. You have heard of the mysterious president of the Section Le Peletier, the famous Morgau who insulted the Convention in its own hall; do you know who he is?"

"No."

"The Comte de Sainte-Hermine."

"Really, Monsieur Fouché," said Benjamin Constant, "you have missed your vocation. You ought not to be either seaman, priest, professor, or deputy; you ought to be minister of police."

"And if I were," said Fouché, "Paris would be far more tranquil than it is at this moment. I ask you if it is n't actually absurd to give way to the Sections? Menou ought to be shot."

"Citizen," said Madame Krüdener, who affected republican forms, "here comes citizen Garat; perhaps he brings some news. Garat, do you know anything?"

She drew into the circle a man about thirty years of age, dressed with great elegance.

"He knows that two quavers make a crotchet," said the satirical voice of Benjamin Constant.

Garat rose on the tips of his toes to discover the person who had made the speech. He was very strong on quavers, — a surprising singer, and also one of the most perfect Incroyables which the witty pencil of Horace Vernet has preserved to us. He was a nephew of the Conventional Garat who read to Louis XVI. his death sentence, weeping. Son of a distinguished lawyer, it was his father's wish to educate him for the bar; but Nature made him a singer, and a marvellous tenor singer, too. An Italian, Lamberti, gave him, conjointly with François Beck, director of the Bordeaux theatre, lessons in music, which so inspired the youth that when he went to Paris to pursue his law studies, he took a singing course instead, on which his father stopped his allowance. The Comte d'Artois then made him his private secretary, and asked the queen, Marie-Antoinette, to hear him; after that he was at once admitted to her select concerts.

Garat was completely alienated from his father; for nothing alienates sons from fathers more than the withdrawal of an allowance. The Comte d'Artois was going to Bordeaux, and proposed to take Garat with him. The latter hesitated a moment; then the desire to let his father see him in this new position carried the day. At Bordeaux he met his old master Beck, and the idea came into his head to arrange a concert for his own benefit. The curiosity to hear a compatriot who had made some noise in Paris brought all the inhabitants. The receipts were enormous, and Garat's success such that his father, who was present, left his seat and went up and kissed him. On this amends, *coram populo*, Garat forgave his parent.

Until the Revolution, Garat remained an amateur; but the loss of his property made him an artist. In 1793 he tried to go to England, but his ship was blown back, and made the port of Hamburg. Seven or eight concerts given with great success enabled him to return to France with a thousand louis, each of which was then worth seven or eight thousand francs in assignats. It was on this return

that he met Madame Krüdener and became intimate with her.

The Thermidorian reaction adopted Garat, and at the epoch which we are now relating there was no grand concert, first representation, or elegant salon, where Garat did not appear among the artists, singers, or invited guests. This great good fortune made him, as we have intimated, very sensitive. It was not surprising, therefore, that he rose on tiptoe to discover the person who had limited his knowledge to that undeniable rule of music, that two quavers were equal to one crotchet. That person was Benjamin Constant, another Incroyable, who was not less susceptible than Garat on points of honor.

“Don’t look any farther, citizen,” he said. “It was I who advanced that rash opinion. If you bring any news, tell us.”

Garat clasped the hand that Constant held out to him, frankly.

“Faith, no I don’t,” he said. “I have just left Cléry’s; my carriage could not get over the Pont Neuf, which is guarded. I was obliged to keep along the quays, where the drums are making a fiendish noise. I came over the Pont de l’Égalité. It is raining in torrents. Mesdames Todi and Mara sang two or three pieces of Gluck and Cimarosa delightfully.”

“What did I tell you?” murmured Benjamin Constant.

“But that’s not the roll of drums that we hear,” said a voice.

“Yes it is,” said Garat; “but the drums are slacked by the rain. There’s nothing more lugubrious than the sound of wet drums.”

“Ah, here comes Boissy d’Anglas!” cried Madame de Staël; “probably straight from the Convention, unless he has given in his resignation —”

“Yes, baroness, you are right,” said Boissy d’Anglas; “I come straight from the Convention, and I wish I could give you good news.”

"What!" cried Barbé-Marbois, "another Prairial?"

"Would it were nothing worse!" replied Boissy d'Anglas.

"What is it, then?"

"Either I am much mistaken, or Paris will be in flames to-morrow. This time it is really civil war. The Section Le Peletier has replied to our last summons: 'The Convention has five thousand men; the Sections have sixty thousand. We give the Convention till daybreak to vacate their places; if they do not, we will drive them out.'"

"What do you intend to do, gentlemen?" said Madame Récamier, in her gentle, winning voice.

"Madame," said Boissy d'Anglas, "we expect to do as the Roman senators did when the Gauls invaded the Capitol, — die on our seats."

"I should like to see that," said Monsieur Récamier, in his cool way. "I have seen the massacre of the Convention in detail, and I am curious to see it *en masse*."

"Come to-morrow between twelve and one o'clock," replied Boissy d'Anglas, with equal coolness; "that is about the time the affair will begin."

"No, it will not," said a new arrival. "You will not have the glory of martyrdom; you are saved."

"Come, come, no joking, Saint-Victor," said Madame de Staël.

"Madame, I never joke," said Coster de Saint-Victor, bowing, and including in his bow the Baronne de Staël, the Baroness Krüdener, Madame Récamier, and the other women present.

"Well, tell us what new thing has happened. Why do you believe in the general safety?" asked Benjamin Constant.

"Because on the proposition of citizen Merlin (of Douai), the National Convention has just decreed that the general of brigade Barras shall take command of the armed forces, — in memory of Thermidor. He is very tall; he has a strong voice. He can't make long speeches, that's true; but he excels in improvising vigorous and vehement sen-

tences. If General Barras defends the Convention, you may be quite sure the Convention is saved. And now that I have accomplished a duty, Madame la baronne, in giving you this information, which must reassure you and these ladies, I take my leave to prepare myself."

"For what?" asked Madame de Staël.

"For to-morrow's fighting, Madame la baronne, and with all my heart, I assure you."

"Why! are you royalist, Coster?"

"Most certainly; that's the party of the prettiest women. And then — and then — I have other reasons which are known to me alone."

Bowing a second time with his usual easy grace, he went away, leaving those behind him to discuss his news, which, truth to tell, did not reassure every one, in spite of Saint-Victor's remarks.

But as the sound of the tocsin redoubled, and the drums did not cease to beat, or the rain to fall, and as there was no chance after that communication of obtaining further news, and as, moreover, four o'clock was now chiming from a bronze clock on the fireplace, representing Marius on the ruins of Carthage, the whole company called for their carriages and withdrew, hiding a real anxiety under a false pretence of safety.

XVII.

THE HÔTEL OF THE RIGHTS OF MAN.

As Saint-Victor said, Barras had been appointed, at one in the morning, commander-in-chief of the armed forces of Paris and the interior. All military and civil authorities were enjoined to obey him.

This choice did not deserve the derisive tone in which Saint-Victor had announced it. Barras was brave, cool, wholly devoted to the cause of liberty, and he had given at Toulon irrefutable proof of his courage and patriotism. He did not conceal from himself the danger of his situation, or the terrible responsibility that now rested on his shoulders. Nevertheless, he was perfectly calm. He knew of an auxiliary at this crisis, — a man unknown to others, but on whom he was certain he could rely.

Barras left the Tuileries the moment his appointment was made. He wrapped himself in a large loose coat, the color of the walls, hesitated an instant whether to take a carriage; then, reflecting that a vehicle might be stopped, he drew from his pocket a pair of pistols, slipped them through his belt, which was hidden beneath the coat, and left the Tuileries by the Échelles wicket. Thence he entered the rue Tavernier, skirted the Palais-Royal, and followed the rue Neuve-des-Petits-Champs for a moment until he reached the turn into the rue des Fossés-Montmartre.

It was raining in torrents. All was fearfully disorganized, and the nature of that disorganization Barras knew but too well. He knew that the field artillery was still in the camp at Sablons, guarded by only a hundred and fifty men. He knew that there were but eighty thou-

sand cartridges in store, no provisions, and no brandy. He knew that communication with headquarters (which were on the boulevard des Capucines) was cut off by the Sectionists of the club Le Peletier, who had pushed their outposts as far forward as the place Vendôme and the rue Saint-Pierre-Montmartre. He knew, too, the haughty exasperation of the Sectionists, who, as we have seen, had publicly raised the standard of revolt. The expedition of the previous evening, so ill-directed by Menou, and so vigorously received by Morgan, had doubled their material force and made their moral force of tenfold value.

On all sides it was said that this Section, surrounded by thirty thousand Conventionals, had obliged its adversaries by its courage and its able strategy to make a mortifying retreat. Morgan's audacity in placing himself between the lines, his grand air, and the haughtiness with which he apostrophized General Menou and the deputy Laporte were on every tongue. People said he was a great, a very great personage, who had returned only four days earlier from emigration with letters from the royalist committee in London to the royalist committee in Paris.

The Convention was no longer hated; it was now despised. What was there, indeed, to fear from it? All the Sections, encouraged by its weakness, had united federally during the nights of the 11th and 12th, and were sending detachments to the support of the mother-Section. They considered the National Convention as annihilated, and they sang the *De profundis* over the corpse of the poor deceased.

Therefore, as Barras made his way along the streets he met these detachments at every turn, hurrying toward the Section Le Peletier. They called to him as they passed, "Qui vive?" to which he responded, "Sectionist." At every step he was met by drums lamentably beating the call to arms on the sodden skins of their instruments, the sinister, lugubrious sounds seeming to accompany a funeral procession. Men glided along the streets like shadows, rapping on the doors, calling the citizens by name, and

coujuring them to arm themselves and rally to the Section, in defence of their wives and children, whom the Terrorists had sworn to destroy.

Perhaps in broad daylight these manœuvres would have had less influence. But the mystery of actions done in darkness; these entreaties uttered with bated breath, as though the assassins were at hand to hear them; that lugubrious and incessant groaning of the drums; the clang of bells bursting, from time to time, suddenly on the air, — all sent a nameless dread throughout the city, warning the inhabitants that some danger, still indefinite, but terrible, hovered over them.

Barras saw and heard all that. It was no longer a mere report made to him on the state of Paris; it was the state itself which he touched with his finger. So, after leaving the rue Neuve-des-Petits-Champs, he hastened his steps, crossed, almost at a run, the place des Victoires, and then, gliding along the houses of the rue des-Fossés-Montmartre, he reached the door of a small hôtel, known as that of "The Rights of Man."

There he stopped, made a step backward to read by the dim light of a hanging lamp the sign of which he was in search, after which he advanced to the door, and rapped vigorously with the knocker of it.

A watchman was sitting up, and as he probably measured the importance of the man who knocked by the manner of his knocking, he did not keep him waiting.

The door opened cautiously; Barras slipped through, and bolted it behind him. Then, without waiting for the watchman to question him, he said:—

"Citizen Bonaparte lives here, does he not?"

"Yes, citizen."

"Is he in?"

"He came in about an hour ago."

"Where is his room?"

"Fourth floor, end of the corridor, number 47."

"To right or left?"

“Left.”

“Thank you.”

Barras sprang rapidly up the four flights of stairs, took the left-hand corridor, and stopped before the door of number 47.

He gave three raps.

“Come in!” said a curt voice, that seemed made to command.

Barras turned the lock and entered. He found himself in a chamber furnished with a bed without curtains, two tables, — one small, one large, — four chairs, and a terrestrial globe. A sabre and a pair of pistols hung on the wall.

At the table sat a young man completely dressed, except for his uniform coat, which was thrown across a chair, who was studying by the light of a lamp a map of Paris. The noise of the closing door made him half turn round to see what unexpected visitor was there at such an hour. Placed as he was, the light fell on three quarters of his face, leaving the rest in shadow.

He was a young man about twenty-six years of age, with an olive skin slightly fairer about the temples and forehead, and straight black hair parted in a line along the middle of his head, and falling below the ears. His eagle eyes, his straight nose, his vigorously cut chin, his lower jaw, enlarging as it reached the ears, left no doubt as to his aptitudes. He was a warrior, and belonged to a conquering race.

Seen thus, lighted in this way, his face had something the look of a bronze medal. His extreme thinness made the whole bony structure visible.

XVIII.

CITIZEN BONAPARTE.

BARRAS advanced into the circle of light projected by the lamp. Not until then did the young man recognize him.

“Ah! is it you, citizen Barras?” he said, without rising.

Barras shook himself, for he was wet from head to foot, and threw his streaming hat upon a chair. The young man kept his eye upon him.

“Yes, it is I, citizen Bonaparte,” he replied.

“What wind has blown you at this hour into the cell of a poor shelved soldier, — southeast or northwest?”

“Northwest, my dear Bonaparte; and a violent wind, too.”

The young man laughed; but the laugh was harsh and strident. It disclosed two rows of delicate, small teeth, sharp and white.

“I know something of it,” he said. “I have made the round of Paris to-night.”

“What is your opinion?”

“My opinion is that, as the Section Le Peletier has threatened the Convention, the storm will break to-morrow.”

“What are you doing there?”

The young man rose for the first time, and laying the tip of his forefinger on the plan of Paris, he said: —

“I am amusing myself by considering how, if I were general of Paris in place of that booby Menou, I should proceed to put an end to those chatterers.”

“Well, how would you do it?” asked Barras, smiling.

“I should try to get a dozen cannon which would chatter louder than they.”

“By the bye, did n't you tell me, one day at Toulon, that you witnessed from the terrace on the water side the riot of June 20th?”

The young man shrugged his shoulders contemptuously.

"Yes," he said; "I saw your poor King Louis XVI. put on the *bonnet rouge*, which did not keep his head from coming off, but made it fall dishonored. I said to Bourrienne, who happened to be with me, 'How came they ever to let that rabble get into the palace? They ought to have swept down four or five hundred with cannon; the rest would have run.'"

"Unhappily," said Barras, "it is not four or five hundred we have to sweep down to-day, but four or five thousand."

The young man made another contemptuous sign, this time with his lips.

"Difference in figures, that's all," he replied. "What of that, if the result is the same? The rest is only detail."

"So you were in a fair way to beat the insurgents when I came in?"

"I was trying to."

"Have you made your plan?"

"Yes."

"What is it?"

"It depends on circumstances. How many soldiers can the Convention dispose of?"

"Five or six thousand, including the sacred battalion of patriots."

"With that number I warn you you can't make war against forty-five or fifty thousand men."

"Would you evacuate Paris?"

"No; but I would make the Convention an entrenched camp. I should await the attack of the Sections, and blow them to bits in the rue Saint-Honoré, on the place du Palais-Royal, the quays, and the bridges."

"Very good; I adopt your plan," said Barras. "Will you undertake to execute it?"

"I?"

"Yes, you."

"In what capacity?"

"That of second in command of the interior."

“Who is the commander-in-chief?”

“The general-in-chief?”

“Yes.”

“Citizen Barras.”

“I accept,” said the young man, holding out his hand; “but on one condition —”

“You make conditions, do you?”

“Why not?”

“Say on.”

“If we succeed, if to-morrow night order reigns, and if it is decided to make war seriously against Austria, can I count upon you?”

“If we succeed to-morrow, I will, in the first place, leave you all the honors of the day, and I will ask for you the command-in-chief of the Army of the Rhine, or the Army of the Moselle —”

Bonaparte shook his head.

“I am not going,” he said, “to either Holland or Germany.”

“Why not?”

“There is nothing to do there.”

“Where do you want to go?”

“Italy. It is only in Italy, on the battle-fields of Hannibal and Marius and Cæsar, that there is anything to do.”

“Well then, if war is made in Italy, you shall make it; I give you my word of honor.”

“Thank you. Now about to-morrow; there is no time to lose.”

Barras pulled out his watch.

“I should think not, indeed!” he said. “It is three in the morning now.”

“How many cannon have you at the Tuileries?”

“Six pieces of four, but no gunners.”

“They can be found; flesh is easier to get than iron. How many muskets?”

“Eighty thousand at the most.”

“Enough to kill eighty men supposing one shot in a

thousand tells. Happily we have three hours of darkness still. We must send out to Sablons for all the pieces they have there, — in the first place, so that the insurgents sha'n't get them, and in the next place to have them ourselves. Besides this, we must draft gunners from the gendarmerie and the battalion of '89 to serve the pieces; next, bring ammunition from Meudon and Marly in large quantities; and thirdly, find officers on whom we can rely."

"In the sacred battalion there are men who, like you and me, have been shelved by Aubry."

"Good! those men are not thinkers; they are doers. That is just what we want."

And the young officer rose, buckled on his sabre, buttoned his coat, and put out his lamp, muttering, —

"O Fortune! Fortune! do I grasp thee?"

The two men went downstairs, and took their way to the Convention. Barras noticed that the young man did not take the key of his chamber with him, which proved that he had not much that was worth stealing in it.

Five hours later, that is to say at eight in the morning, the artillery at the camp of Sablons had filed into Paris. Shells were being cast at Meudon. Cannon had been placed at all the issues from the insurgent quarters, and masked batteries were placed, in case the issues were forced. Two pieces of eight and two howitzers were placed as a battery on the place Carrousel, as much to follow the columns as to blow out the windows of the adjoining houses from which the insurgents might fire into the Square.

General Verdier commanded at the Tuileries; in case of siege the Convention and its five thousand men were provisioned for several days. The artillery and the troops were distributed in the neighborhood, in the cul-de-sac du Dauphin, in the rue de Rohan and Saint-Nicaise, in the Palais-Royal, the place de la Révolution, and on the place Vendôme. A small body of cavalry and two thousand infantry were held in reserve in the Carrousel, and the garden of the Tuileries.

Thus, the great National Convention of France, which had overthrown a monarchy of eight centuries, shaken all thrones, made Europe tremble, driven the English from Holland, the Prussians and Austrians from Champagne and Alsace, repelled Spain two hundred and eighty miles back of the Pyrenees, crushed the two Vendées, — this great National Convention of France, which had reunited with France Nice, Savoie, Belgium, and Luxemburg, whose armies, overflowing the Rhine like a torrent, were even then threatening to pursue the eagle of the house of Hapsburg to the gates of Vienna, — this great Convention possessed no more of Paris than the left bank of the Seine, from the rue Dauphine to rue du Bac; and on the other side of the river from the place de la Révolution [place de la Concorde] to the place des Victoires, with less than five thousand men and an almost unknown general to defend it.

XIX.

CITIZEN GARAT.

At several points, particularly on the Pont-Neuf, the sentries of the Sections and those of the Convention came so near to each other that they conversed. A few skirmishes of no importance took place during the morning. The Section Poissonnière stopped the artillery and the men sent to support the Section of the Quinze-Vingts. That of the Mont-Blanc captured a convoy of provisions on its way to the Tuileries. A detachment of the Section Le Peletier took possession of the Bank of France. And, finally, Morgan, with five hundred men, all *émigrés* or Chouans, all wearing collars to their coats and the green pompon, advanced to the Pont-Neuf, while the Section of the Comédie-Française marched down by the rue Dauphine.

Toward four o'clock in the afternoon nearly fifty thousand men surrounded the Convention. The air seemed full of the hot exhalations of angry breaths and furious threatenings. During the day the Conventionals had attempted several parleys with the Sectionists. Both sides were sounding each other. About mid-day the representative Garat was sent to carry a message from the Convention to the Section of the Indivisibility. He took an escort of thirty troopers, half dragoons, half chasseurs. The battalions of the Museum and the French Guards, which were stationed round the Convention in the court of the Louvre, presented arms to him.

As for the Pont-Neuf, it was guarded by the Conventionals commanded by the same General Carteaux who had had Bonaparte under his orders at Toulon, and was now not a little astonished to find himself under Bonaparte's

orders in Paris. At the Pont de Change, Garat found a battalion of Sectionists who stopped him. But Garat was a man of action; he took a pistol from its holster and ordered his troopers to draw their sabres. At the sight of pistols and sabres the Sectionists allowed the little body to pass.

Garat's mission was to win over the Section of the Indivisibility to the Convention. But, in spite of his persuasions it persisted in maintaining its neutrality. From there Garat went to the battalions of Montreuil and Popincourt, to ascertain their intentions. This errand carried him along toward the faubourg. At the opening of the main street he found the battalion of Montreuil under arms. No sooner was he recognized than the whole battalion shouted with one voice: —

“Long live the Convention!”

Garat wished to take it back with him; but it preferred to wait for the battalion Popincourt, which had also declared for the Convention. Just then Garat was informed that two hundred men of the battalion of the Quinze-Vingts, who had remained behind, desired to be taken to the defence of the Tuileries. He asked where they were, and went to them.

“March at our head,” they said to him, “and we will follow.”

Garat put his fifteen dragoons at their head and his sixteen chasseurs in their rear, marched himself in front of the little troop, pistol in hand, and the two hundred men, of whom only fifty were armed, started for the Convention. They passed before the battalion of Montreuil; the Popincourt battalion had not yet arrived. The Montreuils wished to march at once; but their commander insisted on waiting for an order from Barras. As soon as Garat reached the Tuileries he sent back the order. The battalion then started, and arrived in time to take part in the action.

During this time General Carteaux had taken command of the detachment with which he was to guard the Pont-

Neuf. He had but three hundred and fifty men and two pieces of cannon. He sent word to Bonaparte that he could not hold the bridge with such forces. For all answer he received the following line, in an almost indecipherable writing:—

You will hold out to the last extremity.

BONAPARTE.

That was the first written order ever issued by the young general. The terseness of his style will be recognized.

But about two in the afternoon, a column of twelve hundred men, well armed, from the Sections of the Unité and the Fontaine-de-Grenelle, advanced upon that part of the Pont-Neuf which leads to the rue Dauphine. There it was stopped by the cavalry outposts. Then a citizen-Sectionist, carrying a magnificent bouquet tied with a tri-color ribbon, issued from the ranks. General Carteaux sent an aide-de-camp to forbid the column to advance, unless its commander could produce an order from either the Committee of Public safety or the commander-in-chief Barras.

The aide-de-camp returned, accompanied by the major in command from the Unité, who announced, in the name of the two Sections, that he brought the olive branch and wished to fraternize with the general and the troops under his command.

“Go and tell your president,” replied Carteaux, “that it is not to me, but to the National Convention that he must offer the olive-branch. If a deputation of four unarmed citizens are detached, I will have them conducted to the Convention, which alone can receive that symbol of peace and fraternity.”

This was not the answer the major expected; so he replied, on his side, that they would deliberate, and after deliberation no doubt they should meet again, and more fraternally. The major then retired, and the two bodies

of Sectionists formed in line of battle along the quai Conti and the quai Malaquais. This position showed hostile intentions, which were soon confirmed.

About three o'clock Carteaux saw so strong a column advancing up the rue de la Monnaie that it filled the whole width of the street; and the general, standing on the highest point of the Pont-Neuf, could not see the end of it. A third column was also coming up by the quai de la Ferraille, while a fourth filed past the latter, to cut off the detachment on the Pont-Neuf by the quai de l'École.

In spite of the orders received from Bonaparte to hold out to the last extremity, General Carteaux saw plainly that he had not a minute to lose in effecting his retreat, and that he must make it without allowing the enemy to discover his weakness. He instantly ordered the artillery to put on the forward wheels to their pieces. Two companies immediately opened the way to the garden of the Infanta, and the two cannon passed through.

The rest of the troop was divided into four companies, one facing the Sectionists coming up the rue de la Monnaie, the second the column on the quai de la Ferraille, while the other companies protected the retreat of the artillery. The cavalry remained in position on the Pont-Neuf, to stop the advance of the column of the Unité, and to mask the manœuvre.

No sooner had General Carteaux taken up his position in the garden of the Infanta than he called in the companies which were facing the rue de la Monnaie and the quai de la Ferraille, also the cavalry. The movement was executed in fine order; but the abandoned positions were instantly occupied by the Sectionists.

During this time Garat had returned with his fifteen dragoons, his fifteen chasseurs, and the two hundred men of the Section of the Quinze-Vingts, of which only fifty were armed. The Pont-Neuf bristled with bayonets. He thought they were those of the Conventionalists he had left

behind him; but no sooner was he among them than he saw by the coat-collars and the green pompons that he had encountered not only Sectionists, but Chouans.

At the same moment the commander of the body occupying the bridge, who was no other than Morgan, advanced toward him, remembering to have seen him in the Convention.

"Pardon me, Monsieur Garat," he said, bowing with his hat in his hand, "I think you have lost your way. Can I be of service? What are you seeking?"

Garat recognized him, and understood the facetiousness. But preferring to take another tone, he said, cocking his pistol: —

"I desire, citizen president, that you shall give passage to myself and my men."

Morgan continued to treat the matter in jest.

"Nothing more reasonable," he replied; "and we owe it to you, if only in return for the civility of General Carteaux, who has just given us the ground we now occupy, without striking a blow. But stay, uncock your pistol; some ill-luck might happen. Suppose it went off accidentally, it would be thought that you fired upon me, and my men would blow you and your little troop to bits. You are less than half armed, I see; and it would be very disagreeable to me to have it thought that we took advantage of numbers."

Garat uncocked his pistol.

"But," he said, "have the goodness to tell me why you are here."

"Don't you see," replied Morgan, laughing, "that we are going to the assistance of the Convention?"

"Commandant," said Garat, jesting himself, "you must allow that you have a curious way of assisting people."

"Ah! I see you don't believe me," said Morgan, "so I shall have to tell you the truth. Well, we are a hundred thousand strong in Paris, and a million strong in France; are we not, Saint-Victor?"

The young muscadin to whom he addressed himself, and who was armed to the teeth, replied with a jeering toss of his head, and one word uttered in his musical voice:—

“More.”

“You see,” continued Morgan, “that my friend Saint-Victor, who is a man of honor, confirms what I have just said. Well, then, there are more than a hundred thousand in Paris, and more than a million in France, who have sworn the extermination of the Conventionals, and the destruction of the building in which the order for the King’s death was signed, and from which have issued, like birds of prey, such an untold number of death warrants. Not only must those men be punished, but the expiation must extend to stones. To-morrow, not a Conventional will be left alive; to-morrow, the palace where the Convention holds its sessions will be razed to the ground. We shall sow salt on the place where it stood, and the earth on which it was built shall be forever execrated by posterity.”

“If you are so sure of the result, commandant,” said Garat, resuming the jesting tone, which Morgan had abandoned, “it must be a matter of indifference to you whether you have two hundred men more or less to fight.”

“Absolute indifference,” replied Morgan.

“In that case, I say for the second time, allow me to pass; I desire to die with my colleagues, and have my tomb in that Convention you are about to annihilate.”

“Then dismount from your horse. Take my arm, and let us advance. Messieurs,” added Morgan, with that inflection of the voice which, without indicating the incroyable, was significant of the aristocracy, “let us play fairly. Citizen Garat asks to go with his two hundred men, of whom only fifty are armed, to the defence of the National Convention. His request seems to me reasonable, with the poor Convention in so bad a way, and I think we ought not to oppose his kindly sentiments.”

Bursts of ironical laughter greeted this motion, which did not need to be put to the vote. A path was opened instantly; and Morgan and Garat walking at their head, the little body of two hundred men passed through.

“Good-luck to you!” cried Saint-Victor.

XX.

THE OUTPOSTS.

MORGAN pretended not to see that he had passed his own outposts. Alone, arm in arm with Garat, and still conversing, he advanced as far as the colonnade. He was one of those sincerely loyal men who trust even their enemies, convinced that the most prudent course of all — above all in France — is that of courage.

When they reached the colonnade of the Louvre Morgan was twenty paces from his own line and ten paces from that of General Carteaux. The general himself was standing at his outposts, leaning on his sabre, magnificently dressed, and wearing a hat with an enormous tri-color plume, the feathers of which fell over into his eyes and annoyed him.

“You have a gorgeous drum-major there,” said Morgan to Garat. “I congratulate you on him.”

Garat smiled. It was not the first time that, voluntarily or involuntarily, the mistake had been made.

“That is not our drum-major, but our commander, General Carteaux,” he replied.

“The devil! so that’s the man who might have taken Toulon, and preferred to leave the business to a little officer of artillery named — what is his name? — Buonaparte, was it? Ha! present me to that worthy citizen; I adore handsome men, and above all, handsome uniforms.”

“With pleasure,” said Garat.

They advanced to General Carteaux.

“Citizen-general,” said Garat to the colossus in uniform, “I have the honor to present to you the citizen president of the Section Le Peletier, who has not only gallantly

allowed me passage through his men, but has also, lest anything should happen to me, accompanied me thus far himself."

"Citizen," said Carteaux, drawing himself up, so as not to lose an inch of his height, "I join with the citizen-Conventional Garat in offering you my thanks."

"There's no occasion, general," said Morgan, with his customary politeness. "I saw you at a distance, and I wished to make your acquaintance; also I wished to ask you whether you are willing to cede to us, without effusion of blood, your present position, as you did the other."

"Is that a jest, or a proposition?" asked Carteaux, pompously deepening his already pompous voice.

"A proposition, and a serious one," replied Morgan.

"You seem to be too familiar with war, citizen," replied Carteaux, "not to be aware that there is a great difference between this position and the other. The other was attackable on four sides, this on two only. And you may observe, citizen, two cannon are ready to receive all who come by the quays, and two more are fully prepared to welcome those who approach us by the rue Saint-Honoré."

"Then why don't you open fire, general?" said the young president, carelessly. "It is a fine open range from the garden of the Infanta to the Pont-Neuf, — scarcely a hundred paces."

"The general, wishing to leave all the responsibility for the blood spilt on the Sectionists, has forbidden us to fire the first shot."

"What general, — Barras?"

"No; General Bonaparte."

"Oh! oh! oh! your little officer at Toulon. He is making his way! Already a general, like yourself!"

"More general than I; for I am under his orders," said Carteaux.

"That must be disagreeable to you, citizen. What an injustice! you, who are six feet tall, to obey that little

officer, only twenty-four years old, and five feet one inch in height, — or so they tell me.”

“Don’t you know him?” said Carteaux.

“No; I have not that honor.”

“Well, begin the firing, and this evening — ”

“This evening?”

“This evening you *will* know him; that’s all I have to say.”

At that moment drums were heard beating a salute, and through the gate of the Louvre came a gorgeous staff, in the midst of which was Barras, dressed with extreme elegance, and Bonaparte, distinguished by extreme simplicity.

Bonaparte was, as we have said, thin and short. From the point at which Morgan viewed him, the fine lines of his face could not be distinguished, and he seemed to be merely an insignificant man, riding, moreover, second to Barras.

“Ah, ha!” said Morgan; “something is occurring.”

“Yes,” said Garat, “see! General Barras and General Bonaparte have come to inspect the outposts.”

“Which is General Bonaparte?”

“The one on the black horse.”

“Why, he’s a lad who has n’t got his growth,” said Morgan, shrugging his shoulders.

“Wait,” said Carteaux, “he soon will have it.”

Barras, Bonaparte, and the staff advanced to General Carteaux.

“I shall stay,” said Morgan to Garat. “I want to see that Bonaparte near by.”

“Then hide behind me,” said Garat; “or behind Carteaux, — he’s a better shield.”

Morgan did as he was told, and the cavalcade approached the general.

Barras stopped before Carteaux; but Bonaparte made a few steps in advance, and found himself alone on the quay. He was half a musket-shot from the insurgents. Several pieces in the ranks of the Sectionists were lowered at him.

Morgan, seeing this, made a bound forward, and stood before the horse on which Bonaparte was mounted. With a wave of his hat, he compelled his men to lift their muskets.

Bonaparte rose in his stirrups, apparently paying no attention to this incident. The Pont-Neuf, the rue de la Monnaie, the quai de la Vallée, the rue de Thionville, and the quai Conti, as far as the Institute, were crowded with armed men; also, as far as the eye could reach, on the quai de l'École, the quai de la Mégisserie, the quai des Morfondus, nothing was to be seen but gun-barrels shining in the sun, and all leaning in one direction, like the ears in a field of wheat.

"How many men do you think you have before you, citizen Carteaux?" asked Bonaparte.

"Impossible to say, general. In the open country I could tell within a thousand men; but among these streets and quays and squares I don't know how to reckon."

"General, if you want to know exactly," said Garat, laughing, "ask the citizen who has just prevented those men from firing on you. He can answer you correctly."

Bonaparte lowered his eyes to the young man, as if he saw him for the first time.

"Citizen," he said, with a slight salutation of the head, "will it please you to give me the information I desire?"

"I think you asked, monsieur," said Morgan, careful to bestow that term on the republican general, "the number of the men opposed to you."

"Yes," said Bonaparte, fixing a penetrating eye on his questioner.

"Before you, monsieur," resumed Morgan, "you have, visible or invisible, from thirty-two to thirty-four thousand men; on the other side of the rue Saint-Roch, ten thousand; from the place des Filles-Saint-Thomas to the barrière des Sergents another ten thousand, — about fifty-six thousand men, all told."

"Is that all?" inquired Bonaparte.

“Do you think that is not enough to oppose your five thousand?”

“And you say you are sure of your estimate?” said Bonaparte, paying no attention to Morgan’s remark.

“Perfectly sure; I am one of their chief leaders.”

Lightning flashed in the eye of the young general, who turned to Carteaux.

“How came the citizen-Sectionist here?” he asked. “Is he your prisoner?”

“No, citizen-general,” replied Carteaux.

“Did he come with a flag of truce?”

“No.”

Bonaparte frowned.

“He is here in your ranks for some reason,” he insisted. “What is it?”

“Citizen-general,” said Garat, advancing, “I, with a hundred and fifty unarmed men, whom I had recruited in the faubourg Saint-Antoine, fell into the midst of the troops of citizen Morgan. In order that no harm should happen to us, he accompanied me here in person, with a loyalty and generosity for which we owe him thanks. Citizen Morgan, I thank you for the service you have done us; and I declare that not only have we no right to detain you, but also that if we did detain you, we should do an action contrary to loyalty and human rights. Citizen-General Bonaparte, I demand permission for the citizen to retire.”

And Garat, advancing towards Morgan, grasped his hand, while Bonaparte, stretching his arm towards the Sectionary outposts, made a sign to Morgan to return to his troops, which the latter, after courteously bowing to Bonaparte, proceeded to do, with leisurely step, and whistling as he went the tune of “La Belle Gabrielle.”

XXI.

THE STEPS OF SAINT-ROCH.

AFTER Morgan had rejoined the Sectionists and faced General Bonaparte, who this time saluted him by drawing his sabre from its sheath, the latter turned to Carteaux, and said:—

“You were right, general, to abandon the Pont-Neuf, in spite of the orders I had given you. You could not have held it with three hundred men against thirty-four thousand. But here you have over a thousand; here is the Thermopylæ of the Convention. You must be killed here, you and your men, before you yield an inch. Come, Barras.”

Barras bowed to General Carteaux, and followed Bonaparte, as though he were accustomed to receiving orders from him. Following the quay, the young general ordered two pieces of cannon into position beneath the balcony of Charles IX., and two more in battery to sweep the quai Conti in flank. Then, continuing to follow the quay, he re-entered the court of the Carrousel. He had previously gone out by the drawbridge at the extremity of the Tuileries gardens, crossed the place de la Révolution (where was a strong reserve of men and artillery), followed the alley of the Feuillants from the place Vendôme to the cul-de-sac of the Dauphin and the rue Saint-Honoré. He had then issued, as we have said, by the Louvre, and now returned by the Carrousel.

Just as Bonaparte and Barras disappeared into the Carrousel through the quay gate, the bearer of a flag of truce was brought to them, with all the ceremonial of cities in active warfare. He came from the gate of the Échelle,

on the opposite side of the Carrousel, and was preceded by a trumpeter. Questioned as to his mission, he said he was the bearer of proposals from citizen Danican, commander-in-chief of the Sectionists.

He was led into the hall of the Convention, and the bandage was taken from his eyes. Then in a threatening tone he offered peace, on condition that the battalion of Patriots should be disarmed, and the decrees of Fructidor revoked. At this moment the Convention gave signs of a weakness which great assemblies, to their shame, do sometimes display. And the strange thing was that this weakness appeared in precisely those men who were thought the strongest. Boissy d'Anglas, so firm, so antique in his bearing on the 1st Prairial, now mounted the tribune, and proposed to grant to Danican, not what he asked, but a conference for discussion; another member proposed to disarm all the Patriots whose conduct since '89 had been in any way reprehensible; and a third suggested, what was far worse, to rely on the loyalty of the Sections. Lanjuinais, the man who had so resolutely withstood the Jacobins, — Lanjuinais, who had dared to oppose the massacres of September, — Lanjuinais was frightened, and advised accepting the proposals of "those good citizens," — those good citizens being the Sectionists.

But one Conventional went still farther, crying out: "They tell me that murderers and assassins have slipped into the battalion of '89. I demand that they be shot."

Then Chénier sprang to the tribune. The poet in the midst of that sea of heads raised his still higher, inspired, not by the muse of drama, but by the genius of patriotism.

"I am amazed," he said, "that you even listen to conditions from the Sections in revolt. There is no middle course for the Convention. Victory or death! When the Convention is victorious it will know how to separate the misguided from the guilty. They talk of murderers and assassins," he continued; "the murderers and assassins are the rioters."

Lanjuinais mounted the tribune, saying: "I foresee civil war."

Twenty voices replied at the same instant: "Civil war! it is you who are making it."

Lanjuinais tried to reply. Shouts of "Down! down!" came from every part of the hall. At that moment stands of arms were brought in to General Bonaparte.

"For whom are those arms?" cried a voice.

"For the Convention, if worthy of them," replied Bonaparte.

The words of the young man went to every heart.

"Arms! give us arms!" cried the assembly. "We will die fighting."

The Convention, for a moment degraded, recovered itself. Life was not yet safe, but honor was. Bonaparte profited by the flash of enthusiasm he had thus lighted. Each deputy received a musket and a packet of cartridges. Barras called out:—

"We will die in the streets to defend the Convention; but you, the Convention, must die here to defend Liberty!"

Chénier, who was rather the hero of the occasion, again mounted the tribune, and with that magniloquence which is not devoid of a certain grandeur, he said, raising his arms to heaven:—

"O thou, who for six years hast guided the vessel of the Revolution through frightful tempests and sunken rocks; thou, by whose might we have conquered Europe with a government without rulers, with an army without generals, soldiers without pay, — do thou, Genius of Liberty, watch over us, thy last defenders!"

At that instant, as though Chénier's prayer were answered, the first shots were heard. Each deputy seized his gun, and standing in his place, bit off the cartridge and loaded it. It was a solemn moment; nothing was heard but the click of the ramrods in the muzzles of the muskets.

During the whole morning the Conventionalist troops, assailed by the grossest insults, and occasionally by stray

shots, had obeyed with heroic patience the orders not to fire. But, attacked this time by a volley from a courtyard seized by the Sectionists, and seeing several men fall wounded in their own ranks, they replied with a volley in return.

Bonaparte, at the first sound of the shots, sprang into the courtyard of the Tuileries.

“Who fired first?” he cried.

“The Sectionists!” was the answer from all sides.

“Then all’s well!” he said. “And it will not be my fault if our uniforms are red with the blood of Frenchmen.”

He listened. It seemed to him that the sounds were loudest in the direction of Saint-Roch. Putting his horse at a gallop, he rode up to two cannon on the Feuillants, ordered them into battery, and brought them to the head of the rue du Dauphin.

That street was a furnace. The Conventionals were holding it; but the Sectionists, masters of all the windows, and grouped in a semi-circle on the steps of Saint-Roch, were lashing them down with a hail of balls.

Then it was that Bonaparte appeared, preceded by the two cannon, and followed by the battalion of ’89. He gave the order to the commandants of the latter to advance to the rue Saint-Honoré, through the firing and in spite of the firing, and wheel, one to the right, the other to the left.

The commanders executed the manœuvre, and as they entered the rue Saint-Honoré, to right and left, firing themselves, one toward the Palais-Royal, the other toward the place Vendôme, they heard a tornado of iron pass between them.

It came from the two cannon of General Bonaparte, which thundered at once, covering the steps of the church with shot and shell and dying men and a deluge of blood.

XXII.

THE ROUT.

WHEN the smoke from the cannon dispersed, those Sectionists who still remained erect on the steps of the church saw Bonaparte on horseback in the midst of the gunners, who were reloading their pieces not fifty paces from them. They answered with a volley of musketry. Seven or eight gunners fell. Bonaparte's black horse was killed by a shot in the head.

"Fire!" cried Bonaparte, as he fell.

The cannon thundered for the second time. Bonaparte had time to extricate himself. He had ambushed part of the battalion of '89 in the cul-de-sac of the Dauphin, which they reached through the stables. Drawing his sword, he cried out:—

"Follow me, the Volunteers!"

And the battalion came on with bayonets lowered. They were all tried men who had gone through the first battles of the Revolution. Bonaparte noticed an old drummer, who was standing apart.

"Here," he said, "and beat the charge!"

"The charge, my lad!" said the old drummer, who saw that he had to do with a youth of twenty-five; "you want the charge? Well, you shall have it,—and hot, too!"

He walked to the head of the regiment, and began to beat the charge. The regiment marched straight to the steps of the church, and pinned the remaining Sectionists with their bayonets to the doors.

"At a gallop, rue Saint-Honoré!" cried Bonaparte.

The cannon obeyed as if they, too, had understood the order. While the Volunteers were marching on Saint-Roch, the gunners had reloaded them.

"Turn to right!" cried Bonaparte, to one piece. "Turn to left!" he cried to the other. Then to both, at the same instant, "Fire!" he said.

And the rue Saint-Honoré was swept from end to end with the cannister of the two pieces.

The Sectionists, annihilated before they even knew whence the thunderbolt had come, took refuge in the church of Saint-Roch, in the Théâtre de la République (now the Théâtre Français), and in the Palais-Royal. They were put to flight, dispersed, broken. It was for others to dislodge them from their refuge. Bonaparte himself mounted another horse, crying out to the regiment of Volunteers:—

"Patriots of '89, the honor of the day is yours. Finish what you have so well begun."

The men, who did not know him, were amazed at being commanded by a mere lad. But they had just seen him at work, and they were dazzled by his calmness under fire. They scarcely knew his name; and most certainly they knew not him. They put their hats on the ends of their guns, and cried out:—

"Long live the Convention!"

The wounded, lying beside the houses and on the doorsteps, rose, supporting themselves by the doors or window-frames, and cried out:—

"Long live the Republic!"

The streets were cumbered with the dead; blood flowed in the gutters as it does in a slaughter-house. But enthusiasm hovered above those dead bodies.

"I have nothing more to do here," said the young general. Setting spurs to his horse, he galloped through the place Vendôme, now clear, and almost among the fugitives he seemed to be pursuing, until he reached the rue Saint-Florentine, and thence the place de la Révolution.

There he gave an order to General Montchoisy, commanding the reserve, to form a column, take two pieces of twelve, and follow the boulevard to the porte Saint-Honoré, and so turn the place Vendôme; then form a junction with the guard at headquarters (in the rue des Capucines), and with that guard return down the place Vendôme, and sweep out all the Sectionists that he found.

At the same time General Brune, according to another order given by Bonaparte, followed the rues Saint-Nicaise and Saint-Honoré. All the Sectionists between the barrière des Serpents and the place Vendôme, thus attacked on three sides, were either killed or made prisoners. Those who escaped by the rue de la Loi (the rue de Richelieu) built a barricade at the upper end of the rue Saint-Marc.

It was General Danican who made this last stand with some ten thousand men, whom he had held in reserve at the nearest point to the Convention, hoping to be able to force the gate of the Échelle at the right moment, and invade the Assembly. Wishing to obtain for himself all the honors of the day, he had forbidden Morgan, who commanded on the Pont-Neuf, and Coster de Saint-Victor, who commanded on the quai Conti, to make any advance.

Suddenly Morgan saw Danican, with the remnants of his ten thousand men, rushing down through the Halles and the place du Châtelet. The impetus thus given extended itself to the quai du Louvre and the quai Conti. This was the movement which Bonaparte had foreseen when he left Saint-Roch.

From the place de la Révolution, where he then was, he saw the Sectionists advance in close columns, on one side toward the gardens of the Infanta, on the other towards the quai Malaquais. He then sent two batteries to take position on the quai des Tuileries, and ordered them to fire, slanting, across the river. He himself galloped up the rue du Bac, turned the three cannon he had there upon the quai Voltaire, and gave the word "Fire!" as the head of the Sectionist column debouched by the Institute.

Obliged to march in close ranks to pass between the edifice and the parapet, the Sectionists presented a solid, narrow mass, but very deep. It was at that moment that the cannon thundered on them, and their ranks were literally mown down as with a scythe. The battery was of six cannon, of which three only were fired at a time; the other three reloaded and fired in turn. It was a double broadside, and made the firing incessant.

The Sections wavered, then fell back. Coster de Saint-Victor put himself at their head, rallied them, and was the first to step out from the narrow passage. His men followed him. The cannon raked them on front and flank. They fell about Coster, who was left standing alone ten steps in advance of the mutilated column, the fragments of which again retreated.

Saint-Victor sprang upon the parapet of the quay, and there, exposed to fire on all sides, he shouted to his men, encouraged them, insulted them. Goaded by his sarcasms, again the Sectionists tried to force their way. Coster jumped from the parapet, and put himself at their head.

The artillery belched forth in torrents; the grape-shot ploughed the ranks; every shell that burst left a gap among the living. Coster's hat was shot off, but the whirlwind of iron went by and did not touch him.

He looked about him; saw himself alone; admitted the impossibility of again rallying his men; cast his eyes on the quay of the Louvre, where Morgan was waging a furious fight with Carteaux; rushed at headlong speed up the rue Mazarin, through the rue Guénégaud, thence to the upper end of the quai Conti, heaped with dead; and exposed as he was to the batteries on the quai des Tuileries, gathered as he went a thousand men, crossed the Pont-Neuf, and debouched at their head by the quai de l'École.

XXIII.

VICTORY.

ON this side also the battle was terrific. No sooner had Morgan, boiling with impatience, heard Danican's voice shouting far behind him, "Forward!" than he fell with the velocity of an avalanche on Carteaux's troops. The movement was so rapid that the latter had no time to raise their muskets to their shoulders and fire. They fired as they could, receiving Morgan and his men on their bayonets.

The battery stationed under the balcony of Charles IX. came very near being taken, so unexpected was the movement. The Sectionists were not ten paces from the muzzles of the guns, when the gunners touched their matches, and fired instinctively.

It is impossible to describe the horrible and bloody swathe cut by the three cannon through that solid body of men, close pressed against each other. It was like a breach made in a wall. But the onset of the Sectionists was so headlong that this deadly breach did not arrest them. But almost at the same moment the roof of the colonnade of the Louvre swarmed with sharpshooters, whose fire plunged down into the ranks of the Sectionists.

During this time a hand-to-hand fight was taking place on the whole ground beside the Louvre. The Sectionists were, in fact, caught between two fires. All the houses in the rue des Poulies, the rue des Fossés-Saint-Germain-l'Auxerrois, and the rue des Prêtres, looked upon the garden of the Infanta, and all were vomiting death.

Morgan had resolved in his own mind to take Carteaux prisoner himself. But by the time he reached him Car-

teaux had put himself under shelter of the bayonets of his men. For an instant it was like a duel to the death along the whole line. The Sectionists, repulsed by the bayonets, fell back a step, reloaded, fired at close quarters, and then, seizing the muzzles of their guns, struck with the butts to open the belt of iron that surrounded them, — all to no purpose; nothing could break it.

Suddenly Morgan became aware that something had given way behind him. The artillery, which continued to thunder, had cut his column in two; for it was forced to incline to the right in order to maintain itself on the ground. A wide, open space now intervened between the rue de la Monnaie and the Pont-Neuf. The Sectionists, not daring to move to the quai du Louvre, sheltered themselves behind the houses of the rue de la Monnaie and the parapet of the Pont-Neuf.

Morgan was therefore forced to retreat; but as he reached the highest point of the Pont-Neuf, Coster de Saint-Victor, with his thousand men, came up at a run along the rue Guénégaud. The two young men recognized each other, gave a cry of joy, and carrying their men onward by their own example, returned with renewed fury to the quai du Louvre, where the same butchery was renewed. Bonaparte's measures had been so admirably taken that the Louvre was absolutely unapproachable. Artillery, musketry, grenades rained death on all sides. Folly alone could continue so hopeless a struggle.

Carteaux, seeing the hesitation of the Sectionists, who were really sustained only by the daring of the two young men, ordered his soldiers to fire for the last time, and then charge upon their assailants with the bayonet.

The Sectionists were annihilated. More than half were lying on the ground. In the last rank came Morgan, with a fragment of his sword in his hand, and Saint-Victor, plugging his handkerchief into a flesh wound in his thigh, like two lions forced to retreat before the guns of the hunters.

By half-past six o'clock all was over. Every column was beaten, broken, and dispersed. Two hours had sufficed to consummate this great defeat. Of fifty thousand Sectionists who had taken part in the action, barely one thousand, scattered in the church at Saint-Roch, the Palais-Royal, and behind the barricade in the rue de la Loi, held out. Then, as darkness would soon be coming on, and Bonaparte feared lest the innocent might suffer with the guilty, he ordered that the Sectionists should be pursued to the Pont de Change and the boulevards, but with muskets loaded with powder only. Their terror was so great that the noise was enough to make them fly.

At seven o'clock Barras and Bonaparte entered the Convention in the midst of the deputies, who laid down their guns to clap their hands.

"Roman Senators," said Barras, "your enemies are no more! You are free; and the Nation is saved!"

Cries of "Long live Barras!" burst forth on all sides.

But he, shaking his head, commanded silence.

"It is not to me, citizen-representatives," he said, "that the victory is due; it is to the prompt and sagacious arrangements of my young colleague Bonaparte."

As the whole assembly burst into cheers of gratitude, all the more intense because the danger had been so imminent, a ray of the setting sun falling athwart the arches of the roof made a halo of purple and gold around the bronzed and impassible head of the young victor.

"Do you see that?" said Chénier to Tallien, grasping his arm, and believing that ray an omen. "If Brutus were there!"

The same evening, Morgan, safe and sound by a miracle, passed the barrier without being stopped, and took the road to Besançon; while Coster de Saint-Victor, thinking he could nowhere be so well hidden as in the house of Barras's mistress, went to Aurélie Saint-Amour, and obtained a shelter.

XXIV.

THE SWORD OF THE VICOMTE DE BEAUHARNAIS.

AFTER such events as those we have just narrated, when cannon thunders in the open squares, and blood has flowed in torrents through the streets of a capital, great disturbances are felt throughout the community, which does not recover from their effects for a long time.

Though the following day sufficed to gather the dead bodies from the streets and efface all outward traces of the conflict, the people continued for many days to talk of the details of that horrifying struggle, which had given back to the Convention — that is, to the Revolution and its authors — the authority that was needed to establish the new institutions, a dread of which had produced the events we have narrated.

The Convention so fully understood by the morning of the 14th that the plenitude of its power was restored that it hardly inquired what had become of the beaten Sectionists, who, indeed, had disappeared leaving naught behind them but a trail of blood, which one day's work had effaced, if not from the memory of the citizens, at least from the pavement of the streets.

The Convention contented itself with abolishing the headquarters of the National Guard, dissolving the chasseurs and the grenadiers, who were nearly all young men with their hair in queues, putting the National Guard under the command of Barras, or rather of his young colleague, Bonaparte, ordering the disarming of the Sections Le Peletier and Théâtre Français, and, finally, appointing three commissions to try the leaders of the Sectionists, nearly all of whom had disappeared.



PORTRAIT OF EUGENE BEAUHARNAIS.

Many incidents of this day, which left in the minds of Parisians so bloody a memory, were long related. Splendid words issued from the lips of the wounded, or rather from the wounds themselves. It was told how the wounded, carried to the Convention itself, and into the hall of Victory, had been cared for by the wives and daughters of the Conventionals, transformed into Sisters of Mercy. Barras was praised for having known so well how to select his second in command; and they glorified the young general who, all unknown the night before, had suddenly burst upon the world like a majestic being amid the thunders of heaven.

Bonaparte, descending from this pedestal of flame, was now general of the Interior; and in order to be near headquarters, which were on the boulevard des Capucines, in the building formerly used for the ministry of foreign affairs, he had taken two rooms in the hôtel de la Concorde, rue Neuve-des-Capucines. It was in one of these rooms, which he used as an office, that a visitor was announced to him one morning, under the name of Eugène Beauharnais. Though much harassed by petitioners of all kinds, Bonaparte had not yet reached the point when he protected himself by stern exclusion of applicants. Besides, the name Beauharnais roused only pleasurable ideas. He accordingly gave permission for his visitor to be shown in.

Those of our readers who have already seen Eugène de Beauharnais in Strasbourg do not need to be told that he was now a handsome young man of sixteen. His eyes were large, his hair thick and black, his lips red and full, his teeth white, and his hands and feet aristocratic, — a distinction the young general remarked; and with all these personal qualities he possessed the sensitive timidity which becomes youth, especially when youth has a favor to solicit.

From the moment of his entrance, Bonaparte's eyes had followed him with the deepest attention, — a circumstance which contributed not a little to intimidate Eugène. But

suddenly, as if the lad were determined to shake off a shyness which was unworthy of him, he raised his head, and said, drawing himself up:—

“After all, I don’t know why I hesitate to make you a request which is both loyal and filial.”

“I am listening,” said Bonaparte.

“I am the son of the Vicomte de Beauharnais.”

“The citizen-general,” said Bonaparte, gently.

“Citizen-general, if you insist on the forms of address adopted by the government of the Republic.”

“I insist on nothing,” said Bonaparte, “except that language be clear and to the point.”

“Well,” said the young man, “I came to ask you, citizen-general, for the sword of my father, Alexandre de Beauharnais, a general like yourself. I am sixteen years old; my education as a soldier is almost completed. It is my turn now to serve the country. I want to wear at my side the sword my father wore. That is why I have come to ask you for it.”

Bonaparte, who wanted clear and straightforward language, was taken with this firm and intelligent answer.

“If I were to ask you for a few details about yourself and your family,” he said, “should you attribute the request to curiosity, or to the interest you inspire in me?”

“I should prefer to think,” replied Eugène, “that a rumor of our misfortunes had reached you, and that I owe to your kindness the interest you may show in me.”

“Your mother was a prisoner also, I think?” questioned Bonaparte.

“Yes; and she was saved by a miracle. We owe her life to the citoyenne Tallien and the citizen Barras.”

Bonaparte reflected a moment. “How does your father’s sword come to be in my hands?” he said.

“I don’t say it is exactly in your hands, general; but I say that you can get it returned to me. The Convention has ordered the disarming of the Section Le Peletier. We live in our old house, in the rue Neuve-des-Mathurins.

which General Barras recovered for us. A company of men came and demanded all the arms that were in the house. My mother gave them my double-barrelled gun, a carbine I had bought at Strasbourg, with which I fought the Prussians, and my father's sword. I did not regret the gun or the carbine, — though I had a little pride about the carbine, — but I regret, and shall always, I acknowledge, regret the sword that fought so gloriously in France and America."

"If the weapons were shown to you, I suppose you could recognize them?" said Bonaparte.

"Oh, no doubt of that!" replied Eugène.

Bonaparte rang the bell. A subaltern entered for orders.

"Accompany citizen Beauharnais," said Bonaparte, "to the rooms where the arms taken from the Sections have been deposited. You will let him take those he may select as belonging to him."

So saying, he held out to the youth the hand which was destined to lead him so high. In his ignorance of the future, Eugène darted forward, and grasped it gratefully.

"Ah, citizen!" he said, "my mother and sister shall be told how good you have been to me; and you may be sure that they will be as grateful as I am."

At this moment the door opened, and Barras came in, without being announced.

"So, so!" he said, "here are two of my friends."

"I have just been telling General Bonaparte what we owe to you," said Eugène; "and I repeat in your presence that without your protection the widow and children of Beauharnais would have died of hunger."

"Of hunger!" cried Bonaparte, laughing. "None but the veterans, set aside on half-pay by citizen Aubry, are exposed to that kind of death."

"I did n't exactly mean it, either," said Eugène; "for while our mother was a prisoner I was with an upholsterer, where I earned my food, and my sister was with a milliner, who gave her as much out of pity."

“Well,” said Barras, “the bad days are over, and the good days have come. What brought you here, my little friend?”

Eugène told Barras the motive of his visit.

“Why didn’t you ask me,” said Barras, “instead of disturbing my colleague?”

“Because I wanted to know citizen-general Bonaparte,” replied Eugène. “To get back my father’s sword by his hand seemed to me a good omen.”

Bowing to the two generals, he went off with the subaltern, much less shy and timid in departing than he had been on entering.

END OF VOL I.

THE FIRST REPUBLIC.

VOLUME II.

THE FIRST REPUBLIC;

OR,

THE WHITES AND THE BLUES.

THE THIRTEENTH VENDÉMIAIRE (*Continued*).

XXV.

THE MAP OF MARENGO.

THE two generals were alone. The eyes of both had followed the young man, but each with a different interest.

“That boy has a heart of gold,” said Barras, as the door closed on Eugène. “He went off alone to Strasbourg hoping to find documents which would exculpate his father before the Revolutionary tribunal. But the tribunal was in such a hurry that it would n’t wait for the papers, and took off his father’s head before he returned. However, it was high time Eugène left Strasbourg; if it had n’t been for Saint-Just I don’t know what might have happened to him. He must needs meddle in a theatre with one of those Strasbourg bullies, the president of a club, named Tétrell, who was head and shoulders taller than he. If the audience, who saw him fighting the Prussians in the morning, had not taken his side vehemently the poor boy would have been done for.”

“I presume,” said Bonaparte, who was always to the point, “that you did not take the trouble to pay me this

visit, citizen Barras, merely to speak of this young man, especially as you were ignorant that he was here."

"No," said Barras, "I came to make you a present."

"To me?"

"To you," replied Barras.

Going to the door of the antechamber, he opened it and made a sign. Two men entered, bearing, each on one shoulder, like two carpenters carrying a joist, an immense canvas, rolled and tied.

"Good Heavens! what's that?" asked Bonaparte.

"You mentioned your desire to carry the war into Italy, general."

"You mean that I mentioned the necessity France would some day be under to decide the Austrian question in Italy."

"Well, for some time past, Carnot, who thinks as you do, has been engaged in getting up the best map of Italy that there is in the world. I have obtained it from the ministry of war; at first, they had a great mind not to let me have it, but finally they gave it to me, and I now give it to you."

Bonaparte seized Barras's hand.

"That is indeed a gift," he said, — "above all, if this map is given to me as to one who may make use of it. Spread it out," he called, to the men who had brought it.

The latter knelt down, untied the cords, and tried to unroll the map, but the room was not half large enough to contain it.

"Well done!" exclaimed Bonaparte; "you'll force me to build a house to hold that map."

"Oh!" replied Barras, "when the time to use it comes, you may be living in a house large enough to hang it on a panel between two windows. See, however, on the part that is unrolled, not a rivulet, not a torrent, not a hill missing."

The porters had opened the map as far as possible, and the part exposed extended beyond the gulf of Genoa from Ajaccio to Savona.

“By the bye,” said Bonaparte, “is n’t it somewhere about Cervoni that Schérer, Masséna, and Kellermann ought to be?”

“Yes,” said Barras, “and we have had news of them this very day. How could I have forgotten to tell you that? Augereau has defeated the enemy brilliantly at Loano. Masséna and Joubert, whom Kellermann persisted in keeping with him in spite of their removal by the Committee of Public safety, showed splendid courage.”

“It is not there! it is not there!” muttered Bonaparte. “What good does it do to strike a limb? None! The heart is the place to strike, — Milau, Mantua, Verona. Ah! if ever —”

“Ever what?” asked Barras.

“Oh, nothing,” said Bonaparte.

Then, turning his attention full on Barras, he said: —

“Are you certain of being one of the five Directors?”

“Yesterday,” said Barras, lowering his voice, “the Conventionals met to discuss the choice of the members of the Directory. They argued a long time, and finally the names selected at this first trial were: mine, then Rewbell, Sieyès third, and lastly La Reveillère-Lepeaux and Letourneur. But one of the five will assuredly not accept.”

“Which?” asked Bonaparte.

“Sieyès.”

“Who do they think will take his place?”

“Probably Carnot.”

“That will be no loss. But why not have placed among all those civilians a name that represents the army, — Kléber, Pichegru, Hoche, or Moreau?”

“They are afraid of the military influence.”

Bonaparte laughed.

“So be it!” he said. “When Cæsar took possession of Rome he was neither a tribune nor a consul; he returned from the Gauls, after winning eighty battles and subduing three hundred peoples. That’s what dictators do. Only, none of the men you have just named are strong enough

to play Cæsar's part. If the five men you speak of are appointed, things will go very well. You have popularity, initiative and action; you will be, naturally, the leader of the Directory. Rewbell and Letourneur are workers who will do the drudgery, while you direct. La Reveillère-Lepeaux is virtuous and honest; you can moralize together. As for Carnot, I really don't know what you can do with him."

"He can continue to make plans and organize victories," said Barras.

"Plans, as many as he likes; but if I am ever anything, don't trouble yourself to send any of them to me, that's all."

"Why not?"

"Because it is not with a map, compasses, and red, blue, and green headed pins that battles are won, but by instinct, glance, genius. I'd like to know if they sent Hannibal, from Carthage, the plans of the battles of Trébia and Thrasymene and Cannes. You make me shrug my shoulders with your plans. Do you know what you ought to do? You ought to give me all the details of the battle of Loano; and, inasmuch as the map is open at that very place, it would interest me very much to follow the movements of both armies, ours and the Austrians."

Barras drew from his pocket a note written with the laconic brevity of a telegraphic despatch and gave it to Bonaparte.

"Patience!" he said. "You have already got the map; perhaps the command will follow."

Bonaparte was eagerly reading the despatch.

"Good!" said he, "Loano is the key of Genoa, and Genoa is the storehouse of Italy." Then he went on reading. "Masséna, Kellermann, Joubert, what men! what could n't one do with them! He who could unite them and bind them together would be a Jupiter Olympus, holding the thunderbolt."

He muttered the names of Hoche, Kléber and Moreau,

and then, compass in hand, he lay down on the huge map, only half of which was uncovered. There he studied the marches and counter-marches which had led to the battle of Loano. When Barras took leave, Bonaparte paid scarcely any heed to him, so absorbed was he in strategic combinations.

“It can’t be Schérer,” he said to himself, “who arranged and executed that plan, nor Carnot either; the attack was too impromptu. It was a man of the first class, — Masséna, undoubtedly.”

He had been lying perhaps half an hour on that map — from which he was never again to be separated — when the door opened and a servant announced: —

“The citoyenne Beauharnais.”

Absorbed as he was, Bonaparte thought the words were, “The citizen Beauharnais;” and supposing it to be the same young man he had already seen, who had returned to thank him for the favor granted, he called out: —

“Show him in! show him in!”

A moment later, and there appeared at the door, not the young man he had seen, but a beautiful woman about twenty-eight years of age. Much astonished, he half rose; and it was thus, with one knee on the ground, that Bonaparte beheld for the first time Marie-Rose-Joséphine Tascher de la Pagerie, widow Beauharnais.

XXVI.

MARIE-ROSE-JOSÉPHINE TASCHER DE LA PAGERIE,
VICOMTESSE DE BEAUHARNAIS.

BONAPARTE was struck with admiration. Madame de Beauharnais was, as we have said, about twenty-eight years of age, of undeniable beauty and perfect grace of manner; exhaling from all things in and about her that sweet something which may have been the perfume which Venus gave to her elect to inspire love.

Her eyes were dark, her nose straight, her mouth smiling; the oval of her face was flawless, her throat gracefully poised; her waist was flexible and undulating, her arm perfect, her hand beautiful. Nothing could be more winning than her Creole accent, of which only just enough remained to evidence her tropical birth.

As we see by her maiden name, Madame de Beauharnais was of noble birth. Born in Martinique, her education had been that of all Creoles, — that is to say, it was left to herself; but a delightful disposition of heart and mind had made Mademoiselle Tascher de la Pagerie one of the most charming women in the world. Her kind heart had early taught her that the negroes, though they did have wool instead of hair, were men, to be pitied because the greed and greater strength of the whites had torn them from their native land and placed them among a people who always oppressed, and often killed them. The first sight that struck her youthful mind was that of these unfortunates, disunited as families, placed in gangs as laborers, toiling beneath an almost vertical sun, fearing the cane of an overseer, and tilling a soil which their blood and sweat were fertilizing, but not for their own benefit.

Her young mind asked itself why this race was held outside of the common laws of the human species; why they vegetated thus, naked, homeless, without property, without honor, without liberty; and she told herself it was to enrich their selfish masters that from infancy to death they were condemned without hope of any kind to perpetual misery. Thus the pity of this young Joséphine made the plantation of her father a paradise for the slaves.

She was about fourteen when she met at the house of her aunt Renaudin, a young officer of noble birth and great merit, — the Vicomte Alexandre de Beauharnais. The one possessed in her person everything that wins love; the other had in his heart everything that prompts to give it. They loved each other, therefore, with the abandonment of two young persons who have mutually realized the dream of a sister soul.

“I have chosen you,” said Alexandre, pressing her hand tenderly.

“And I — I have found you,” answered Joséphine, giving him her forehead to kiss.

Aunt Renaudin thought it would be going against the decrees of Providence to oppose such a love. The parents of both lovers were in France. It was necessary to obtain their consent, and Aunt Renaudin never doubted that she could do so. Obstacles came, however, from the Messieurs Beauharnais, father and uncle of the lover. In a moment of fraternal emotion they had pledged themselves to unite their own children. Joséphine’s lover was to marry his cousin.

The father of Alexandre was the first to yield. Hearing of the despair of the young lovers, he gave way, little by little, and finally agreed to tell his brother of the change in their plans. But the brother was a man of less kind-heartedness, and he insisted on the promise made to him by his brother, declaring that if the latter broke his word, a thing unworthy of a gentleman, he would never break his by consenting to the change. The viscount’s father,

regretting deeply any quarrel with his brother, nevertheless preferred to accept his hatred rather than cause the misery of his son. He not only renewed his promise of consent but he consented on the spot.

Then it was that Joséphine, who was later to give the world so sublime an example of self-sacrifice and triumphant devotion, rehearsed, so to speak, that great act of the divorce by begging her lover to give her up for the peace and tranquillity of his family. She declared to Alexandre that she wished to have an interview with his uncle. When this was arranged she went to Monsieur de Beauharnais's house.

"Monsieur," she said, "you do not like me and you cannot like me; and yet, in order to dislike a woman you must know her. What do you know of me to justify the hatred you feel? What has caused it; what justifies it? It cannot be because of my attachment to the viscount: that attachment is pure, legitimate, and reciprocated. We were ignorant when we first loved each other that social agreements and interests were against us, and made that first avowal of our love a wrong. Well, monsieur, if all this ill-will comes from that marriage, arranged by my aunt and sanctioned by Alexandre's father, I am willing, together with Alexandre, to think more of your wishes than of our own happiness; but if we have the dreadful courage to renounce our marriage, I hope you will not still withhold your friendship from your nephew or continue to regard me as worthy of contempt."

The Marquis de Beauharnais, much astonished at this address, looked at Mademoiselle Tascher de la Pagerie for a moment without answering. Then, doubting the sincerity of her words, he said, covering his own with a varnish of politeness: —

"Mademoiselle, I have heard great praises of the beauty and intelligence, and, more especially, the noble sentiments of Mademoiselle de la Pagerie; but these merits which justify my nephew, or at least excuse him, I find all the

more objectionable because so powerful. Permit me to say, mademoiselle, that your action of to-day — a very singular action — leaves me but one supposition in order to avoid suspecting you of consummate selfishness or great dissimulation; and that is that you have ceased to love my nephew, or to be loved by him.”

The viscount, who was in the next room, hearing these words, could contain himself no longer, but rushed into the salon.

“You are mistaken, monsieur,” he said to his uncle. “She loves me and I love her more than ever. But, as she is an angel, she wants to sacrifice herself and sacrifice me to our family. You have just proved to me, monsieur, by that speech in which you misunderstand her and calumniate her how little worthy you are of the sacrifice she wants to make. Come, Joséphine, come; the last concession I will make is to ask my father to judge for us. What he decides, that we will do.”

The Comte de Beauharnais, when he heard of this, took the hands of the two young people, saying, with tears in his eyes: —

“Never were you more worthy of each other than since you have been willing to renounce your love. You ask my decision. My decision is that you be married; my hope is that you will be happy.”

Eight days later Mademoiselle de la Pagerie was the Vicomtesse de Beauharnais. Nothing came to trouble the happiness of their union until the Revolution broke out. The Vicomte de Beauharnais was among those who took sides with it; but he was mistaken in thinking that the avalanche could be guided. It came down like a torrent, overthrowing all before it, and bearing him, with so many others, to the scaffold.

XXVII.

WHERE AN ANGEL SETS HER FOOT MIRACLES ARE DONE.

THE evening before the day on which the Vicomte de Beauharnais went to the scaffold, he wrote as follows to his wife:—

Night of the 6th to 7th Thermidor.
In the Conciergerie.

I may give a few moments to tenderness, to tears, to regrets, and then I must turn my mind to the glory of my fate, and the grand thoughts of immortality. When you receive this letter, O my Joséphine! your husband will long, in the language of this lower world, have ceased to be; he will already have tasted the joys of true life in the bosom of God. You see therefore that there is nothing to weep for; it is the madmen who survive him for whom tears should flow; for they are doing evil which they cannot repair.

But let us not blacken these last supreme moments with the memory of their guilt; I would rather turn to thoughts of our union and the joys I have had in the cloudless happiness that you have given me. Our union has lasted, as it were, for a day only, and that thought forces me to sigh; but the day has been serene and bright, and I know the goodness of the Providence that gave it. To-day that same Providence removes me before my time, and that is also one of its benefits; for a man of heart cannot live happy, or even without remorse, when he sees the universe a prey to wicked men. I should be thankful to be taken from their midst were it not for the dear and precious ones I am forced to abandon to their mercies. Yet, if the thoughts of the dying are really presentiments, I have one now in my heart which assures me that these butcheries are drawing to an end, and that the butchers will succeed the victims.

I resume these half illegible and ill-written lines which the coming of my gaolers interrupted. I have just passed through a terrible ordeal; under all other circumstances I could not have borne it and

still lived. But why quarrel with the inevitable? Common-sense demands that we choose a better course.

While my hair was being cut, I bethought me of buying back a portion of it to send to my dear wife and children, as a last memorial of me; but that thought breaks my heart, and the tears are dampening my paper.

Farewell, all that I love! Love each other, talk of me, and never forget that the glory of dying a victim to tyrants and a martyr to liberty, gives lustre even to a death on the scaffold.

Arrested herself as we have said, the Vicomtesse de Beauharnais, expecting her death at every moment, wrote to her children, as her husband had written to her. She ended a long letter, which we have at this moment in our hand, with these words:—

As for me, my children, I am about to die, as your father died, the victim of passions he always opposed, and which in the end destroyed him. I leave this life without hatred toward his murderers or mine; I despise them.

Honor my memory by adopting my sentiments. I bequeath to you, as your inheritance, the glory of your father, and the good name of your mother which a few unfortunates have blessed; I leave you also our love and our blessing.

As Madame de Beauharnais ended the writing of this letter, cries were heard from the court of the prison: "Death to Robespierre! Long live Liberty!" This was on the morning of the 10th Thermidor.

Three days later Madame la Vicomtesse de Beauharnais, thanks to the friendship of Madame Tallien, was set at liberty; and a month later, thanks to the influence of Barras, such of her property as had not been sold was restored to her. Among that property was the house in the rue Neuve-des-Mathurins, No. 11.

On the morning of which we write, seeing her son (who had said not a word to her of what he meant to do) enter her room with his father's sword in his hand, and hearing from him how that sword had been returned, she, in a

moment of enthusiasm, darted from the house, and having only the boulevard to cross, went just as she was to thank the young general, to whom her apparition now caused the greatest surprise.

Bonaparte held out his hand to the beautiful young widow, more than usually beautiful in the black clothes she had worn since her husband's death, making her a sign to step over the map and come to the side of the room which was not encumbered with it. Joséphine replied that she had come on foot, and that her boots being muddy she feared to injure the map. Bonaparte insisted. Aided by the young general's hand she sprang across the Gulf of Genoa, but the point of her pretty foot touched the little town of Voltri and made a mark.

A sofa was in the room; Joséphine sat down upon it, and near her stood Bonaparte, with one knee on a chair against the back of which he leaned in an attitude partly of respect and partly of admiration. He was, at first, a good deal embarrassed. Nevertheless, though he had little knowledge of the world, and had seldom even spoken to a woman, he knew there were three subjects always acceptable to the female heart: their native land, and youth, and love. Accordingly he began to talk to Madame de Beauharnais of Martinique, her parents, and her husband.

An hour went by and, careful economizer of time that he was, he did not even notice the lapse of it. Not much was said of the present moment, though the young general observed that Madame de Beauharnais was evidently in relations with the persons in power and all those who had any chance of obtaining it, — her husband having held a central position among the reactionists who were now in favor.

Madame de Beauharnais, on her side, was far too much a woman of the world not to perceive at once, piercing through his native originality, the powerful intellect of the conqueror of the 13th Vendémiaire. That victory, so rapid and so complete, had made Bonaparte the hero of the day.

Much had been said of him in Madame de Beauharnais's circle; curiosity as well as gratitude had led her to make this visit. She found Barras's *protégé* far above, intellectually, what Barras had represented him, so that when her servant came to say that Madame Tallien was awaiting her to go *she knew where*, she cried out:—

“But that appointment was not till half-past five!”

“It is now six, madame,” said the footman.

“Heavens!” she cried, “what can I tell her?”

“Tell her, madame,” replied Bonaparte, “that your conversation had such charms for me that I obtained by entreaties half an hour too much of your time.”

“Bad advice,” said Joséphine; “it would make me tell a lie to excuse myself.”

“But why is Madame Tallien so impatient?” said Bonaparte, seeking a means to prolong the visit still further. “Has she another 9th Thermidor on hand?”

“If I were not ashamed to confess it, I would tell you where we are going.”

“Tell me, madame; I should be only too delighted to share a secret of yours, especially a secret you dare not confess.”

“Are you superstitious?”

“I am a Corsican, madame.”

“Ah! then you will not laugh at me. Yesterday we were at Madame Gohier's, and she happened to tell us that in passing through Lyon about ten years ago, she had had her fortune told by a Demoiselle Lenormand. Among other predictions which were realized, the seeress told her that she would love a man whom she would not marry, and marry one whom she did not love, but that after her marriage there would come to her the strongest love for her husband. That has been her history from beginning to end. Now, she has just heard that this sibyl, who goes by the name of Lenormand, lives in Paris in the rue de Tournon, No. 7. Madame Tallien and I are eaten up with curiosity to see her; and we have arranged to meet at my

house, disguise ourselves as grisettes, and go there to-night. The appointment was made for half-past five; it is now, you tell me, six; I must go and make my excuses to Madame Tallien, change my dress, and, if not too late, go with her to Mademoiselle Lenormand. I confess that we hope by disguising ourselves carefully to lead the sibyl into making some great blunder."

"But don't you need a companion, madame, — a locksmith, blacksmith, armorer?"

"No, citizen, to my sincere regret," replied Madame de Beauharnais. "I am already indiscreet in telling you all this; the indiscretion would be greater still if I made you a third in the adventure."

"Your will be done, madame — on earth as it is in heaven," replied Bonaparte.

Offering his hand to lead her to the door, he avoided the map that lay there, on which her foot, light as it was, had left an imprint.

XXVIII.

THE SEERESS.

MADAME DE BEAUHARNAIS found Madame Tallien waiting for her.

Madame Tallien (Thérèse Cabarus) was, as all the world knows, the daughter of a Spanish banker. Married to Monsieur Davis de Fontenay, councillor to the parliament of Bordeaux, she was soon divorced from him. This was in '94, when the Terror was at its height. Thérèse Cabarus wished to rejoin her father in Spain, so as to escape the misfortunes of which exile was much the least. Stopped at the gates of the town, she was taken before Tallien, who fell passionately in love with her at first sight. She used that passion to save a great many victims. In those days, more especially, it was love which rescued from death, its worst enemy.

Tallien was recalled. Thérèse followed him to Paris, where she was arrested; from the depths of her prison it was she who brought about the 9th Thermidor. Robespierre overthrown, she was free. It will be remembered that her first care on getting out of prison was to obtain the release of her companion, Joséphine.

Since then Joséphine Beauharnais and Thérèse Tallien had been inseparable. One woman alone could dispute with them in Paris the palm of beauty. She was, as we have said, Madame Récamier.

This evening, then, the two friends had agreed to go disguised as waiting-maids and under false names, to the fashionable seeress, Mademoiselle Lenormand. In a few moments the two fine ladies were transformed into charming

grisettes. The frills of their lace caps fell over their foreheads, and the hoods of their little mantles were drawn about their heads. Dressed in light cotton gowns, and shod with low shoes with paste buckles, and stockings with pink or green clocks, they jumped into the hackney-coach they had ordered to be brought through the great gate of the courtyard in the rue des Mathurins, and in a rather trembling voice, such as all women use when they do anything outside of their habitual lives, Madame de Beauharnais said to the coachman : —

“ Rue de Tournon, No. 7.”

The coach stopped at the house indicated ; the coachman got off his box, opened the carriage door, received his fare, and rapped. The gate opened. The two women hesitated a moment. Their hearts seemed to fail them. But Madame Tallien pushed her friend, and Joséphine, light as a bird, sprang to the pavement without touching the carriage step ; Madame Tallien followed her ; together they crossed the alarming threshold, and the gate closed behind them.

They then found themselves under a porte-cochère, the arch of which extended to the court-yard. At the farther end could be read on a window-shutter, lighted by a hanging-lamp, the words, “ Mademoiselle Lenormand, publisher.” The two ladies went toward the lamp, which they now saw lighted a little portico with four steps as well as the window-shutter. They went up the four steps and found themselves in front of the porter’s lodge.

“ The citoyenne Lenormand ? ” said Madame Tallien, taking the initiative, although she was the younger of the two.

“ Ground floor, first door to left,” answered the porter.

Madame Tallien went first, holding up her already short petticoats, and showing a leg which, though it compared in shape with those of the finest Greek statues, had humiliated itself that evening to a garter below the knee, after the fashion of the grisettes. Madame de Beauharnais followed, admiring the ease of her friend, but quite unable to attain

to that amount of self-possession herself. Madame Tallien, having reached the door, rang the bell; an old servant answered it.

The new-comers, whose faces recommended them, but not their clothes, were closely scrutinized by the footman, who merely made them a sign to sit down in the outer room. The second room, a salon, through which the man passed to announce them to his mistress, who was in a third room, was occupied by two or three ladies, whose rank in life it was difficult to define, for at that period, all ranks were apparently levelled to that of the bourgeoisie. To the great astonishment of the two friends, the door of the salon presently opened and Mademoiselle Lenormand herself came out and addressed them.

“Mesdames,” she said, “have the goodness to come into the salon.”

The pretended grisettes looked at each other in astonishment. Mademoiselle Lenormand was supposed to make her predictions in a sort of waking trance. Could it be that her faculty of second sight had enabled her to recognize, before she saw them, two women of the world whom the valet had announced to her as grisettes? It is true that at the same moment Mademoiselle Lenormand requested one of the two ladies who was waiting in the salon to pass forward into the consulting-room.

Madame Tallien and Madame de Beauharnais began to examine the room into which they were now introduced. Its chief ornaments were two portraits, one of Louis XVI., the other of Marie Antoinette. These portraits, in spite of the terrible days just passed, in spite, too, of the fact that the two heads there represented had fallen on the scaffold, these portraits had never been moved from their places, and continued to be the symbols of the respect which Mademoiselle Lenormand had always testified to the originals.

After these portraits, the most remarkable object in the salon was a long table covered with a cloth, on which glit-

tered necklaces, bracelets, rings, and different pieces of silverware elegantly chased ; the greater part of the silverware belonged to the eighteenth century. All these articles were presents offered to the sibyl by persons to whom she had made agreeable predictions, which were, no doubt, realized.

Before long the door of the consulting-room opened, and the last of the two ladies who preceded them was called in. The two friends were then alone. A quarter of an hour passed, during which time they talked to each other in whispers. Then the door opened, and Mademoiselle Lenormand reappeared.

“Which of you ladies,” she asked, “will come in first?”

“Can we not go in together?” asked Madame de Beauharnais, eagerly.

“Impossible, madame,” said the seeress ; “I have imposed upon myself a strict rule forbidding me to read the fortunes of one person before another.”

“May we know why?” asked Madame Tallien with her usual vivacity, not to say indiscretion.

“Because it once happened that I made the portrait of a man who proved to be the husband of one of the two ladies I admitted together.”

“Go in, go in, Thérèse,” said Joséphine, pushing Madame Tallien.

“I am always the one to sacrifice myself,” answered the latter. Then, with a smile to her friend, she added, laughing : —

“So be it ! I risk all.”

Mademoiselle Lenormand at this period of her life was a woman somewhere between twenty-four and twenty-nine years of age ; short and stout in figure, and concealing with difficulty that one shoulder was larger than the other. She wore a turban adorned with a bird of Paradise, a fashion of the day. Her hair fell in long curls on either side of her cheeks. She wore two skirts, one above the other ; the upper and shorter one came just below the

knee, and was gray in color; the lower skirt was long and made a little train behind her; this was cherry-colored.

Near her, on a stool, was her favorite greyhound, Aza. The table on which she did her marvels was a plain round table with a green cloth top and drawers, in which she kept her cards. The room was of the same length as the salon, but narrower. On either side of the door were bookshelves of oak, containing numerous volumes. Facing the sibyl was an arm-chair, in which the consulting person was seated. Between that person and the seeress lay an iron wand, which was called the divining-rod; at the end turned toward the consulting person was a little iron snake. The opposite end was made like the handle of a whip or cane.

This was what Madame de Beauharnais saw during the short time that the door remained open to allow her friend to pass in.

Joséphine took a book, sat down by a lamp and tried to read; but her attention was presently distracted by the sound of the bell and the arrival of another visitor. This was a young man dressed in the last fashion of the Incroyables. What with his hair, which was combed down and cut to the line of his eyebrows, the "dog's-ear" locks which fell to his shoulders, and the folds of his cravat, which came nearly up to his cheek-bones, it was difficult to distinguish more than the line of a straight nose, a refined and resolute mouth, and two black eyes as brilliant as diamonds.

He bowed without speaking, twirled his knotty cane two or three times around his head, after the fashion of the Incroyables, hummed a few false notes as if he were beginning or ending some tune, and sat down in the corner of the room. But, little as that griffin eye (as Dante would have called it) could be seen, Madame de Beauharnais was beginning to feel uneasy at this tête-à-tête (though the Incroyable sat at the farther extremity of the salon) when Madame Tallien came out.

"Ah! my dear!" she cried, not noticing the new-comer

in his dark corner; "my dear, go in at once! She is a delightful person! Guess what she has told me."

"That you will be loved and beautiful till you are fifty years old, and excite passions all your life —"

Then, as Madame Tallien made a sign implying "That's not it!" she added: —

"— and have a fine house, and lackeys, and carriages and horses, white or cream-colored."

"I shall have all that, my dear, and much more. I'm to be a princess."

"I congratulate you sincerely, my beautiful princess," replied Joséphine. "I see there is nothing left for me to get; and as I am sure I shall never be a princess, and my pride already suffers because I am not as handsome as you, I will not go in to see your sibyl, lest she should say something to make us quarrel."

"Joséphine, you are not in earnest?"

"No. But I'm not going to expose myself to the inferiority that threatens me on all sides. You may have your principality, but let us get away!"

She made a movement to leave the room, dragging Madame Tallien with her; but at that instant a hand was laid gently on her arm, and she heard a voice saying: —

"Stay, madame, and when you have heard me you may find you have nothing to envy in your friend's fate."

Joséphine was seized with a great desire to know what it could be that would keep her from envying a princess; she therefore yielded, and followed Mademoiselle Lenormand into the consulting-room.

XXIX.

THE OCCULT ART.

MADemoiselle LENORMAND made a sign to Joséphine to take the chair which Madame Tallien had just left; then she drew a fresh pack of cards from her drawer, possibly to prevent the destiny given by the last pack from influencing that of the present. Then she looked fixedly at Madame de Beauharnais.

“You and your friend have tried to deceive me, madame,” she said, “by wearing the clothes of servants. But I am a waking somnambulist. I saw you start from a house in the centre of Paris; I saw your hesitation about crossing my threshold; and I also saw you in the antechamber when your proper place was the salon, and I went there to bring you in. Don’t try to deceive me now; answer my questions frankly; if you want the truth, tell the truth.”

Madame de Beauharnais bowed.

“Question me, and I will answer truly,” she said.

“What animal do you like best?”

“A dog.”

“What flower do you prefer?”

“The rose.”

“What perfume is most agreeable to you?”

“That of the violet.”

The seeress placed a pack of cards before Madame de Beauharnais, which was nearly double the size of an ordinary pack. These cards had been lately invented, and were called “the grand oracle.”

“Let us first find where you are placed,” said the seeress.

Turning over the cards, she moved them about with her

middle finger until she found "the consultant;" that is to say, the image of a dark woman, with a white gown and deep embroidered flounce, and an overdress of red velvet forming a train behind, the whole on a rich background. This card was lying between the eight of hearts and the ten of clubs.

"Chance has placed you well, madame. See, the eight of hearts has three different meanings on three different lines. The first, which is the eight of hearts itself, represents the stars under whose conjunction you were born; the second, an eagle seizing a toad from a pond over which it hovers; the third, a woman near a grave. Listen to what I deduce from that first card, madame. You are born under the influence of Venus and the Moon. You have just experienced a great satisfaction, almost equal to a triumph. That woman dressed in black beside a grave indicates that you are a widow. On the other hand, the ten of clubs pledges the success of a rash enterprise of which you are not yet aware. It would be impossible to have cards of better augury."

Then, shuffling the cards, but leaving the "consultant" out, Mademoiselle Lenormand asked Madame de Beauharnais to cut them with her left hand, and then draw out fourteen of them, and place those fourteen in any order she liked beside the "consultant," going from right to left as the Eastern peoples do in their writings.

Madame de Beauharnais obeyed, cut the pack, and laid the cards to the right of the "consultant." Mademoiselle Lenormand followed the cards with her eyes, paying far more attention to them than did Madame de Beauharnais herself as she laid them down.

"Really, madame," she said, "you are a privileged person. I think you were right not to be frightened away by the fate I predicted for your friend, brilliant as it was. Your first card is the five of diamonds; beside the five of diamonds is that beautiful constellation of the Southern Cross, which is invisible to us in Europe. The main subject

of that card, which represents a Greek or Mohammedan traveller, indicates that you were born either in the East or in the colonies. The parrot, or the orange-tree, which forms the third subject, makes me think it was the colonies. The flower, which is a veratrum, very common in Martinique, leads me to think you were born on that island."

"You are not mistaken, madame."

"Your third card, the nine of diamonds, indicating long and distant journeys, implies that you left that island young. The convolvulus, which is pictured at the bottom of this card, represents a woman seeking a support, and makes me suppose you left the island to be married."

"That is also true, madame."

"Your fourth card is the ten of spades, and that indicates the loss of your hopes; nevertheless, the flowers of the saxifrage which are on the card authorize me to say that those griefs will pass away, and that a fortunate issue — a marriage, probably — has succeeded those distresses which at one time seemed to exclude all hope."

"If you had known my whole life, madame, you could not speak more correctly."

"That encourages me," said the sibyl; "for I see strange things on your cards, madame, which I should refuse to decipher if to my doubts you had added your denials. Here is the eight of spades. Achilles drags Hector chained to his car round the walls of Troy; lower down, a woman kneels beside a grave; your husband, like the Trojan hero, must have died a violent death, probably on the scaffold. But here is a singular thing: on the same card opposite to the weeping woman are the bones of Pelops placed cross-wise above the talisman of the moon. That means "fortunate misfortune;" in other words, a great misfortune will be succeeded by a higher fortune."

Joséphine smiled.

"That belongs to the future; I cannot answer as to that."

"You have two children?"

“Yes, madame.”

“A son and daughter?”

“Yes.”

“See, on this card, the ten of diamonds, your son takes, without consulting you, a step of the utmost importance, — not in itself, but in the results which it will bring about. At the bottom of this card, that oak which you see there is one of the talking oaks of Dordona. Jason, lying beneath its shade, listens. What does he hear? The voice of the future, which tells him that your son laid hands upon it when he took that step. The next card, the knave of diamonds, shows you Achilles, disguised as a woman, at the court of Lycomenes. The glitter of a sword-blade will make him a man. Is there any affair of a sword between your son and some other person?”

“Yes, madame.”

“Well, then, here, at the top of this card, Juno in a cloud calls to him, ‘Courage, young man!’ Help will never fail him. I am not sure, but on this card, which is no other than the king of diamonds, I think I see your son addressing a mighty soldier and obtaining all he wants. This four of diamonds represents you, madame, at the moment when your son relates to you the success of the step he took. The flowers you see at the bottom of the card order you not to be daunted by any difficulties, and proclaim that you will, sooner or later, obtain all you desire. And here, madame, is the eight of spades, which is a sure indication of marriage. Placed as it is next to the eight of hearts, — that is to say, near the eagle rising to the skies with a toad in his talons, — the eight of hearts indicates that this marriage will lift you above even the loftiest spheres of social life. But, if you doubt it, here is the six of hearts, which, unfortunately, seldom accompanies the eight, — that six of hearts in which the alchemist is looking at his stone now turned to gold; in other words, common life changed to a life of honor, nobleness, and high employments. See, among these flowers, is the same convolvulus, which entwines

a broken lily : that means, madame, that you will succeed, you who seek a support, you will succeed — how shall I tell you this ? — to all that is highest and noblest and most powerful in France, — to the broken lily : you will succeed that lily in a new sphere ; passing, as the ten of spades has shown, over battlefields where — see on that card — Ulysses and Diomed drive the white horses of Rhesus, placed under guardianship of the talisman of Mars.”

The sibyl paused for an instant, and then went on : —

“ When you reach that point, madame, you will have the respect and the tender regard of every one. You will be the wife of that Hercules strangling the lion in the forest of Nemæa ; that is to say, a useful and courageous man exposing himself to all dangers for the good of his country. The flowers which crown you are lilacs, arums, immortelles ; for you will combine in your own person true merit and perfect kindness.”

She rose, with a movement of enthusiasm, caught Madame de Beauharnais’s hand, and knelt at her feet.

“ Madame,” she said, “ I do not know your name, I do not know your rank, but I know your future. Madame, remember me when you are — empress.”

“ Empress ! I ? You are mad, my dear.”

“ Eh, madame ! do you not see that your last card, the one that leads the fourteen others, is the king of hearts ; that is to say, the great Charlemagne, who bears in one hand a sword, in the other a globe ? Do you not see on the same card a man of genius who, with a book in his hand and a map at his feet, meditates on the destinies of the world ? And, lastly, see, on two desks opposite to each other, the books of Wisdom and the laws of Solon ; those books prove that your husband will be not only a great conqueror, but a great lawgiver.”

Improbable as this prediction was, Joséphine was seized with vertigo ; her head swam, her eyes were dazzled, her forehead was covered with drops of perspiration, a shudder ran through her whole frame.

“Impossible! impossible! impossible!” she murmured, throwing herself back in her chair.

Then, suddenly remembering that her consultation must have lasted over an hour, and that Madame Tallien was waiting for her, she hastily gave her purse to Mademoiselle Lenormand, without counting what was in it, darted into the salon, seized Madame Tallien by the waist, and dragged her from the room, scarcely acknowledging the bow which the young Incroyable made to the two ladies as they passed him.

“Well?” asked Madame Tallien, stopping short on the portico.

“The woman is crazy,” replied Madame de Beauharnais.

“What did she tell you?”

“Tell me first what she told you?”

“Oh! as for me, my dear, I have already got used to my fate,” replied Madame Tallien, laughing; “she told me I should be a princess.”

“Well, I am not yet used to mine,” said Joséphine; “she predicted that I should be — an empress.”

And the two grisettes got back into their hackney-coach.

XXX.

THE FALSE INCROYABLE.

As we have already said, the two young women, quite beside themselves with their own predictions, paid little or no attention to the young dandy who was awaiting his turn.

During the long interview of Madame de Beauharnais with the seeress, Madame Tallien had several times tried to discover to what class of Incroyable the young man, who was waiting in the same room with her, belonged. But he, not desirous, as it seemed, to engage in a conversation toward which she made some advances, pulled his hair to his eyebrows, the cravat to his chin, the dog's-ears over his cheeks, and settled himself with a sort of low grunt in his chair, like a man who was not sorry to spend his period of waiting in a nap.

The long absence of Madame de Beauharnais passed in this way, — Madame Tallien pretending to read, and the Incroyable appearing to sleep. But they had hardly left the room, his eyes following them as long as possible, before he was at the door of the consulting-room.

The dress of the new applicant was so grotesque that a smile came to the lips of the seeress.

“Mademoiselle,” he said, affecting the ridiculous speech of the dandies of the day, “will you have the goodness to tell me what fate, good or bad, is reserved for the person of your humble servant? He does not conceal from you that that person is sufficiently dear to him to make all the agreeable things you may have to say very acceptable. He may add, however, that having great command over himself, he can listen without annoyance to any catastrophes with which it may please you to threaten him.”

Mademoiselle Lenormand looked at the young man with a moment's uneasiness. Was his easy manner mere foolishness, or had she to deal with one of those young fellows of the period who took pleasure in scoffing at sacred things, and would like nothing better than to attack the sibyl of the rue de Tournon, anchored as she was in the confidence of the nobles of the faubourg Saint-Germain?

"You wish for your horoscope?" she asked.

"Yes, my horoscope, — a horoscope, such as the oracles drew at the birth of Alexander, son of Philip, King of Macedon. Without pretending to reach the fame of the conqueror of Porus and the founder of Alexandria, I do expect to some day make a noise in the world. Have the goodness to prepare what is necessary, and give me the very utmost of what you call 'the great game.'"

"Citizen," said Mademoiselle Lenormand, "I have various methods of proceeding."

"Let us hear what they are," replied the Incroyable, protruding his stomach, sticking his thumbs into the armholes of his waistcoat, and letting his cane hang by the cord that fastened it to his wrist.

"Well, for example, I prophesy by the whites of eggs, by the analysis of coffee-grounds, by chequered or algebraic cards, by alectryomancy —"

"I should like alectryomancy," said the young man; "but for that, we need a live cock and plenty of grain; have you got them?"

"I have them," replied Mademoiselle Lenormand. "I work also by catoptromancy."

"But I do not see a Venice mirror," said the Incroyable, looking about him. "As far as I remember, it is by a drop of water thrown on a Venetian mirror, that catoptromancy is performed."

"Exactly, citizen; you seem to understand my art."

"Faugh!" exclaimed the young man. "Yes, yes," he added, "I have studied occult science."

"I have also chiromancy," said the seeress.

“Ah! that suits me! All the other practices are more or less diabolical, whereas chiromancy has never been censured by the Catholic Church, inasmuch as it is a science founded on principles drawn from Holy Scripture and transcendental philosophy. There are still other methods, however; don't forget hydromancy, *citoyenne*, which is worked by means of a ring thrown into water; or pyromancy, which consists in putting a victim into the fire; or geomancy, which is done by cabalistic dots made at random on the ground, or on paper; or capnomancy, where fate lies in the smoke of poppies rising from live coal; or *coscinomancy*, in which you use an axe, a sieve, and tongs; and, lastly, anthropomancy, for which you sacrifice a human victim.”

Mademoiselle Lenormand looked at her client with some uneasiness. Was he talking seriously? Was he laughing at her, or was he hiding under a false frivolity of manner a personality which he did not wish to have recognized?

“Then,” she said, “you prefer chiromancy?”

“Yes,” replied the Incroyable, “for then I should fear nothing for the safety of my soul were you the devil himself, or (and he bowed gallantly) his wife, Persephone; inasmuch as the patriarch Job has said — thirty-eighth chapter, tenth verse — ‘God hath sealed signs upon the hand of every man, that all men may know their destiny.’ Solomon, that wise king, added: ‘Length of days is in the right hand, and the lines of the left hand tell of riches and glory.’ Moreover, we in find the prophet Isaiah: ‘Thine hand telleth the number of thy years.’ There is my hand. Tell me what it says.”

The Incroyable pulled off his glove and bared a delicate, fine hand, although it was rather thin and slightly sunburned. The proportions of it were perfect, — the fingers long, and tapering gradually; no ring was on them.

Mademoiselle Lenormand took it, looked at it attentively, and then her eyes returned to the face of the young man.

“Monsieur,” she said, “it must have tried your sense of

dignity to dress yourself in that manner; and you must have been influenced in so doing by either a great curiosity, or the first monitions of an invincible feeling. You are wearing a disguise, and not your usual clothing. Your hand is that of a warrior accustomed to wield the sword, and not to twirl the club of an Incroyable, or the switch of a dandy. Neither is your natural language that which you are affecting at this moment. Cease these attempts at concealment. In my presence all disguise is useless. You know of the things you have just mentioned to me, but you have never studied those sciences except as you found them in other sciences which you think more important. You have a turn for occult science, it is true; but your future is not that of Nicolas Flamel or Cagliostro. You asked me in joke for a horoscope such as was drawn at the birth of Alexander of Macedon. It is too late to draw your birth horoscope; but I can tell you what has happened to you since your birth and what will happen to you until your death."

"Faith! you are right," said the young man, in his natural voice. "I admit I am ill at ease in this travesty of manhood; and my language, you say truly, is not that I am accustomed to use. Had you been deceived by my clothes and my accent, I should have told you nothing, and have gone away shrugging my shoulders. The discovery you have made, in spite of my efforts to mislead you, shows me very plainly there is something in your art. It is tempting God, I know," he continued, in a gloomy tone, "to try to wring from Him the secrets of the future; but where is the man who, feeling within him the power of will, would not desire to meet the events which fate holds in store for him forearmed by some knowledge, more or less complete, of the future. You have said that you could tell me my past life. A few words will suffice as to that; it is the future I am more eager to know. I repeat; here is my hand."

Mademoiselle Lenormand rested her eyes for a moment on the inside of that hand; then raising her head, she said:

“You were born on an island, of a noble family which is neither rich nor illustrious. You left your country to be educated in France; you have entered the service in a special arm, — the artillery. You have won a victory very useful to this country, which has ill-rewarded you. For a moment you thought of turning your back on France. Fortunately, the obstacles were many and they wearied you. You have just come again into the light by a striking deed which assures you the protection of the future Directory. This day — recollect the date — though it has apparently been marked by none but ordinary events, will be shown hereafter to have been one of the most important of your life. Do you now believe in my art, and is it your wish that I continue?”

“Undoubtedly,” said the false Incroyable, “and to give you every facility, I begin by appearing to you in my natural face.”

So saying, he took off his hat, threw aside his wig, untied his cravat, and showed that head of bronze which might have been modelled from a Greek coin. His brows frowned slightly, his hair lay smooth upon his temples, his eye was fixed and haughty, almost hard, and his voice, no longer disguised in the slipshod gutturals of the Incroyable, no longer devoid of the courtesy with which a man addresses a woman, now said, in a tone of command, as he gave his hand for the third time to the seeress: —

“Read it!”

XXXI.

ALL HAIL, MACBETH! THAT SHALT BE KING
HEREAFTER.

MADemoisELLE LENORMAND took the hand held out to her with a feeling that was almost respectful.

"Do you wish to know the whole truth?" she asked, "or, like a weak woman to whose nervous irritations you are yourself subject, do you desire me to tell you that which is good and conceal the evil."

"Say all," replied the young man, in a curt tone.

"Then remember the order you have given me," said Mademoiselle Lenormand (slightly emphasizing the word "order"). "Your hand is the most complete of any that I have seen; it presents a mixture of all virtuous sentiments and human weaknesses; it shows me the most heroic of all characters and the most undecided. The greater part of the signs that are within it are dazzling with light, others indicate the gloomiest darkness, and the most painful. The enigma I am about to read to you is far more difficult of interpretation than that of the Theban sphinx, for though you will be greater than *Cædipus*, you will be more unfortunate. Am I to continue? or shall I stop here?"

"Continue," he said.

"I obey you" (and again she emphasized the word, "obey").

"We will begin with the most powerful of the seven planets: all seven are imprinted on your hand, and placed according to their several dispositions. Jupiter is here, at the extremity of the forefinger. We will take Jupiter

There may come a certain confusion from this method of proceeding; but out of chaos, we will bring light.

“Jupiter, then, is at the extremity of your right forefinger: which means that you will be the friend and enemy of the great and the fortunate of this century. On the third joint of that finger observe this fan-shaped mark: it means that you will levy tribute on peoples and kings. See, on the second joint, those lines like rails, breaking off at the seventh rail; that foretells that you will occupy six successive dignities and stop at the seventh.”

“Can you tell me what those dignities are?”

“No. All I can tell you is that the last is the title Emperor of the West, now borne by the house of Austria. I continue:—

“Above the rails, do you see that star? it shows that a guardian spirit will watch over you until your eighth lustre; that is, until you are forty. At that age you will seem to forget that Providence gave you a companion; you will abandon that companion, in consequence of a mistaken estimate of human prosperity. The two signs which are placed directly below that star, and which resemble, one a horse-shoe, the other a chess-board, indicate that after long and constant prosperity you will infallibly fall from the highest summit man has ever reached; and you will fall more by the influence of women than by the power of men. Four lustres will see the end of your triumphs and of your power.

“This other sign, at the base of Jupiter, accompanied by these three stars, signifies that during the last three years of your power your enemies will be silently undermining it; that three months will suffice, at the last, to overthrow you; and that the noise of your downfall will echo from east to west. Am I to continue?”

“Continue,” said the young man.

“These two stars which you see at the extremity of the middle finger, that is to say, the finger of Saturn, indicate, positively, that you will be crowned in the same metropolis

where the kings of France, your predecessors, have been crowned. But the sign of Saturn placed just below those two stars governs them, so to speak, and it is a most fatal omen for you.

“On the second joint of the middle finger there are two strange signs,—strange because they seem to contradict each other. The triangle denotes a suspicious, prying man, not lavish with his means, except to soldiers; a man who in the course of his life will receive three wounds: the first in the thigh, the second in the heel, the third in the little finger. The second of these contradictory signs is a star which denotes a magnanimous sovereign, a lover of the beautiful, forming gigantic projects which are not only unachievable, but also inconceivable to the minds of others.

“This line which, as you see, is like an elongated *S* meandering at the base of the second joint, foretells, amid divers perils, many attempts at assassination, among them a premeditated explosion.

“The right line, the letters *C* and *X*, which come down almost to the root of the finger of Saturn, promise a second marriage more illustrious than the first.

“But,” said the young man, interrupting the seeress impatiently, “this is the second or third time you have mentioned an alliance which will protect the first eight lustres of my life. How am I to know that woman when I meet her?”

“She is a dark-haired woman, the widow of a fair-haired man, who wore a sword and perished by a knife. She has two children, whom you will adopt as your own. Examining her countenance you will notice two things: she has a marked sign on one of her eyebrows; and when she speaks familiarly, she raises her right wrist, having a habit of carrying a handkerchief to her mouth when she smiles.”

“That will do,” said the client. “Return to my horoscope.”

“See at the base of the finger of Saturn these two signs:

one like a gridiron without a handle, the other like a six of diamonds. They predict that your happiness will be destroyed by your second wife, who, unlike the first, is fair and the daughter of kings.

“The figure which represents the image of the sun at the extremity of the third joint of the third finger, that is to say, the finger of Apollo, proves that you will become an extraordinary personage, rising on your own merits, but favored especially by Jupiter and by Mars.

“These four straight lines, placed like palisades below that image of the sun, say that you will struggle in vain against a power which alone will arrest your course.

“Below those four lines, we find this curving line in the form of the letter *S*, which has already on the finger of Saturn foretold disaster. If the star which is below that line were above it, that position would indicate that you would continue at the zenith of your fame for seven lustres.

“The fourth finger of the left hand bears the sign of Mercury at the extremity of the third joint. That sign means that few men will possess your knowledge, your sagacity, your shrewdness, your powers of reasoning, your subtlety of mind. Consequently, you will subject the nations to your designs; you will undertake glorious expeditions; you will ford great rivers, climb high mountains, cross vast deserts. But this sign of Mercury denotes also that your temper will be harsh and fantastic; that this temper will make you many powerful enemies; that, restless and cosmopolitan, tortured with the fever of conquests, you will think yourself happy only where you are not, and sometimes you will even feel that Europe itself is too small for you.

“As for this sort of ladder, traced between the first and third phalanges of the finger of Mercury, that signifies that in the days of your power, you will accomplish mighty work for the embellishment of your capital and the other cities of your kingdom.

“And now, let us pass to the thumb, the finger of Venus. See, here is her all-powerful sign on the second joint. It reveals that you will adopt children who are not your own; that your first marriage will be barren, though you have had, and will again have natural children. But, as a compensation, see these three stars. They foretell that, in spite of all the efforts of your enemies, and surrounded by great men who second your genius, you will be crowned between your sixth and seventh lustre, and that, in order to make you favorable to the Roman Church, the pope himself will come from Rome to place upon your head and on that of your wife the crown of Louis XIV. and of Saint-Louis.

“Below those three stars, see the sign of Venus and that of Jupiter. Beside them, and on the same line, notice this fortunate combination of numbers: 9, 19, 99. They show that the East and the West will clasp hands, and that the Cæsars of Hapsburg will consent to ally their name to yours.

“Below those numbers we find the same sun we have already seen on the finger of Apollo, which indicates that, contrary to the action of the celestial luminary which goes from east to west, your sun will go from west to east.

“Now let us go above that first joint of the thumb, and pause at that *O* which crosses a line transversely. Well, that line means bewildered sight, political blindness. As for the three stars of the first joint, and the sign which surmounts them, they only confirm the influence that women will have upon your life, and they indicate that as success came to you through a woman, so it will leave you through a woman.

“The four signs scattered on the palm of your hand in the shape of a rake, — one, through the field of Mars, another adhering to the line of life, and the two others resting against the base of the mountain of the Moon, — they indicate prodigality of the blood of soldiers, especially on the battlefield.

“The head of this forked line, dividing towards the mount of Jupiter, number 8, denotes great journeys in Europe, Asia, and Africa. Some of these journeys will be forced upon you; this is denoted by the *X*, which is above the line of life, and dominates the mount of Venus. There, the crossing of it being under Mars, it becomes the certain sign of great glory from feats of arms. Men, in addressing you, will exhaust all formulas of humility and praise. You will be called a glorious man, a mighty man, a miraculous being. You will be Alexander; you will be Cæsar: you will be more than that, — you will be Atlas bearing the world on your shoulders. After seeing the universe illuminated with your glory, you will see, on the day of your death, the world returning into darkness, and all men, feeling that something is lost in the equilibrium of the globe, will ask themselves, not if a man is dead, but if the sun has been extinguished.

The young man had listened to this prediction with a look more gloomy than elated. He seemed to follow the seeress to all the heights on which, as if wearied, she had paused to take breath. Then, still following her, he had seemed to descend into the abysses where she had predicted that his fortunes would end. After she ceased to speak, he was silent for a moment; then he said: —

“It is Cæsar’s fate that you predict for me.”

“More than Cæsar’s fate,” she replied; “for Cæsar did not attain his ends, and you, you will attain yours. Cæsar only placed his foot on the steps of a throne, you will sit upon the throne itself. Only, do not forget the dark-haired woman, who has a sign above the right eyebrow, and puts her handkerchief to her lips when she smiles.”

“Where shall I meet that woman?” he asked.

“You have already met her,” replied the sibyl; “and she has marked with her foot the spot at which the long series of your victories will begin.”

It was so impossible that the seeress could have prepared beforehand this assemblage of irrefutable truths, already

passed, and this array of inconceivable facts still hidden in the future, that the young officer, for the first time perhaps, gave implicit belief to what the seeress had told him. Putting his hand into his pocket, he took out a purse containing gold ; but the sibyl laid her hand upon his arm.

“If I have prophesied lies to you,” she said, “what you offer me is too much. If I have told you the truth, we can only settle our account at the Tuileries, when you are Emperor of the French.”

“So be it! at the Tuileries,” replied the young man. “And if you have told me the truth you will lose nothing by the delay.¹”

¹ I can guarantee the truth of this scene, for these details were given me by the friend and pupil of Mademoiselle Lenormand, Madame Moreau, who still lives (1867) at No. 5 Rue du Tournon, in the same rooms as the famous seeress, where she devotes herself to the same art with immense success.

XXXII.

THE MAN OF THE FUTURE.

ON the 26th of October, at half-past two in the afternoon, the president of the Convention pronounced these words: "The National Convention declares that its mission is accomplished and its sessions ended." These words were followed by loud and repeated cries of, "Vive la République!"

To-day, after the lapse of seventy-two years, he who writes these lines cannot refrain from bowing before that solemn date.

The long and stormy career of the Convention ended in an act of mercy. It decreed that the penalty of death should be abolished throughout France. It changed the name of the place de la Révolution to that of the place de la Concorde. It declared an amnesty for all acts relative to the Revolution. It did not leave behind it in the prisons a single political prisoner. It was strong and very sure of itself, — this Convention which thus resigned its power!

Ah, terrible Convention, stern burier of men, thou who wrapped the eighteenth century in a bloody shroud! arrayed against thee at thy birth, September 21, 1792, were allied Europe, a dethroned king, a broken constitution, a wrecked administration, a discredited paper-money, and regiments without soldiers.

Thou gatheredst thyself together for an instant and saw that thy mission was not that of the two Assemblies that preceded thee; it was not to proclaim liberty in the face of a decrepit monarchy, but to defend that liberty against the thrones of Europe.

On that great day of thy birth thou proclaimedst the Republic in the face of two hostile armies, one of which was only fifty, the other only sixty-five leagues from Paris. Then, to shut off all retreat behind thee, thou didst bring to its conclusion the trial of the king. A few voices spoke in thy bosom, saying, "Humanity!" Thou answeredst, "Vigor!"

Dictator thou wast. From the Alps to the Channel, from the Ocean to the Mediterranean, thou possessedst thyself of all, declaring, "I am answerable for all."

Like that minister of Louis XIII. for whom there were neither friends nor family, only enemies of France, who struck down Chalais and Marillac, Montmorency and Saint-Preuil alike, — like him, thou decimatedst thyself. Until, after three years of such convulsions as no peoples had ever known before, after those days which go by the names of January 21st, October 31st, April 5th, 9th Thermidor, 13th Vendémiaire, thou, bleeding and mutilated, didst lay down thy life, handing the dying France thou hadst received, saved and restored, to the Directory.

Let those who accuse thee say what would have happened hadst thou faltered in thy course; had Condé reached Paris; had Louis XVIII. reascended his throne; and if, instead of the Directory, the Consulate, the Empire, and all their deeds, we had had twenty years of Restoration, twenty years of Spain instead of France, twenty years of shame in place of twenty years of glory!

Was the Directory worthy of the legacy its bloody mother left it? That is not the question. The Directory will answer for its deeds before posterity as the Convention has answered for its own.

This Directory was now appointed. The five members were: Barras, Rewbell, La Revellière-Lepeaux, Letourneur and Carnot. It was decreed that their residence should be the Luxembourg. The five Directors did not know the condition of that palace. They went there to open their sessions. Not an article of furniture was in the place.

The concierge, Monsieur Thiers says, lent them a rickety table, a sheet of paper, and a pen and ink with which to write their first message announcing to the Council of the Five Hundred and the Council of the Ancients that the Directory was constituted.

They sent to the Treasury. There was not a penny of coin in its coffers.

Barras took the ministry of state; Carnot that of war; Rewbell, foreign affairs; Letourneur and La Revellière-Lepeaux, the interior. Buonaparte was made commander-in-chief of the Army of Paris. Two weeks later he signed his name *Bonaparte*.

On the 9th of the following March, about eleven in the forenoon, two carriages stopped before the door of the mayor's office of the second arrondissement. A young man of twenty-six, wearing the uniform of a general officer, got out of the first carriage, followed by two witnesses. Out of the second came a young lady about twenty-eight or thirty years of age; she, too, was followed by her witnesses.

All six personages entered the office of Charles-Théodore François, civic officer of the second arrondissement, who put to them the usual questions addressed to those intending marriage, to which they, on their side, replied in the usual terms. Then the civic officer read to the parties the following deed, which they duly signed:—

19th DAY OF VENTÔSE, YEAR IV. OF THE REPUBLIC.

Marriage contract of Napolione Bonaparte, general-in-chief of the Army of the Interior, aged twenty-eight years, born in Ajaccio, department of Corsica, domiciled in Paris, rue d'Antin, son of Charles Bonaparte, property owner, and Lætitia Ramolini his wife;

And of Marie-Josèphe-Rose de Tascher, aged twenty-eight years, born on the island of Martinique of the Windward Islands, domiciled in Paris, rue Chantereine, daughter of Joseph-Gaspard de Tascher, captain of dragoons, and Rose-Claire Desvergers de Sanois, his wife.

I, Charles Théodore François, civic officer of the second arrondissement of the canton of Paris, after reading in presence of the parties and their witnesses, —

(1) The certificate of birth of the said Napolione Bonaparte, which declares that he was born February 5th, 1768, of the legal marriage of Charles Bonaparte and Lætitia Ramolini :

(2) The certificate of birth of Marie-Josèphe-Rose de Tascher, which declares that she was born June 23d, 1767, of the legal marriage of Joseph-Gaspard de Tascher and Rose-Claire Desvergers de Sanois ;

And, after seeing the certificate of the death of Alexandre-François-Marie Beauharnais, which declares that he died 5th Thermidor year II., married to Marie-Josèphe-Rose de Tascher ;

Also, after seeing the certificate of the banns of said marriage having been duly published for the time prescribed by law, without opposition ;

And also, after Napolione Bonaparte and Marie-Josèphe-Rose de Tascher have declared aloud that they mutually take each as husband and wife, — I have pronounced aloud that Napolione Bonaparte and Marie-Josèphe-Rose de Tascher are united in marriage.

And this in presence of the witnesses herein named, to wit : Paul Barras, member of the Executive Directory, domiciled in the palace of the Luxembourg ; Jean Lemarrois, aide-de-camp, captain, domiciled rue des Capucines ; Jean-Lambert Tallien, member of the Legislative body, domiciled at Chaillot ; and Étienne-Jacques-Jérôme Calmelets, lawyer, domiciled rue de la place Vendôme, No. 207, who have all signed with the parties, and with me, after said reading.

Signed to this document we may read the six signatures of M.-J.-R. Tascher, Napolione Bonaparte, Tallien, P. Barras, J. Lemarrois junior, E. Calmelets and C.-T. François.

The remarkable thing about that deed is this : it contains two false statements. Bonaparte makes himself in his said certificate of birth, two years and a half older than he was ; and Joséphine in her certificate four years younger. Joséphine was born, June 23d, 1763, and Bonaparte August 15th, 1769.

The day after his marriage Bonaparte was appointed

commander-in-chief of the Army of Italy. That was Barras's wedding gift.

On the 26th of March Bonaparte reached Nice, with two thousand louis in the pocket of his carriage and a million of francs in cheques.

The government had given a magnificent army to Jourdan and Moreau, an army of seventy thousand men. They were afraid to trust Bonaparte with more than thirty thousand famished soldiers, reduced to the last extremity of misery, lacking everything, — without clothes, without shoes, without pay, and much of the time without food; but, let us say it here, bearing their privations, even hunger, with admirable fortitude.

His officers were: Masséna, of Nice, obstinate, opinionative, given to spasmodic flashes of power; Augereau, whom we knew at Strasbourg; La Harpe, an expatriated Swiss; Serrurier, a man of the old war times, that is to say, methodical and brave; and finally, Berthier, his chief of staff, whose great qualities he divined, — qualities which only deepened as time went on.

With his thirty thousand famished soldiers he had to conquer sixty thousand men; twenty thousand of them Piedmontese under the orders of General Collé, and forty thousand Austrians, under the orders of General Beaulieu. These generals saw with contempt the arrival of this young man, younger than they, who was supposed to owe his rank to Barras's favoritism, — a small man, thin, proud, with an Arab skin, a fixed eye, and Roman features.

As for his own soldiers they quivered at the first words he said to them, for those words were in a language that they needed.

"Soldiers," he said, "you are ill-fed and half naked. The government owes you much, but it can do nothing. Your patience and your courage honor you; but if you stay here you can get neither food nor fame. I have come to lead you to the most fertile plains of all the world;

there you will find great cities, splendid provinces ! There honor, glory, riches await you. Follow me !”

The same day he distributed four gold louis to each general, who had not seen gold for four or five years, and he pushed his headquarters to Albenga.

He was in haste to reach Voltri, the spot upon his map where Joséphine’s foot, on that first day when she went to see him, had left its mark.

On the 11th of April he was at Arenzano. Should he meet the enemy ? Would that pledge of his future fame be granted to him ? As he mounted the slopes of Arenzano, at the head of La Harpe’s division, which formed the advance guard of his little army, he gave a cry of joy. Issuing from Voltri came a column of men, — it was Beaulieu and the Austrians !

During five days the battle rages ; at the end of those five days Bonaparte is master of the valley of the Bormida ; the Austrians, beaten at Montenotte and Dego, are flying towards Acqui ; and the Piedmontese, after losing the gorges of Millesimo, are retiring on Ceva and Mondovi.

Master of all the roads, dragging in his train nine thousand prisoners, he shows his soldiers from the heights of Monte-Remoto, which he has to cross in order to reach Ceva, the beautiful plains of Italy which he promised them ; he shows them rivers which are flowing to the Adriatic and the Mediterranean ; he points to the great snow-mountains beside them, and cries out : —

“Hannibal crossed the Alps, but we have turned them.”

Then it was that the comparison of himself with Hannibal came to him.

Later the comparison was with Cæsar.

Later again, with Charlemagne.

We have now seen the birth of his fortunes. Let us here leave the conqueror on his first stage round the world. He is on his way to Milan, Cairo, Vienna, Berlin, Madrid, and alas ! — to Moscow.

THE EIGHTEENTH FRUCTIDOR.

I.

A GLANCE AT THE PROVINCES

ON the night of the 28th and 29th of May, — that is to say, when Bonaparte, his glorious campaign in Italy over, reigned supreme with Joséphine at Montebello, surrounded by the envoys of foreign powers; when the Horses of Corinth descending from the Duomo and the Lion of San Marco falling from his column had departed to Paris; when Pichegru, detached from the army under vague suspicions, was just named president of the Council of the Five Hundred, and Barbé-Marbois was presiding over the Ancients, — a horseman who was travelling, as Virgil says, “in the friendly silence of the moon,” *per amica silentia lunæ*, and who was following at the trot of a vigorous horse the main road from Macon to Bourg, left that road a little beyond the village of Pollias, jumped, or rather made his horse jump the ditch that divided the road from the cultivated fields, and followed for nearly six hundred yards the banks of the river Veyle, where he was not likely to encounter either village or traveller.

There, no longer fearing, perhaps, to be recognized or noticed, he allowed his cloak to slip from his shoulders to the crupper of his horse, and this movement on his part disclosed in his belt a pair of pistols and a hunting-knife. Then he raised his hat and wiped his brow, which was running with perspiration. It was now apparent that this was a young man about twenty-eight or twenty-nine years old,

handsome, elegant, haughty in demeanor, and quite prepared to meet force by force if any one were imprudent enough to attack him.

We may here explain that the precaution which had made him slip the pistols into his belt, and another pair into his holsters, was by no means unnecessary. The Thermidorian reaction, crushed in Paris on the 13th Vendémiaire, had taken refuge in the provinces, and there assumed proportions that were almost gigantic. Lyon had become its stronghold. On one side, through Nîmes, it stretched to Marseille; on the other, through Bourg in Bresse, to Besançon.

To explain the point now reached in the provinces by this reaction, we should be glad to refer the reader to our novel entitled, "The Company of Jehu," or to the "Souvenirs of the Revolution and the Empire," by Charles Nodier. But as the reader has probably neither of those books at hand, the shortest way seems to be to reproduce some of the facts related in them here.

There is no cause for surprise in the fact that the Thermidorian reaction, crushed in Paris, the first capital in France, should have found a home in the second capital, Lyon, with ramifications to Marseille and Besançon. We know what Lyon had suffered after her revolt. The guillotine had been too slow. Collot d'Herbois and Fouché blasted the city with grape-shot. There were very few families in the upper commercial ranks or the nobility which did not lose some, at least, of their members. Well, at last the day had come when father, brother, son, could be avenged; and they were avenged, openly, publicly, under the light of heaven. "It was you who caused my son, my brother, my father to die!" the killer said to the denouncer, before he struck the blow.

"The theory of murder," says Charles Nodier in the book we have mentioned, "had permeated the upper classes. There were secrets of death in the salons which would have horrified the galleys. Men left their cards for a game of

extermination, and did not even take the trouble to lower their voices when they talked of killing some one. Women, gentle mediators to the passions of men, took an active part in these horrible discussions. Execrable Megæras no longer wore guillotines for earrings, but "adorable furies" as Corneille said, wore daggers for hairpins. If any one ventured to object, on the ground of sentiment, to these frightful excesses, they were taken to the Brotteaux and made to walk upon those heaving quicksands, and then were told: "There, beneath your feet, are our relations." . . .

"But how is it possible to explain this impossible period, when dungeons no longer protected prisoners; when the executioner coming for his victim found him murdered; when orgies of death were renewed daily by elegant young men, who spent their evenings in a ballroom or were welcomed in a boudoir?

"It was, and we must say it, — it was a local monomania, a fury bred beneath the wings of revolutionary harpies, a craving for prey sharpened by confiscations, a lust of blood enflamed by the sight of blood. In short, it was the frenzy of generations fed, like Achilles, on the marrow of wild beasts; with no more ideality, no more sense of human obligation than the brigands of Schiller or the barons of the middle-ages. It was the violent, irresistible desire of renewing society by the same crime as that which destroyed it. It was, and this comes always in crucial times, the result of the law of eternal compensation, — the Titans after chaos, pythons after the deluge, the cloud of vultures after carnage; the infallible *lex talionis* which avenges death by death and pays itself with usury, — the law which Holy Scripture claims as the perquisite of Providence.

"The composition of these bands of avengers, whose object was at first not clearly understood, had something of the inevitable mixture of ranks, conditions, and persons which we see in all parties, all collections of men who band together and fall upon a disorganized society; but there was less of this here than there might have been

elsewhere. Such of the lower classes as took part in this reaction were not without a varnish of manners acquired through spendthrift vices,—an aristocratic populace, we may call them, which went from debauch to debauch, from excess to excess, imitating the aristocracy of rank and fortune, as if to prove that nothing is so easy to surpass as a bad example. . . .

“The proscribed class at first threw themselves into the prisons for safety. When that failed them, the administration endeavored to protect the victims by exiling them. To withdraw certain persons from special vengeance it sometimes sent them, with their wives and children, to a distance of sixty or eighty miles from their homes, among a population to whom their names and former deeds were unknown. This was only a means of changing their burial-place. The confederates of death exchanged their victims from one department to another with commercial regularity.

“The condition of these provinces produced sights the mere recollection of which revolts the soul. Imagine one of those long carts with railed sides in which calves are taken to the slaughter-house, now filled with human victims pressed confusedly together, with feet and hands bound tightly with ropes, their heads hanging and jostled about by the jolts of the vehicle, their chests heaving with fatigue, despair, and terror,—men whose only crime was often mere maddened excitement expressed in threatening words.”

Nodier saw and named to me an old man of seventy, well-known for his gentleness and courtesy of manner, qualities which are reckoned above all others in provincial salons; one of those well-bred country gentlemen of the old school, the type of which is now beginning to disappear, who were sometimes seen in Paris at the card-table of the king or paying court to ministers; Nodier saw that man, we say, while women looked on carrying their children, who clapped their hands; Nodier saw him,—I will give in his own

words what he saw: "I saw him tire out his feeble old arm by striking with his gold-headed cane a body in which the wholesale murderers had neglected to extinguish the spark of life, and which lay there writhing in a last convulsion."

And now that we have attempted to explain the condition of the country through which the traveller was riding, the reader will not be surprised at the precautions he took, and the attention he paid to every point of a dangerous region which seemed, moreover, to be entirely unknown to him. In fact, he had scarcely gone a mile along the banks of the Veyle before he stopped his horse, rose in his stirrups, leaned forward, and tried to see through the darkness, now increased by the obscuring of the moon. He was beginning to despair of finding his way without being forced to take a guide either at Montech or Saint-Denis, when a voice, which seemed to come from the river, made him start from its mere unexpectedness. The voice said in a very cordial tone:—

"Do you want any help, citizen?"

"Faith, yes, I do," replied the traveller; "and as I can't go to find you, not knowing where you are, you would be most kind to come to me, since you know where I am."

So saying, he drew his cloak once more over the butts of his pistols and over the hand that grasped one of them.

II.

THE TRAVELLER.

THE traveller was not mistaken; the voice did come from the river. A shadow now sprang lightly on the bank, came to the horse's head and laid one hand on its neck. The rider, seeming rather disturbed by this familiarity, reined back the animal.

"Oh! excuse me, citizen," said the new-comer; "I did not know it was forbidden to touch a horse."

"It is not forbidden, my friend," said the rider; "but you know that in these times at night it is best to talk at a distance."

"Confound it! I don't trouble myself about such precautions. You seemed to me to have lost your way, and being a good fellow myself, I said: 'There's a poor Christian who wants help. I'll show him his way.' Then you called to me to come, and I came. If you don't want me, good-bye!"

"Forgive me, friend," said the traveller, "my distrust was quite involuntary; I do need your help and you can do me a great service."

"What is it? Speak up; I am not angry."

"Do you belong in this neighborhood?"

"I come from Saint-Rémy, close by. You can see the steeple from here."

"Then you know the country?"

"I should think so! I am a fisherman by trade. There is not a stream in a circuit of thirty miles that I have n't fished and netted."

"Then, of course, you know the convent of Seillon?"

“ Know the convent of Seillon ? of course I do ! But I can't say as much of the monks.”

“ Why not ? ”

“ Because there are none ; they were driven away in 1791 — that's why.”

“ Then to whom does the convent belong ? ”

“ Nobody.”

“ What ! do you mean to tell me that a farm, a convent, a forest of ten thousand acres, and three thousand acres of open land belong to nobody ? ”

“ They belong to the Republic, and that's the same thing.”

“ Then the Republic does not cultivate the land it confiscates ? ”

“ Goodness ! do you suppose it has time ? It has a great deal else to do, the Republic has.”

“ What else ? ”

“ Well, make itself a new skin, for one thing.”

“ True, it is just electing a new third ; do you take an interest in that ? ”

“ Oh ! sometimes, when I've nothing else to do. Our neighbors of the Jura are going to send General Pichegru.”

“ Are they ? ”

“ He'll make 'em stare. But I'm gossiping, and making you lose your time, — though, to be sure, if you are going to Seillon you need n't be in any hurry.”

“ Why not ? ”

“ Because there's nobody at Seillon.”

“ No one ? ”

“ Except the ghosts of the old monks, and they don't get there till midnight ; so, as I say, you need n't be in any hurry.”

“ Are you sure, my friend, that there is *no one* at Seillon ? ” asked the traveller, dwelling on the words “ no one.”

“ I went past there yesterday, carrying some fish to Madame de Montrevel at the Château des Noires-Fontaines,

and I did n't see a cat." He waited a moment and then added: "They were all priests of Baal, so there was no harm done."

The traveller started even more visibly than before.

"*Priests of Baal?*" he said, looking hard at the fisherman.

"Yes, and unless you come from a king of Israel — I forget his name —"

"Jehu, — is that it?"

"I am not sure; I know he was anointed by the prophet — prophet — what was the name of the prophet who anointed king Jehu?"

"Elisha," said the traveller without hesitation.

"That's it; but he made some condition about anointing him, what was it? — help me."

"That of punishing the crimes of the house of Ahab and Jezebel."

"Ha! sacrebleu! all right!"

And he held out his hand to the traveller. As the two shook hands they made a last sign to each other which left no doubt in the mind of either that they belonged to the same association; and yet they said not a word as to their own personality nor about the business they were engaged in, one, in going to Seillon, the other in fishing on the river. The latter did, however, remark: —

"I am very sorry to be detained here by special orders; otherwise I should have been delighted to serve you as a guide. As it is, I cannot return to the Chartreuse without a given signal of recall. But I think you can't miss your way now. You see those two dark masses, one larger than the other? The largest is the town of Bourg, the smallest the village of Saint-Denis. Pass between the two at an equal distance from both, and continue your way till you come to the bed of the Reysseuse. Cross it, the stream is n't higher than your horse's knees; you will then see a broad black curtain before you; that is the forest."

"Thank you," said the traveller; "once at the edge of the forest and I know what to do."

“Even if they don't answer your signal?”

“Yes.”

“Very well; then good-bye, and good luck to you.”

The young men shook hands, and the fisherman slipped back to the river as rapidly as he had come from it. The traveller stretched his neck to see what had become of him; but the fisherman was invisible. Then giving his horse the rein he put him into a sharp trot, crossed a field without difficulty, the moon having reappeared, and was soon on the high-road between Bourg and Saint-Denis. As he reached it the hour sounded from the belfries of the two places. The traveller counted eleven strokes.

After following the road from Lyon to Bourg the traveller found himself, as the fisherman had said, on the bank of a little river. Forging it, he saw nothing before him but a strip of plain bordered by the dark line which he had been told was the forest. He rode straight for it.

At the end of ten minutes he was on a parish road which skirted the whole length of the forest. There, he stopped a moment and looked about him. He did not hesitate about making the signal, but he wished to be certain that he was quite alone. Darkness often has such depths of silence that the boldest man is subdued by it if he is not forced to act. For an instant, as we have said, the traveller looked and listened; but he saw nothing and he heard nothing. Then he put the handle of his whip to his mouth and whistled three times; the first and third sounds were firm and sharp; the middle sound quavering like that of a boatswain's whistle. The noise echoed in the depths of the forest, but no analogous or differing sound answered it.

Then he seemed to decide on his course, and followed the parish road until it entered another road, which he took without hesitation. At the end of ten minutes he found this second road crossed by another; he followed that other to the left, and in five minutes he was clear of the forest.

Before him rose a dark mass which he felt was the con-

vent he was in search of. As he approached, certain details developed themselves which proved to him it was indeed the old Chartreuse he had before his eyes.

Presently he stopped his horse before the great portal, surmounted and supported by three statues: that of the Virgin, that of our Lord Jesus Christ, and that of Saint John the Baptist. The statue of the Virgin, placed directly above the door formed the highest point of a triangle. The two others came down as low as the transverse beam which made the branch of the stone cross, in the lower part of which the massive oaken door was encased, which door, as well as the shutters on the first story, seemed to have withstood the ravages of time.

“This is it,” said the rider. “Now which of those statues is that of Saint John?”

III.

THE CHARTREUSE OF SEILLON.

THE traveller soon saw that the statue he was in search of was placed in the niche to the right of the great portal. He forced his horse up to the wall, and rising in his stirrups, touched the pedestal of the statue. He found a little space between its base and the wall of the niche; in it he slipped his hand, found a ring, pulled it to him, and felt, rather than heard, the jarring of a bell. He did this three times. The third time he listened attentively. Presently he fancied he heard a cautious step approach the door.

“Who rang?” asked a voice.

“One from the prophet?” replied the traveller.

“Which prophet?”

“Him who has left his mantle to his disciple.”

“His name?”

“Elisha.”

“What king do the children of Israel obey?”

“Jehu.”

“What house must they exterminate?”

“That of Ahab.”

“Are you prophet or disciple?”

“Disciple, but I have come to be made a prophet.”

“Then you are welcome to the house of the Lord.”

“The words were hardly said before the iron bars that held the gate were swung without a sound; the bolts were drawn without creaking, and the door opened silently and as if by magic.

Horse and rider disappeared through the archway, and the door closed behind them. The man who had just opened it

so slowly and closed it so swiftly approached the new-comer, who was now dismounting. The latter looked curiously at him. He was dressed in the long white robe of a Chartreux monk, and his head was entirely covered with its hood. He took the horse by the bridle, but evidently more to do a kindness than a service. He allowed the traveller to take off his valise himself, also the pistols from his holsters, which he put in his belt near those already there.

Then the traveller cast a look about him, and seeing no light and hearing no noise, he said : —

“ Are the Companions absent ? ”

“ Yes, on an expedition,” replied the monk.

“ Do you expect them to-night ? ”

“ I hope for them to-night, but I scarcely expect them before to-morrow night.”

The traveller reflected a moment. This absence appeared to annoy him.

“ I cannot put up in the town,” he said. “ I might be remarked, if not recognized. “ Can I await the Companions here ? ”

“ Yes, on your word of honor not to attempt to leave the convent.”

“ You have it.”

During this time the robe of a second monk defined itself in the shadow, and grew whiter as it approached the two men. This was apparently a serving brother, for the first monk passed him the bridle of the horse with an order, rather than a request, to put the animal in the stable.

“ You can easily understand,” he said to the traveller, “ why we have no lights. This Chartreuse is supposed to be inhabited only by ghosts ; a light would betray us. Take my hand and come with me.”

The traveller pulled off his glove and took the hand of the monk. It was soft, and evidently unaccustomed to any work that could destroy its congenital aristocracy. Under the circumstances in which the traveller found himself, everything becomes an indication. He saw plainly that he

had to do with a well-bred man, and he followed him confidently. After making several turns through passages that were dark as the darkest night, they entered a rotunda, which was lighted from above. It was evidently the dining-room of the fraternity, and was lighted by a few wax candles fastened to the wall in candelabra. A fire was burning, made of dry wood, which gave out little or no smoke.

The monk offered a seat to the traveller, saying:—

“If our brother is weary, let him sit down; if hungry, he shall have supper; if sleepy, his bed shall be made ready at once.”

“I accept all,” said the traveller, stretching his vigorous and handsome limbs. “I am weary, hungry, and sleepy. But, with your permission, my dear brother, I will take each in turn.”

He threw his broad-brimmed hat on a table, pushed back his floating hair and disclosed a broad forehead, beautiful eyes, and a face that breathed serenity. The monk who had taken his horse to the stable, now returned, and spreading a cloth, placed upon it a cold chicken, a pâté, a bottle of wine, with plates, knives and forks, and glasses.

The traveller twirled his chair to the table, and bravely attacked the chicken, taking first the leg, then the wing upon his plate. After the chicken came the pâté, of which he ate a good slice, washing it down by short draughts from his glass,—“breaking his wine,” as the *gourmets* say. During this time the monk stood silent and motionless at a little distance from him. He showed no curiosity; the traveller was hungry, and not a word escaped either of them.

When his meal was over the traveller took out his watch.

“Two o’clock,” he said; “still two hours to daylight.” Then, addressing the monk, he added: “If the Companions do not return to-night, you say you do not expect them till to-morrow night?”

“Probably not; they seldom travel by day.”

“Well, then,” said the stranger, “I will sit up an hour

If at three o'clock our brethren are not here, you shall take me to my bedroom. Meantime, don't concern yourself about me. You belong to a silent order, and for me, I am no chatterer except to women. You have none here, of course?"

"No," said the monk.

"Well, then, attend to your own affairs if you have any, and leave me to my thoughts."

The Chartreux bowed and went away, taking the precaution before he went of placing another bottle of wine on the table. The guest thanked him with a bow, and mechanically continued to drink the wine in little sips, and to eat the crust of the pâté in small mouthfuls.

"If this is the ordinary fare of the brethren, I don't pity them," he muttered. "Pomard every day, chickens (it is true this is the region of chickens), and a snipe pâté. However, the dessert is lacking."

As he thought the words, the monk who had taken charge of his horse came in, bearing on a plate a slice of the fine Sassenage cheese speckled with green, the invention of which is due, they say, to the fairy Melusina. Without professing to be an epicure, the young man seemed, as we have seen, quite sensible of the excellence of his supper. He did not say with Brillat-Savarin that "a meal without cheese is like a woman without an eye," but no doubt he thought it. It took him an hour to empty his bottle of Pomard and pick up his bits of cheese with the point of his knife. The little monk had left him. He drew out his watch. It was three o'clock.

He looked about for a bell and found none, and was on the point of striking the glass with his knife when it occurred to him that that might be taking too great a liberty with the worthy monks who had received him so hospitably. Consequently, wishing to do as he said, and go to bed at three o'clock, he laid his pistols on the table, taking only his hunting-knife with him, and went into the passage through which he had come. Half way down he met the monk.

“Brother,” said the latter, “two signals have just announced that the Companions are returning. In five minutes they will be here; I was just going to tell you.”

“Well,” said the traveller, “let us go and meet them.”

The monk made no objection; he returned upon his steps and re-entered the courtyard, followed by the stranger. The second monk opened the great gate as he had done for the traveller, and the gallop of several horses was distinctly heard approaching rapidly.

“Stand aside,” said the monk, pushing the traveller rather hastily to the wall.

At that moment a whirlwind of men and horses rushed into the courtyard with the noise of thunder. The traveller thought for a moment that the Companions were pursued, but he was mistaken.

IV.

THE TRAITOR.

THE door closed behind them. It was not yet daylight, though the night was less dark. The traveller saw with some surprise that the party had brought with them a prisoner. This prisoner, whose hands were tied behind his back, was bound to a horse, which was led by two of the companions. The three horsemen had entered abreast through the portecochère, and the rush of their gallop carried them across the courtyard. Two by two, the others had followed. Then all dismounted. For a moment the prisoner remained on his horse, then they took him off.

"Let me speak to Captain Morgan," said the traveller to the monk who had hitherto attended on him. "He must know at once that I have come."

The monk went up to the leader of the company and said a few words in his ear. The latter instantly approached the traveller.

"From whom do you come?" he said.

"Am I to answer in the usual formula?" asked the traveller, "or reply simply to the question?"

"As you are here, you must already have satisfied the requirements. Tell me at once from whom you come."

"General Round-head."

"You have a letter from him?"

"Here it is."

The traveller put his hand in his pocket, but Morgan stopped him.

"Later," he said; "we have now to judge and punish a traitor. Take the prisoner to the council-room," he added.

The gallop of a second troop of horsemen was heard. Morgan listened.

"They are brothers," he said. "Open the gate; stand aside!"

A second troop of four men entered almost as rapidly as the first.

"Have you the prisoner?" cried the leader of the new-comers.

"Yes," replied a chorus of the Company of Jehu.

"And you," said Morgan, "have you the documents?"

"Yes."

"Then all is well," said Morgan; "justice will be done."

We will now relate what had happened. As we have said, various bands of young men known by the name of "The Company of Jehu," or by that of "The Avengers," and sometimes under the double name, scoured the country from Marseille to Besançon. One kept itself in the environs of Avignon, another in the Jura, a third, where we have seen it, in the Chartreuse of Seillon. As all these young men belonged to the best families in that region, no sooner had they struck their premeditated blow than they separated and returned to their homes. Half an hour later the robber of a diligence might be seen with his hat on one side, his glass in his eye and cane in hand, lounging in the streets, asking for news, and discoursing about the insolent daring of men to whom nothing was sacred, not even the money of the Directory. How was it possible to suspect young men who were rich or of noble birth, many of them related to the authorities, of being highwaymen? We must, however, admit that although they were not suspected, if they had been, no one would have taken upon himself to denounce them.

The government was exasperated at finding its money seized on the high-road and sent to Brittany instead of to Paris, to the profit of the Chouans and not of the Directory. They were unable to cope with the difficulty by law; they therefore had recourse to intrigue.

In one of the diligences which carried the government money, seven or eight gendarmes dressed in citizens' clothes took their places as passengers, having sent their carbines and pistols to be stowed away in the vehicle in advance. The affair was managed with such ability that the Company of Jehu heard nothing of it. The diligence, which started with the commonplace air of all such coaches, was stopped by eight men in the ravines of Cavaillon. A volley from the interior revealed the trick to the assailants, who, not intending to be drawn into a battle, galloped away, and would soon have disappeared, if a shot had not struck one of their horses in the thigh, so that he fell and pinned down his rider. The rider, unable to release himself, was captured by the gendarmes.

Like the Illuminati of the eighteenth century, and the freemasons of modern times, the Companions of these self-constituted brotherhoods went through severe tests and took solemn oaths before being admitted into the Company. One of these oaths was never to denounce a companion, whatever tortures might be applied to compel it. If the name of an accomplice was revealed by any of the brotherhood, the Company had the right to plunge a dagger into his heart.

The prisoner taken on the occasion we speak of, on the high-road between Marseille and Avignon, was named Fargas, though the name he went by in the brotherhood was Hector. He resisted for a long time both promises and threats, but finally yielded under that worst of all tortures, the deprivation of sleep, and revealed the names of his accomplices. But no sooner was the revelation made public than the judges received such a deluge of letters and threats that it was resolved to prosecute the case in a distant town, that of Nantua at the further extremity of the department of the Ain.

By the time that the prisoner was removed to Nantua, all precautions having been taken for his safety, the Company of Jehu at the Chartreuse of Seillon had received informa-

tion of the betrayal, and of the removal into their neighborhood of the traitor. The letter giving the information, ended thus : —

“ It is for you who are known to be the most devoted brethren of our order, and especially for Morgan, the most daring leader among us, to save his companions by obtaining and destroying the confession and the indictment in the case, and by making a terrible example of the traitor.”

This was the mission that Morgan had just accomplished. He had gone with ten of his companions to Nantua. Six of them gagged the sentinel, and forced the keeper of the prison to open the doors, and show them the cell where Fargas was confined. They then took the latter from the prison, bound him to a led horse they had brought with him, and galloped away.

The four others, during this time, had seized the clerk of the court, and compelled him to give them the whole proceedings, with the affidavits and interrogatories answered and signed by the prisoner. With these in their possession, they departed as they came. It is useless to mention that all were masked.

This is why the second troop, on reaching the courtyard of the convent, had cried out: “Have you the prisoner?” and why the others had demanded: “Have you the documents?” also why Morgan had added, in a voice that no one gainsaid, “Then all is well, and justice will be done.”

V.

THE SENTENCE.

THE prisoner was a young man about twenty-three years of age, looking more like a woman than a man, so fair and slender was he. He was bareheaded and in his shirt-sleeves, with nothing else but his boots and trousers. The Companions had seized him in his cell, just as he was, and carried him off without a moment's delay.

His first idea was that he was rescued. These men, were doubtless members of the Company of Jehu, that is to say, men belonging to companies and opinions like his own. But when they bound him, and he saw through their masks the anger in their eyes, he knew that he had fallen into hands that were even more terrible than those of the law, — the hands of those he had denounced, and from whom he had nothing to expect but the punishment of his treachery. During the whole way he had asked no question, and no one had addressed him. The first words he heard were those said by his judges in the courtyard. He was very pale, but he gave no other sign of emotion than his pallor.

At Morgan's order the pretended monks crossed the cloister. The prisoner walked at their head between two of the Companions, each with a pistol in his hand.

The cloister passed, they entered the garden. This procession of twelve monks, marching silently through the darkness, had something terrifying about it. They reached the door of the cistern. One of the two who walked beside the prisoner stooped and removed a loose stone; under the stone was a ring; by the help of that ring he raised a paving-stone which covered the entrance to steps.

The prisoner hesitated an instant, so much did the place appear to him like a tomb. The monk beside him went down first and took two torches from a fissure in the stones; these he lighted by means of tinder, and then said :—

“ Step down.”

The prisoner obeyed. The whole party were now in a vaulted passage, along which they walked for about four minutes; then they came to an iron railing; one of the monks took a key from his pocket and opened it. It gave entrance to a burial vault.

At the farther end of this vault a door opened into an old subterranean chapel, which the Company of Jehu made their council-chamber. A table covered with black cloth was in the middle of it, and twelve carved stalls were on each side in which the Chartreux monks had formerly seated themselves to chant the office of the dead. On the table were an inkstand, several pens, and some sheets of paper. From the wall stretched iron brackets, apparently intended to hold torches, for into them the two leading monks proceeded to place those they bore.

The twelve men took their seats in the stalls; the prisoner was made to sit on a stool at one end of the table; at the other end stood the traveller, the only person present who did not wear the monk's robe and had his face uncovered.

Morgan spoke.

“ Monsieur Lucien de Fargas,” he said, “ was it by your own will, and without being constrained or forced by any one that you asked our brethren of the South to admit you to our association, which you entered, after the usual tests, under the name of Hector ? ”

The young man bowed in sign of acquiescence.

“ It was by my own will, not constrained,” he said.

“ You took the customary oaths and you therefore knew the penalty incurred by those who are false to them.”

“ I knew it,” replied the prisoner.

“ You knew also that any Companion revealing, even

under torture, the names of his companions incurred the penalty of death, and that this penalty would be applied without delay the moment that the proof of his crime was shown to him ? ”

“ I knew it.”

“ What led you to break your oath ? ”

“ The impossibility of enduring want of sleep. I resisted five nights ; on the sixth I asked for death — that was sleep. They would not give it to me. I tried every means of destroying life ; but the gaolers watched me too closely. The seventh night I yielded. I promised revelations for the next day ; I hoped they would let me sleep then ; but they exacted that I should make those revelations on the spot. It was then that, maddened with suffering, held up by two men who did not allow me even to sleep standing, I revealed the four names of M. de Valensolles, M. de Barjols, M. de Jayat, and M. de Ribier.”

One of the monks drew from his pocket the bundle of documents they had taken from the courthouse. He looked for the paper containing the confession and placed it before the prisoner.

“ That is it,” said the latter.

“ Do you recognize your signature ? ”

“ Yes, that is my signature.”

“ You have no other excuse to give ? ”

“ None,” replied the prisoner. “ I knew when I signed that paper that I was signing my death-warrant ; but I craved sleep.”

“ Have you any favor to ask before dying ? ”

“ Yes, one ; I have a sister whom I love and who loves me. We are orphans, brought up together ; we have never been parted. I wish to write to my sister.”

“ You may do so ; only, you must write at the bottom of your letter the postscript we shall dictate.”

“ Thank you,” said the young man. He rose and bowed.

“ Will you unbind my hands,” he said, “ that I may write ? ”

The request was complied with by Morgan, who had been the one to address the prisoner, and who now laid pen, ink, and paper before him. The young man wrote, firmly enough, about a pageful, then he said:—

“I have finished, gentlemen. Will you have the goodness to dictate the postscript?”

Morgan approached.

“Are you ready?” he said.

“Yes,” replied the young man.

“Then write, ‘I die for having broken a solemn oath; consequently, I admit the justice of my death. If you wish to give me burial you will find my body in the market-place of Bourg. The dagger in my breast will show that I do not die by a cowardly murder, but by a just revenge.’”

Morgan drew from beneath his robe a dagger, made, hilt and blade, of a single piece of steel; it was shaped like a cross, in order that a condemned man might kiss it in his last moments should a crucifix be lacking.

“If you desire it, monsieur,” he said, “we will grant you the favor of striking yourself. There is the dagger. Do you think your hand is sure?”

The young man reflected a moment.

“No,” he said, “I fear to miss it.”

“Very good,” said Morgan. “Address your letter.”

The young man folded the letter and directed it to Mademoiselle Diana de Fargas, Nîmes.

“And now, monsieur,” said Morgan, “you have ten minutes in which to pray.”

The former altar of the chapel was still in place, though mutilated. The condemned man walked up to it and knelt down. During this time the monks tore a sheet of paper in twelve pieces, on one of which a dagger was drawn. The twelve pieces were then put into the traveller’s hat and each monk drew his fragment. The one to whom the office of executioner had fallen said not a word.

Ten minutes elapsed. The young man rose.

“I am ready,” he said.

Then, without an instant's hesitation, silent and rigid, the monk who had drawn the lot of giving death walked straight toward him and plunged the dagger into the left side of his breast. A cry of pain was heard, then the fall of a body on the pavement of the chapel, and all was over. The blade of the dagger had gone through the heart.

"So perish all Companions of our sacred order who break their oaths!" said Morgan.

"So be it!" answered the monks who had shared in the execution.

VI.

DIANA DE FARGAS.

ABOUT the same hour at which the unfortunate Lucien de Fargas was drawing his last breath in the subterranean chapel of the Chartreuse of Seillon, a post-chaise drew up before the inn of The Dauphin at Nantua.

This inn had a certain reputation in Nantua and the surrounding neighborhood, — a reputation which it owed to the well-known opinions of the landlord, Maître René Servet. Without knowing why, Maître René Servet was royalist. Thanks to the remoteness of Nantua from all the great centres of population, thanks above all to the kindly nature of its inhabitants, Maître René Servet had been allowed to go through the Revolution without being attacked for his opinions, publicly as he proclaimed them.

And yet the worthy man had done everything that was most calculated to bring persecution upon him. Not only had he kept the name of his inn, "The Dauphin," unchanged, but on the body of the fantastic dolphin issuing from the sea which served him as a sign, he had painted the profile of the poor little prince who was locked up for four years in the Temple, and had just died there at the beginning of the Thermidorian reaction.

Therefore all persons in a circuit of sixty miles (and their number was great) who shared the opinions of René Servet made a point of putting up at his inn, and would on no account have gone elsewhere.

Consequently it is not surprising that a post-chaise arriving at Nantua deposited its occupant at the aristocratic Dauphin rather than at its democratic rival, the Boule d'Or.

At the sound of the wheels, though it was scarcely five o'clock in the morning, Maître René Servet sprang from his bed, put on his drawers and a pair of white stockings, also his list slippers, and wrapping a very large dimity dressing-gown around him went down to the door just in time to see a handsome young lady about eighteen or twenty years of age getting out of the chaise.

The lady was dressed in black, and, in spite of her youth and beauty, was travelling alone. She answered the obsequious salutation of the host with a short bow, and without waiting for him to offer information, she asked at once if he had in his hotel a good bedroom and dressing-room.

Maître René indicated No. 7 on the first floor as the best he had. The young lady went impatiently to the wooden frame on which the keys were hung.

"Monsieur," she said, "will you be good enough to accompany me to the room? I have a few questions to ask you. You can send the chambermaid when you leave me."

René Servet bowed to the ground and hastened to obey. He walked before, the young lady after him. When they reached the room the traveller closed the door behind her, sat down on a chair, and addressed the innkeeper, who was standing before her.

"Maître Servet," she said firmly, "I know you by name and reputation. You have remained through all the bloody years we have just passed, if not a defender, at least a partisan, of the good cause. And that is why I have come to your inn."

"You honor me, madame," replied the landlord, bowing.

She continued: "I shall therefore omit all preamble before a man whose opinions are not doubtful. I am royalist, that is a claim to your interest; you are royalist, that is a title to my confidence. I know no one here, not even the judge of the court, for whom I have a letter from my brother-in-law at Avignon. It is therefore natural that I should address myself to you."

"I am only waiting, madame, till you do me the honor to say in what way I can be useful to you."

"Have you heard, monsieur, that they have brought to the prison of Nantua a young man named M. Lucien de Fargas?"

"Alas! yes, madame; it seems that he is to be tried here, or rather at Bourg. He belongs, it is said, to the association called the 'Company of Jehu.'"

"You know the object of that association, monsieur?"

"It is, I think, to capture the money of the government and send it to our friends in La Vendée and Brittany."

"Exactly, monsieur; and the government persists in treating those men as ordinary robbers."

"I think, madame," said René Servet, in a confident voice, "that our judges here are intelligent enough to recognize the difference."

"Now, I will tell you the object of my journey. It was thought that the prisoner, who is my brother, was in some danger in the prisons of Avignon, and that is why they sent him to this remote part of France. I would like to see him. To whom must I address myself to obtain that favor?"

"Undoubtedly, madame, to the judge for whom you have a letter."

"What sort of man is he?"

"Cautious, but well meaning, I think. I will have you conducted to him whenever you desire it."

Mademoiselle de Fargas drew out her watch; it was scarcely half-past five o'clock.

"I must not disturb him at such an hour," she murmured, "yet I cannot go to bed; I have no desire to sleep." Then, after a moment's reflection, she asked, "Monsieur, in which direction are the prisons?"

"If madame would like to take a walk around them I shall ask for the honor of accompanying her."

"Very good, monsieur; then let me have a cup of milk, or tea, or coffee, either you please, and finish dressing your-

self. Before entering the walls which confine my brother, I should like to look at the outside of them."

The landlord made no remark. The wish was a natural one. He went down and ordered a cup of coffee and milk to be carried to the young lady. In about ten minutes she herself came down and found Maître René Servet in his Sunday suit waiting to guide her through the streets of the little town founded by the Benedictine Saint-Amand, in the church of which Charles the Bald sleeps with a tranquillity he never knew in life.

The town of Nantua is not large. Five minutes' walking brought them to the prison, before which they found a great crowd making a great noise. All is presentiment for those whose friends are in danger. It was more than a friend for whom Mademoiselle de Fargas was concerned; it was a brother, whom she adored. She caught the arm of her host, exclaiming: —

"Good God! what is happening?"

"We shall soon know, mademoiselle," replied René Servet, less moved than his beautiful companion.

What had really happened no one yet knew. When the guard came at two o'clock to relieve the sentry they found him gagged and bound hand and foot in the sentry-box. All that he could say was that four armed men had attacked him, and in spite of his desperate resistance had put him where he was. He thought, but could not be sure, that the prison was the object of these men. The mayor was then notified, together with the commissary of police and the sergeant of the fire brigade. These three authorities assembled in council over this extraordinary affair. After half an hour of deliberation and suppositions, each more improbable and absurd than the last, it was resolved to end where they ought to have begun, namely, by examining the prison.

They knocked at the gate, but no one came. The noise of their repeated knocking waked up the inmates of the houses in the neighborhood, who all looked out of their

windows. Then further consultation was held, which resulted in sending for a locksmith. By this time it was daylight; the dogs were barking. The few passers stopped and grouped themselves inquisitively round the mayor and the commissary of police; and by the time the sergeant of the fire brigade had returned with the locksmith, — that is to say, at four o'clock, — already quite a crowd had gathered about the prison. The locksmith called attention to the fact that if the door were locked and bolted within, his instruments were all of no avail. But the mayor, a man of great good sense, said they had better try the doors in the first place, and they then could decide what should be done.

As the Companions of Jehu, on leaving the prison, had not been able, naturally, to close the door outside and bolt it within, they had contented themselves with simply pulling it to after them. Therefore, to the great satisfaction of the crowd, which was now increasing, when the handle was turned the door opened. Everybody then desired to rush into the prison; but the mayor placed the sergeant of the fire brigade before the door with orders to let no one, no matter who, pass in. The law had to be obeyed. The crowd increased, but the mayor's order was respected.

There are not many cells in the prison of Nantua; they consist, in fact, of three subterranean chambers, to one of which the mayor's attention was attracted by groans; after inquiring through the door who was making them, he pushed it open and found that the persons groaning were no other than the gaoler himself and his assistant.

The municipal investigation had reached this point when Diana de Fargas and the proprietor of the hôtel du Dauphin reached the prison.

VII.

THAT WHICH OCCUPIED FOR MORE THAN THREE MONTHS
THE TONGUES OF THE LITTLE TOWN OF NANTUA.

To the first question of Maître René Servet, "What is happening, if you please, Père Bidoux?" the answer was:—

"Very extraordinary things, Monsieur Servet, such as one never saw the like of before. Early this morning when they came to relieve the sentinel they found him in the sentry-box, gagged and tied up like a sausage; and just now, it seems, they have found old Rossignol the gaoler shut up in one of his own cells. What days we live in! My God! what days we live in!"

Diana's intelligent mind instantly took in the truth; it was evident that if the gaoler was in the cells the prisoner must be outside the walls. She left the arm of her companion, darted to the prison, pressed through the crowd, and reached the door. There she heard some one say:—

"The prisoner has escaped!"

At the same time Père Rossignol and his man, released from their cell by the locksmith, appeared to the eyes of the mayor and the commissary.

"You can't pass," said the sergeant of the fire-brigade to Diana.

"Those orders are for other people, not for me," said Diana. "I am the sister of the escaped prisoner."

This reason may not have been convincing in a legal sense, but it carried with it that logic of the heart which men find it hard to withstand.

"In that case it is another thing," said the sergeant of the fire-brigade, lifting his sabre. "Pass in, mademoiselle."

And Diana passed in, to the great astonishment of the crowd, who now saw a new element of wonder in the drama, and began to murmur to each other: "It is the prisoner's sister!" Now all the world in Nantua knew who the prisoner was, and what he was in prison for.

Père Rossignol and his assistant were at first in such a state of prostration and terror that neither the mayor nor the commissary could get a word out of them. Happily, the latter had the idea of giving them each a glass of wine, on which Père Rossignol found strength to tell how six masked men, having entered the prison by force, had violently compelled him and his man Rigobert to show them down to the cells, and after taking out the prisoner, had locked them both up in his place. Beyond that they knew nothing.

It was all that Diana wanted to know, for the present at least. She was convinced that her brother had been taken out of prison by the Company of Jehu, for the description given by Père Rossignol applied to them. She therefore turned and left the gaol as hastily as she entered it. But she then found herself surrounded by the whole population of the town, who, knowing by this time that she was the prisoner's sister, wanted her to give them the particulars of his escape.

Diana told them in a few words all that she knew herself, and then made her way with great difficulty to Maître René Servet, intending to give him an order for post-horses, that she might leave Nantua at once, when suddenly a rumor began to spread that the court-house had been entered during the night. It was almost certain, they said, that the two attacks, that on the court-house and that on the prison, had some connection with each other. The young girl thought so too. The order for the horses stopped short on her lips, and she saw that there might be further details which she ought to know.

It was now eight o'clock. She could properly present herself at that hour before the magistrate to whom she had

brought a letter. Besides, the strange events now happening in the little town of Nantua, and the fact that she was a sister of the prisoner would excuse so early a visit. Diana therefore asked Maître René to take her to Monsieur Pérignon, — that was the judge's name.

Monsieur Pérignon had been awakened among the first by the double news which was keeping the little town in an uproar. He left his house, and, naturally, as a lawyer, turned his steps to the spot which interested him the most, namely, the court-house. He had just returned home, when his servant announced: —

“Mademoiselle Diana de Fargas.”

Monsieur Pérignon had already made up his mind, from the condition in which he found the court-house and the papers in the clerk's office, and also from the statement of the clerk, that the masked men had come to Nantua for the purpose of not only carrying off Lucien de Fargas, but also of obtaining the testimony and the other papers in the case against him. The presence of the sister, and the account she now gave him of what had happened in the prison, left no doubt upon his mind, if indeed he had any. The only question was, by whom, and for what purpose had the prisoner been carried away.

Diana, in the sincerity of her heart, did not doubt that the Companions of Jehu, influenced by their generous feelings, had risked their heads to save that of their comrade. But Monsieur Pérignon, who was cool-headed and practical, did not think so. He knew that having betrayed some of his accomplices, Lucien de Fargas was an object of vengeance to the whole Company of Jehu. His opinion was that, far from intending to release the young man, they had seized him and carried him off to a worse punishment than that the law would have given him. The whole question hinged, to his mind, on whether the abductors had taken the Geneva road, or whether they had followed that which led to the interior of the department.

If they had gone to Geneva, that is to say over the fron-

tier, their intention assuredly was to save Lucien de Fargas, and put themselves in safety at the same time. If, on the other hand, they had gone to the interior, it was because they felt themselves strong enough for a twofold defiance of the law, — not only as highwaymen, but also as murderers. On this suspicion, which occurred to her for the first time, Diana seized M. Pérignon's hand.

“Oh, monsieur! monsieur!” she cried; “do you think they would dare to commit such a crime?”

“The Company of Jehu dares all, mademoiselle,” replied the judge, “and especially that which it seems incredible they should dare to dare.”

“But,” said Diana, trembling with fear, “how can we find out which road they took — whether to Geneva or the interior?”

“Oh, that is easily ascertained,” replied the judge. “This is market-day; since midnight all the roads leading into Nantua have been covered with peasants and their carts and donkeys, bringing produce into the town. Ten men on horseback, with a prisoner, could not pass unnoticed. We must inquire of the market-men coming from Saint-Germain and Chérizy, and ascertain if they have seen riders going toward Gex. If they have not, then we must find others coming from Vollongnat and Peyriat, and ask if they have seen horsemen on the road to Bourg.”

Diana entreated M. Pérignon so urgently to help her, fortifying herself with the letter of her brother-in-law, and also with the plea that she was the sister of one whose life was in danger, that he finally consented to go out with her and make these inquiries.

It soon appeared that the horsemen had been seen on the road to Bourg. Diana thanked M. Pérignon and returned to the hôtel du Dauphin, where she asked for horses, and started almost immediately for Bourg. There she stopped at the hôtel des Grottes de Ceyzeriat, place de la Préfecture, a house recommended by Maître René Servet.

VIII.

IN WHICH A NEW COMPANION IS RECEIVED INTO THE COMPANY OF JEHU, UNDER THE NAME OF ALCI-BIADES.

DAY had already broken when Lucien de Fargas underwent the penalty to which he had knowingly condemned himself on entering the Company of Jehu, by taking a solemn oath never to betray his accomplices. The removal of his body to Bourg was, therefore, postponed to the following night.

Before leaving the vaults Morgan turned to the newly arrived traveller and said:—

“You have seen what has taken place, monsieur, you know who we are, and we have treated you as a brother. Do you wish that we should prolong this session, fatigued as we are, so that in case you are in a hurry to depart we may give you immediate release? If you do not care to leave us till after to-morrow night will you allow us time for a few hours’ rest? I advise you to take some rest yourself; for you look as if you had not slept much more than ourselves. At mid-day, if you are not obliged to leave earlier, the council will convene to hear you. If I am not mistaken you and I parted the first time we met as companions in arms only, but this time we shall part as friends.”

“Gentlemen,” said the stranger, “I was with you in heart long before I set foot in your domain. The oath I propose to take will, I trust, add nothing to the confidence you do me the honor to place in me. At mid-day, then, if it suits you, I will present my credentials.”

Morgan shook hands with the speaker. Then the whole party returned by the way they came, closing the cistern and hiding the ring under loose stones with extreme care. They crossed the garden, passed through the cloister, and re-entered the convent, where most of the monks disappeared silently through the various doors. The youngest of them stayed behind with the traveller, whom he now took to a bedroom, where he bowed silently and left him.

The traveller noticed with satisfaction that when the young monk closed the door he did not lock it. He went to the window; it opened into the room and was not barred; it was almost on a level with the garden. Evidently his future companions trusted his word and had taken no precautions against him. He closed the window-curtains, flung himself on the bed, clothed as he was, and was soon fast asleep. At mid-day he was awakened by the young monk entering his room.

"It is twelve o'clock, brother," he said. "But if you are tired and wish to sleep longer, the council will wait."

The traveller sprang up, opened the window-curtains, took a comb and brush from his valise, brushed his hair, combed his moustache, looked at the state of his clothes, and made a sign to the monk that he would follow him. The latter conducted him into the hall where he had supped.

Four young men were awaiting him; they were all unmasked. It was easy to see by a mere glance at their clothes and the care given to their toilet, together with the courtesy of their manner to the stranger, that they belonged to the aristocracy of birth or fortune.

"Monsieur," said Morgan, "I have the honor of presenting to you the four chiefs of the Company of Jehu: M. de Valensolles, M. de Fayat, M. de Ribier, and myself, the Comte de Sainte-Hermine. Gentlemen, I present to you M. Coster de Saint-Victor, a messenger from General Georges Cadoudal."

The five men bowed and exchanged civilities.

“Gentlemen,” said Saint-Victor, “it is not surprising that M. Morgan should know me, and should reveal your names to me, for we fought together on the 13th Vendémiaire. We were indeed companions in arms before becoming friends. As M. le comte has told you, I come now from General Cadoudal, with whom I am serving in Brittany. Here is a letter from him which will serve to accredit me.”

So saying, Saint-Victor drew from his pocket a letter bearing a seal with a fleur-de-lis, and presented it to the Comte de Sainte-Hermine. The latter opened it, and read it aloud:—

MY DEAR MORGAN,—You will remember that you proposed at the meeting in the rue de la Poste, to be my banker in case I should be compelled to pursue the war alone, without help in France or from foreign countries. All our leaders are dead on the battlefield or shot. Stofflet and Charette were shot; D’Autichamp submitted to the Republic; I alone am left, unshaken in my loyalty, unconquerable in my Morbihan.

An army of two or three thousand men is all I need to hold the field. But this army, though it asks no pay, must have provisions, arms, and ammunition. Since Quiberon, the English have sent us nothing.

If you can furnish money, we will furnish blood. I do not mean, God forbid! that you would spare your blood when the time came. No, your devotion is the greatest of all, and puts ours to the blush. If we are captured we are shot; if you and yours are taken you will die on the scaffold. You write me that you have a considerable sum at my disposition. If I may be sure of receiving monthly from thirty-five to forty thousand francs I want no more.

I send you our mutual friend, Coster de Saint-Victor; his name alone will tell you that you can place perfect confidence in him. I have taught him a little catechism, by means of which I think he can reach you. Give him the first forty thousand francs, and keep all that you may have over; for it is safer in your hands than it would be in mine. If you are so persecuted in your region that you cannot remain there, cross France and come to me.

Far or near, I love and thank you.

GEORGES CADOU DAL.

General-in-chief of the Army of Brittany

P. S. I am told, my dear Morgan, that you have a young brother about nineteen years old; if you do not think me an unworthy master, send him to me for his first apprenticeship at arms. I will make him my aide-de-camp.

Morgan ceased reading, and looked interrogatively at his companions. Each made a sign with his head in affirmation.

“Will you authorize me to write an answer, gentlemen?” asked Morgan.

The question was answered by a unanimous “Yes!” Morgan took a pen, and while Saint-Victor and M. de Valensolles, M. de Fayat, and M. de Ribier conversed together in the embrasure of a window, he wrote his letter. Five minutes later he called to his companions, and read them what he had written:—

MY DEAR GENERAL,— We have received your brave, good letter by your brave, good messenger. We now have about one hundred and fifty thousand francs in hand, and can, therefore, send you what you want. Our new associate, to whom in virtue of my personal authority I give the name of Alcibiades, will leave here to-night, bearing the first forty thousand francs.

Every month you shall receive the same sum from the same banking-house; in case of death or dispersion what money we leave will be deposited in various places to the amount of forty thousand francs each. I subjoin a list of those places.

The brother Alcibiades arrived here in time to assist at an execution. He has seen how we punish traitors.

I thank you, my dear general, for the offer you graciously make me about my young brother; but my intention is to keep him safe from all dangers until he is called upon to take my place. My eldest brother was shot, bequeathing to me his vengeance. I shall probably die, as you say, upon the scaffold; and I, too, shall bequeath my vengeance to my brother. In his turn, he will take the road we have all taken, and contribute, as we have all contributed, to the triumph of the good cause; or he will die as we have died. I need as powerful a motive as that to take upon myself refusal of your patronage, all the while bespeaking your friendship for the lad.

Send us our well-beloved brother Alcibiades whenever you can ; it is a double pleasure to send you such an answer by such a messenger.

MORGAN.

The letter was unanimously approved, and consigned to Saint-Victor.

At midnight the gate of the Chartreuse opened to give exit to two horsemen : one the bearer of Morgan's letter, who took the road to Mâcon to rejoin Cadoudal ; the other bearing Lucien de Fargas's body to deposit it in the market-place of Bourg.

The body still had the knife in its breast, and to the handle of that knife was attached the letter written by the condemned man before his death.

IX.

THE COMTE DE FARGAS.

It is necessary that our readers should know who was the unfortunate young man whose body is thus deposited in the market-place of Bourg, and who was the young lady who, the evening before, had put up at the hôtel des Grottes de Ceyzeriat on the Square, and where they both came from.

They were the last scions of an old family of Provence. Their father, the former colonel of a cavalry regiment, and a knight of Saint-Louis, was born in the same town as Barras, with whom he was very intimate in his youth, the town of Fos-Emphoux. An uncle, who died at Avignon, made him his heir and left him a house; in 1787 he went to Avignon to live in that house, with his two children, Lucien and Diana. Lucien at that time was twelve years old, and Diana eight. France was then in the first revolutionary hopes, or fears, according to the patriotic or royalist views of those who felt them.

To all who know Avignon, there were then, and still are, two towns in that city, the Roman town and the French town,—the Roman town, with its magnificent papal palace, its hundred churches, each more sumptuous than the others, and its innumerable bells always ready to sound the tocsin, that knell of murder; the French town, with its workers in silks, and its cross-roads running north, south, east and west, from Lyon to Marseille, and from Nîmes to Turin. The French town was an accursed town, a town savage at being ruled by a king, eager to obtain

its liberties, and quivering as it felt itself a slave, the earth-slave of the clergy who owned every rood of its territory. Not of the clergy such as they have been throughout all time in the Gallican Church, such as we know them to-day, pious, tolerant, austere in duty, prompt in charity, but of a clergy steeped in intrigue, ambition, greed; that is to say, the court abbés, who were rivals of the Roman abbés, idle, elegant, bold, kings of society, autocrats of salons, and frequenters of boudoirs. Do you want a type of such abbés? Take the Abbé Maury, proud as a duke, insolent as a lackey, the son of a shoemaker, and more aristocratic than the son of a great seigneur.

We have mentioned Avignon, the Roman city; let us add to that — Avignon, the city of hatreds. The heart of a child, pure elsewhere from evil passions, is born there full of hereditary hatreds, bequeathed from father to son for eight hundred years; and as each life of hatred passes away it leaves the diabolical inheritance to its children. In such a city every man is forced to take a side and, according to the importance of his position, do active service for his party.

The Comte de Fargas was a royalist before he came to Avignon; once there, he became a fanatic to keep himself on the level of his party. This was, as we have said, in 1787, at the dawn of our independence.

At the first cry of liberty uttered in France, the French town of Avignon arose full of joy and hope. The time had come at last when she might contest aloud the cession made by that young queen to redeem her crimes, the cession of a city, a province, and half a million of souls. By what right had those souls been delivered over forevermore to a foreign master?

France was about to assemble on the Champ de Mars in the fraternal embrace of the Federation. All Paris had toiled to prepare that immense plateau (where sixty-seven years after this fraternal embrace Europe was convoked to the World's Exposition, — to the triumph of

peace and industry over war). Avignon alone was excluded from that great love-feast; Avignon was to have no part in the universal brotherhood; Avignon — did not she also belong to France?

Deputies were appointed; they went to the Roman legate and gave him twenty-four hours to leave the town. During the night the Roman party, in revenge, with the Comte de Fargas at their head, erected a gibbet and hung an effigy upon it which was decked with the tricolor cockade.

The waters of the Rhone are turned, the Durance is made into a canal, the savage torrent of the melting snows as they rush in liquid avalanches from the summit of Mont Ventoux is diverted to the dikes; but the terrible flood, the living flood, the human torrent which bounded down the steep streets of Avignon, once launched, once freed, the heavens themselves were powerless to check.

At the sight of that effigy with the national colors dangling to a gibbet, the whole French town rose as one man, howling with rage. The Comte de Fargas, who knew the Avignon nature, had retreated to the house of a friend in the valley of Vaucluse. Four of his companions, justly suspected of taking part in the gibbeting of the effigy, were torn from their homes, and hung in its place. For this execution the populace seized some ropes belonging to a worthy man named Lescuyer, whom the royalist party falsely accused of having given them. All this happened June 11th, 1790.

The French town wrote to the National Assembly that she gave herself to France, with her Rhone, her commerce, the whole South, and half Provence. But the National Assembly was just then in one of its reactionary fits; it did not wish to quarrel with Rome; it was temporizing with the king; the missive of the French Avignon was laid over for a time.

From that moment the patriotic movement in Avignon became a rebellion, and the pope was justified in punishing

and repressing it. Pope Pius VI. ordered all that had been done in the Comtat Venaissin annulled, the privileges of the nobles and clergy upheld, and the Inquisition restored in all its rigor. The Comte de Fargas returned triumphantly to Avignon, and not only did not conceal his share in hanging the effigy, but he boasted of it. Nobody yet dared say a word. The pontifical decrees were posted on the walls.

One man, and only one, in open day, before the eyes of every one, walked to the wall and tore the posters down. His name was Lescuyer. He was the same man whom the royalists accused of having furnished the ropes to hang the royalists. This, it will be remembered, was unjust. He was not a young man, carried away by the impetuosity of his years; on the contrary, he was almost an old man, who did not even belong to the place. He was a Frenchman from Picardy, ardent, but reflecting, and long a notary at Avignon.

All Roman Avignon shuddered at the sacrilegious crime, a crime so great that the statue of the Virgin was seen to weep. Avignon, you will please remark, was Italy, — Italy, which must have her miracles at any price, and if heaven does not make them, gets some one to invent them. The miracle took place in the church of the Franciscans. The crowd rushed there.

A singular rumor was circulated at the same instant. A heavy closed coffer had been carried through the town. This coffer excited the curiosity of the townspeople. What did it contain? Two hours later it was not a coffer at all, it had grown to be eighteen cases on their way to the Rhone. As for the contents of those cases, a porter had revealed them; they were the hoards of the Mont-de-piété. The hoards of the pawn-shops! the property of the poor! The poorer a city, the richer the pawn-shops. Few pawn-shops could boast of being as rich as the Mont-de-piété of Avignon. This was no matter of partisan feeling; it was robbery, infamous robbery. The Whites

and the Blues, royalists and patriots together, rushed to the church of the Franciscans, not to see the miracle, but to shout that the municipality must give account of such an act.

M. de Fargas was naturally among those who shouted the loudest.

X.

THE TROUILLAS TOWER.

Now Lescuyer, the patriot who had torn down the pontifical decrees, and was falsely accused of lending the ropes, was also the secretary of the municipality. His name was thrown to the crowd as having not only committed the above misdeeds, but also as having signed the order to the keeper of the Mont-de-piété for the removal of the goods.

Four men were sent to seize Lescuyer and bring him to the church. They found him in the street going tranquilly to his work at the municipality. The four men fell upon him, and dragged him to the church with ferocious cries. There Lescuyer saw, by the flaming eyes about him, the fists that threatened him, the shouts that demanded his death, — Lescuyer saw that he had entered a circle of hell forgotten by Dante. The only idea that he could form as to the cause of this hatred was the violent seizure of the ropes from his shop and his own tearing down of the decrees.

He rushed into the pulpit, and there, in the voice of a man who not only believes himself blameless, but would act in the same way again, he said: —

“Citizens, I believe the revolution necessary; I have acted in accordance with that conviction.”

The Whites knew well that if Lescuyer were allowed to explain himself he was saved. That would ill have suited them. Obeying a sign from the Comte de Fargas they flung themselves upon him, tore him from the pulpit, pushed him into the midst of the howling pack of brutes, who dragged him to the altar, uttering that terrible cry

which is something between the hissing of a serpent and the growl of a tiger, that murderous, "*Zou! zou! zou!*" peculiar to the populace of Avignon.

Lescuyer knew the fatal cry. He tried to take refuge on the steps of the altar, but fell. A journeyman mattress-maker armed with a bludgeon felled him with a blow on the head that broke the stick in two.

Then they flung themselves on that poor body with the ferocity and gayety which characterize the people of the South; men sang, and danced upon his stomach; women cut, or rather scalloped his lips with their scissors that he might expiate what they called the blasphemies he had uttered. From the midst of that awful group came a cry, or rather a rattle, a death-rattle, and it said:—

"In the name of Heaven, in the name of the Virgin, in the name of humanity, kill me at once!"

By common consent the crowd drew away from him; they left the wretched man, lacerated, bleeding, to endure his agony. It lasted five hours, during which time, amid laughter and insults and mockery, that poor body palpitated on the steps of the altar. That is how men kill each other in Avignon. But wait! presently you will see that they have still another way.

While Lescuyer lay there dying, it occurred to a man of the Blues, that is, one belonging to the patriot party, to go to the Mont-de-piété and make inquiries. There he learned that no such event as rumor had spread about had occurred. Not an article had been taken from the building. So, then, it was not as an accomplice in robbing the poor that Lescuyer was so cruelly murdered—it was as a patriot!

There was at this time in Avignon a man who took that part in all revolutions which is neither white nor blue, but red,—the red of blood. Those terrible leaders of the South have so dreadful a notoriety that we need but to name them, and all men, even the most illiterate, know them. This man was Jourdan. Liar and braggart, he had made the populace believe that it was he who cut the throat of the

governor of the Bastille; hence he was called Jourdan Coupe-Tête; his real name was Mathieu Jouve. He was not a Provençal; he came from Puy-en-Velay, and had been in his early days a muleteer on the rugged hills that surrounded his native town; then a soldier who never saw a war (war might have made him more humane), then a publican in Paris, and finally, a trader in madder at Avignon.

He now collected three hundred men, seized the gates of the city, left half his troop to guard them, and marched with the rest to the church of the Franciscans preceded by two pieces of artillery. He posted the cannon in battery before the church and fired. The murderers dispersed like a flock of frightened birds, — some through the windows, some through the sacristy, leaving many dead behind them on the steps of the church. Jourdan and his men sprang over the bodies and rushed into the sacred precincts. No one was now there but the statue of the Virgin and the hapless Lescuyer. He still breathed. They asked him who had murdered him, and he named, not those who had struck him, but the man who had ordered his death.

That man, as we already know, was the Comte de Fargas. Jourdan and his men were careful not to kill the dying man who prayed them for death; no! his death-agony should be made a crowning means to rouse the people. They took that mangled living mass, that half-dead body, and bore it, bleeding, gasping, with the death-rattle in its throat, while they shouted: —

“Fargas! Fargas! we want Fargas!”

At that sight all men fled, closing doors and windows. At the end of an hour Jourdan and his troop were masters of the town. Lescuyer died before any one took notice that his last breath was gone. Little they cared; his agony had served their purpose. Jourdan profited by the terror he inspired to clinch his victory and arrest some eighty persons, — the murderers, or the asserted murderers of Lescuyer, consequently the accomplices of Fargas.

As for Fargas himself, he was not yet arrested, but there was every certainty that he would be, for all the gates of the town were carefully guarded, and the Comte de Fargas was known by sight to every inhabitant.

Out of the eighty persons arrested, probably thirty had never set foot in the church; but when a good occasion offers to get rid of your enemies it is wise to profit by it; good opportunities are rare. These eighty persons were crowded into the Trouillas tower.

It was in this tower that the Inquisition had formerly tortured its prisoners. Along its walls may still be seen the sooty grease which rose from human flesh burned at the stake. You will be shown, if you go there, all the implements of torture, carefully preserved. The boiler, the furnace, the wooden horse, the chains, the pits, even the bones of the victims, — these are all there to-day.

Into this tower, built by Clement IV., the eighty prisoners were now thrust. They were safely locked up in the Trouillas tower; but once there, they became embarrassing. Who was to try them and judge them? There were no legal tribunals but those of the pope. How were these men to be killed as they had killed Lescuyer?

We have said that at least one third, probably half, of the eighty prisoners had not only taken no part in the murder, but had not even set foot in the church. The only thing to do, therefore, was to kill them, not try them; killing might pass as reprisals.

But to kill eighty persons, requires the assistance of a good many killers. Jourdan improvised a sort of court, which held a session in one of the council-rooms of the palace. It consisted of a clerk, named Raphel; a president, half French, half Italian, an orator in patois, named Barbe Savournin de la Roua; and three or four poor devils, a baker and a pork-butcher among them, whose names are lost in the crowd of events. They all cried out with one accord: —

“We must kill them all; if only one gets away, he will be a witness.”

But still the killers were lacking. There were not more than twenty men left in the courtyard; all were of the lower classes in Avignon; among them were a wig-maker, a women's-shoe-maker, a cobbler, a mason, an upholsterer; all poorly armed, — one with a sabre, another with a bayonet, some with iron bars, and one with a wooden bar hardened by fire. They were all chilled by a drizzling October rain; it was really difficult to turn these men into murderers.

Nonsense! nothing is difficult to the devil. There comes a moment in times like these when it seems that Providence gives up the game, and Satan has his innings.

Satan now entered that cold and muddy courtyard, having clothed himself in the form, the garments, and the face of an apothecary, named Mende. He set out a table, lighted it with two lanterns, placed upon it jugs, bottles, pitchers, and glasses. What infernal beverage had he put in those receptacles? It was never known, but the results are known. All those who drank that devilish drink were seized with sudden fury, an awful lust of blood and murder. It was only necessary to show them the door and they plunged into that dungeon.

The massacre lasted all night; all that night the cries, moans, wails of the dying sounded through the darkness. They killed all, men and women, and it took time; the killers, as we have said, were drunk and ill-armed; nevertheless, they did it. As they killed they flung the bodies, the wounded, the dead, and dying together, into a pit; sixty feet they fell, the men first, the women after them. At nine in the morning, after twelve hours' butchery, a voice was heard from the sepulchre, crying out: —

“In mercy, kill me, I cannot die!”

A man, it was the armorer Bouffier, leaned over the hole; the others dared not.

“Who cried?” they asked him.

“Lami,” he answered, stepping back.

“Well,” they said, “what did you see?”

“Such a marmalade!” he said; “all pell-mell, men and

women, priests and pretty girls; enough to make one die of laughing."

At that moment shouts of triumph were heard. The name of Fargas echoed in the air. The count was being dragged before Jourdan; they had found him hidden in a cask in the cellar of an inn. He was half naked, and so drenched in blood that they feared he would drop down dead if they let go of him.

XI.

THE BROTHER AND SISTER.

THE killers, who seemed by this time to be weary, were only drunk. Just as the sight of wine rouses the vigor of the drunkard, so the smell of blood revived the slaughterers. They were lying, half asleep, on the floor when the name of Fargas echoed in their ears. They opened their eyes and rose.

So far from being dead, the latter was only slightly wounded. But he was scarcely in the midst of these cannibals before he knew that his death was inevitable, and one idea alone filled his mind, — to make that death as speedy and painless as possible. With that thought he flung himself on the man nearest to him, who had a knife in his hand, and bit him so savagely in the cheek that the latter instinctively struck out with the hand which held the knife, and buried the blade to the hilt in the count's breast. Fargas dropped dead without uttering a sound.

Then they did upon that dead body what they fain would have done upon him living. They cast themselves upon it, each eager to possess a scrap, a fragment of the flesh. When men reach that point there is very little difference between them and cannibals.

They lighted a fire, and flung the mutilated remains upon it; and so, as if no new God and no new Goddess could be glorified without a human sacrifice, LIBERTY on that day was honored with two martyrs: the patriot martyr, Lescuyer; the royalist martyr, Fargas.

While these events were occurring in Avignon, the two children, ignorantly happy, lived in a little house which

was called, on account of the three trees that shaded it, "The House of the Three Cypresses." Their father had left them in the morning, as he often did, to go to Avignon. The first night passed without anxiety. He had a town-house as well as the little country-house, and it often happened that the count, either for business or pleasure, remained a day or two at Avignon.

Lucien was very fond of the country-place. He lived there with a sister, three years younger than himself, whom he adored, waited upon by a cook and a man-servant. His sister returned his brotherly affection with all the passion of a Southern nature, — a nature which cannot love, and cannot hate, by halves. Brought up together, these young people had never been parted. Although of different sexes, they had had the same masters and followed the same studies. The result was that Diana at ten years of age was something of a boy, and Lucien at thirteen was something of a girl.

As the country-house was not more than two miles from Avignon, the market-people brought out the news of the disturbances the next morning. The children trembled for their father. Lucien ordered his horse; but Diana would not let her brother go alone. She had her own horse, and was as good, perhaps a better rider than he, and both started for the town.

They had hardly reached it before they heard the news that their father had been captured and dragged in the direction of the Papal palace, where a court was held to "judge the royalists." Diana dashed at a gallop up the steep slope that led to the old fortress, Lucien following her about ten paces behind. Together they reached the courtyard where the remains of the fire in which their father's body had been burned were still smoking. Several of the murderers recognized them, and cried out: —

"Death to the wolf-cubs!"

They sprang to the horses' heads, but as they did so, the man who laid a hand on Diana's bridle received a cut across

the face from her whip. This act, though it was only in legitimate self-defence, redoubled the cries and threats. But at that moment Jourdan Coupe-Tête advanced; whether through lassitude, weariness of killing, or a sentiment of justice, a ray of human feeling did cross his soul.

“Yesterday,” he said, “in the heat of action and of vengeance, we may have confounded the innocent with the guilty; but to-day such an error cannot be allowed. The Comte de Fargas was guilty of insulting France, of murdering humanity. He hung the national colors on an infamous gibbet; he murdered Lescuyer. He deserved death, and you gave it to him; that was well. France and humanity are avenged. But his children have been concerned in no crime of barbarism or injustice; they are innocent. Let them return to their home, and not be able to say of us, as we say of royalists: “They are murderers and assassins.”

Diana did not wish to fly; to her mind, that was sacrificing vengeance; but alone with her brother, what else could she do? Lucien took the bridle of her horse and led her away.

When they reached home the two orphans fell into one another's arms and burst into tears. They had no one in the world to love except each other. They did love sacredly, fraternally. And thus they grew up till Diana was eighteen, and Lucien twenty-one.

It was at this period that the Thermidorian reaction was organized. Their name was a guarantee of their opinions. They sought no one, but agents came to them. Lucien listened coldly to the proposals made to him, and asked for time to reflect. Diana seized them eagerly, and made a sign that she would undertake to bring her brother to consent. In fact, she was no sooner alone with him than she passionately urged upon him the great principle: *Noblesse oblige*. Lucien had been born and bred in all religious and royalist sentiments; he had his father to avenge; his sister's influence was powerful; and he finally gave consent.

From that moment, that is to say, from the end of 1796, he was a member of the Company of Jehu in its Southern division. We know the rest.

It is difficult to describe the violence of the feelings which assailed Diana from the moment of her brother's arrest until that on which she learned that he had been taken for trial to the department of the Ain. She instantly collected all the money she could dispose of at the moment, jumped into a post-chaise, and started. We know that she arrived too late, learned at Nantua of her brother's abduction, and, thanks to the judge's acumen, was able to discover the probable cause of the attack on the gaol and on the court-house.

At twelve o'clock of the same day she reached the hôtel des Grottes de Ceyzeriat in Bourg. She was scarcely there before she went to the Prefecture and related what had happened at Nantua. It was not the first time that the deeds of the Company of Jehu were brought to the ears of the prefect. Most of the inhabitants sympathized with these young outlaws. Often when he had given orders to track them, or arrest them, he had been conscious of a filmy net-work drawn around him; and though the hands that drew it could not be clearly seen, he felt the presence of that mysterious resisting force which paralyzes the orders of power.

This time the denunciation was clear and precise. The men had forced their way, with arms in their hands, into a prison, and carried off their accomplice. They had also forced their way into the court-house and seized the papers of the State. They had also been seen returning in the direction of Bourg.

The prefect summoned the commander of the gendarmerie, the judge of the court, and the commissary of police, and he made Diana repeat in their presence her statement against these formidable and mysterious assailants. He declared that he needed three days to sift the matter properly, and requested Diana to remain during that time

in Bourg. Diana saw that the prefect had an interest of his own in pursuing these men, and she consented. She went back to the hôtel, worn out with fatigue and hunger, for she had eaten nothing since leaving Avignon.

She now obtained something to eat, went to bed, and slept the sleep with which youth triumphs, in victorious rest, over sorrow.

The next day she was awakened by a great noise in the street beneath her windows. She rose and looked through the blinds, but saw nothing except a crowd of men swaying hither and thither. And yet something warned her internally that a new trial awaited her. She slipped on a dressing-gown, and without fastening up her hair, disarranged in sleep, she opened the window and looked down from the balcony.

No sooner had she glanced into the street than she gave a great cry and threw herself backwards; then she rushed down the stairway, maddened, her hair streaming, her face pale to lividness, and fell upon the body which formed the centre of the excitement, crying out: —

“My brother! Oh, my brother!”

XII.

IN WHICH THE READER FINDS SOME
OLD ACQUAINTANCES.

OUR readers must now go with us to Milan, where, as we have said, Bonaparte, who no longer called himself Buonaparté, had his head-quarters.

On the same day and at the same hour when Diana de Fargas was finding her brother in so tragic and painful a manner, three men issued from the barracks of the Army of Italy, while three others issued from those assigned to the Army of the Rhine. General Bonaparte having asked for reinforcements after his first victories, two thousand men had been detached from Moreau's army and had been sent, under command of Bernadotte, to the Army of Italy.

These men walked in two groups, at some distance from each other, toward the Porta Orientale. This gate, which is the one nearest the barracks, led to the place outside the walls where numerous duels brought about by much rivalry in courage and many differences of opinion between the soldiers of the North and those of the South were fought.

An army is always made in the image of its general; his spirit is shed among the officers and communicated by them to the soldiers. This division of the Army of the Rhine commanded by Moreau, which had now reinforced the Army of Italy, was modelled upon Moreau.

It was on him and on Pichegru that the royalist faction cast their eyes. Pichegru had been on the point of yielding. But, wearied with the Prince de Condé's hesitations and unwilling to introduce the enemy into France until the

preliminary conditions as to the duties of the king and the rights of the people should be clearly settled, the correspondence between himself and the Prince de Condé ended without results, and he resolved to make his revolution, not through his military influence, but in the high position which his fellow-citizens had just created for him as president of the Council of the Five Hundred.

His army was therefore cold and sober as himself, and was held by him under strict discipline.

The Army of Italy, on the contrary, was made up of the Southern revolutionaries, with hearts as impetuous in their opinions as in their courage. For over a year and a half, while it was adding signally to the glory of France, the eyes of all Europe had been fixed upon that army. It was not a retreat on which the Army of Italy prided itself, but a succession of victories. Instead of being forgotten and neglected by the government, like the armies of the Rhine and the Sambre-et-Meuse, generals, officers, and soldiers were crowned with honors, heaped with money, gorged with pleasures. Serving first under General Bonaparte, — that is, beneath the star from which had emanated for a year and a half all the glorious light that dazzled the world, — then under Generals Masséna, Joubert, and Augereau, who set them the example of ardent republicanism, they were kept informed (by order of Bonaparte, who circulated among them all the newspapers which he inspired), — they were kept informed of the events which happened in Paris, and they were well aware of a reaction which threatened to be in its results not a whit less important than that of the 13th Vendémiaire. To these men, these soldiers, who did not discuss opinions, but received them ready-made, the Directory, succeeding the Convention and inheriting its traditions, was still the Revolutionary government to which they had devoted themselves in 1792. They asked but one thing, now that they had vanquished the Austrians and felt that there was nothing more to do in Italy, and that was to recross the Alps and sabre all the remaining aristocrats in Paris.

Each of these armies was represented in the two groups we have seen issuing from their barracks on the way to the Porta Orientale. One, which could be recognized by its uniform as belonging to those tireless heroes who started from the Bastille and made their way round the world, was composed of sergeant-major Faraud (him who married the Goddess Reason) and his two inseparable companions Groseiller and Vincent, who had both attained to the eminent rank of sergeant.

The other group, which belonged to the cavalry, was composed of the chasseur Falou, who, it will be remembered, was appointed sergeant of cavalry by Pichegru, and two of his companions, one a sergeant, the other a corporal.

Falou, belonging to the Army of the Rhine, had not been promoted since the day on which Pichegru had given him his grade. Faraud, now with the Army of Italy, still remained, it is true, in the same rank he had received before the lines at Weissenbourg (where a great many poor devils stick when their want of education hinders their being officers); but he had twice been named in the orders of the day, and Bonaparte had asked to see him, and had said:—

“Faraud, you are a brave fellow!”

It resulted that Faraud was quite as well satisfied to be placed in the orders of the day and be thus addressed by Bonaparte as if he had been made a sub-lieutenant.

Now cavalry-sergeant Falou and sergeant-major Faraud had addressed to each other words which, in the opinion of their comrades, demanded the honor of a walk through the Porta Orientale. Which means that the two friends, to employ the usual terms under such circumstances, were about to refresh themselves with a passage at arms.

In fact, they had scarcely passed beyond the gate before the seconds on both sides began to look about for a suitable spot where the men should have equal advantages of sun and ground. The spot found, the principals were informed; they followed their seconds, inspected the ground, declared

themselves satisfied, and immediately prepared to utilize it, by flinging off their fatigue caps, coats, and waistcoats, and rolling up their shirt-sleeves above their elbows.

Faraud's arm bore this legend tattooed upon it round a flaming heart: "All for the Goddess Reason."

Falou, less exclusive in his affections, bore in the same manner the epicurean motto: "Long live wine! long live love!"

The combat was to take place with those infantry sabres called flints, — probably because they gave out sparks when struck together. Each man received his sabre from one of his seconds and sprang toward his adversary.

"What the devil is one to do with a kitchen knife?" demanded cavalry-sergeant Falou, accustomed to the heavy sabre of a trooper and flourishing the flint as if it were a pen. "It's good for cutting cabbages and scraping carrots."

"And it's good," responded sergeant-major Faraud (with the old twist of the neck we remember in him), "it's good to shave a moustache off an adversary, for folks who don't fear close quarters."

And with that he made a feint of striking at the thigh and aimed a blow at his adversary's head, the latter parrying just in time.

"Oh, ho!" said Falou, "Look out, sergeant! moustaches are in general orders; it is forbidden in the regiment to cut 'em off, and specially to let 'em be cut off; and those who permit such an impropriety are punished — punished," repeated the cavalry-sergeant, seeking his chance, — "punished with a wrist blow."

And before Faraud could parry, his adversary got in a blow on the spot he had himself indicated by name. The blood spurted instantly; but Faraud, furious at being hit, called out: —

"It's nothing! it's nothing! Go on!"

And he recovered guard. But the seconds rushed between the combatants, declaring that honor was satisfied.

Upon that declaration Faraud flung down his sabre and

held out his arm. One of the seconds pulled out a handkerchief, and with a dexterity which showed his practice in such affairs he began to bind up the wound. This operation was nearly finished when, from behind a clump of trees about twenty paces from the combatants, came a cavalcade of horsemen.

“Ouf! the commander-in-chief!” said Falou.

The soldiers looked about to see if there was any way of hiding from the general's eye; but that eye was already upon them, and with a turn of the general's wrist he sent his horse in their direction. The soldiers stood motionless, right hands saluting, the left at the seams of their trousers. Blood was trickling from Faraud's arm.

XIII.

CITIZENS AND MESSIEURS.

BONAPARTE stopped at four paces from them, making a sign to his staff to stay where they were. Motionless on his horse, which was as motionless as he, stooping slightly, partly on account of the heat and partly because of the illness from which he was then suffering, with fixed eyes half covered by the upper lids, through the lashes of which gleamed a ray of light, he resembled a bronze statue.

“So,” he said in his curt voice, “it seems that duels are fought here. And yet it is known that I object to duels. The blood of Frenchmen belongs to France; it is for France only that it ought to flow.” Then, looking from one to another of the combatants, his eyes rested finally on the sergeant-major. “How is it,” he continued, “that a brave man like you, Faraud —”

Bonaparte acquired at this time and kept through life, as a principle or as matter of calculation, the habit of remembering the faces of the men who distinguished themselves, so as to be able, on occasion, to call them by their names. This was a distinction that never failed of its effect.

Faraud quivered with joy when the commander-in-chief named him, and he rose on the points of his toes.

Bonaparte saw the movement and smiled to himself as he continued: —

“How is it that a brave man like you, who has twice been put in the order of the day of your regiment, once at Lodi and again at Rivoli, should disregard my orders? As for your adversary, whom I do not know —”

The general emphasized the words intentionally. Falou frowned; they pricked into his flanks like a spur.

"Pardon me, excuse me, general!" he interrupted. "If you don't know me, that's because you are too young, and because you were not in the Army of the Rhine, at the battle of Dawendorff, and the battle of Frœschwiller, and the re-taking of the lines of Weissembourg. If you had been —"

"I was at Toulon," said Bonaparte, curtly. "If you chased the Prussians from France at Weissembourg, I chased the British at Toulon; and that was quite as important."

"That's true," said Falou, "and we put your name in the order of the day. I was wrong to say you were too young, general; I admit that, and I beg your pardon. But I have a right to say you were not there because you have just admitted you were at Toulon."

"Go on," said Bonaparte. "Have you anything else to say?"

"Yes, general," replied Falou.

"Then, say it," continued Bonaparte. "But, as we are all republicans here, have the goodness to address me as citizen general."

"Bravo, citizen general!" struck in Faraud.

Citizens Vincent and Groseiller, Faraud's seconds, nodded their heads in sign of approval, but Falou's seconds continued immovable, giving no signs either way of approval or disapproval.

"Well, then, citizen general," resumed Falou, with that freedom of speech which the principle of equality had introduced into the ranks of the army, "if you had been at Dawendorff, for instance, you'd have seen that I saved the life of General Abattucci in a charge of cavalry, — and it was n't a bad one to save, either."

"Ah, ha!" said Bonaparte; "then I thank you; Abattucci is a sort of a cousin of mine."

Falou draw out his cavalry sabre and showed it to Bona-

parte, who was certainly not a little surprised to see a general's sabre in the hands of a sergeant.

"It was on that occasion," he continued, "that General Pichegru, who is as good a general as any man," — and he emphasized this appreciation of Pichegru, — "seeing what a plight my sabre was in from the force of my blows, gave me his, which is n't the regular trooper thing, as you may see for yourself, general."

"Again!" said Bonaparte, frowning.

"Beg pardon! citizen general, I meant to say; but, you see, General Moreau, he has n't accustomed us to that kind of thing."

"Ah!" said Bonaparte, "is n't the republican Fabius more careful than that? Go on; I see you have something else to say."

"Well, I want to tell you, citizen general, that if you had been at Froeschwillers the day General Hoche — who himself is as good as any man — put up the Prussian cannon at six hundred francs apiece, you'd have seen that I took one of those cannon myself, and that's when they made me a cavalry-sergeant."

"And you got the six hundred francs to boot?"

Falou shook his head.

"We gave the money to the widows of the brave men who were killed at Dawendorff, and I only had my pay — out of the waggon of the Prince de Condé."

"Brave and disinterested! Go on," said the general. "I like to hear men like you who have no newspapers to sing their praises — or calumniate them — make their own panegyric."

"And lastly," pursued Falou, "if you had been at the re-taking of the lines of Weissembourg you'd know that, attacked by four Prussians, I killed two; it is true that with the third I was a little late with my parry, and that's the scar I got for it, general, — I mean citizen general, — but I got in my toe on time and sent the third man after his comrades. Then they made me first cavalry-sergeant."

“And that’s all true, is it?” said Bonaparte.

“Oh! as for its truth, citizen general,” said Faraud, stepping up and carrying his hand adorned with a bandage to his right eyebrow, “I am witness that the cavalry-sergeant has told nothing but the truth; in fact he has stopped short of it instead of going beyond it. He is well-known in the Army of the Rhine.”

“Very good,” said Bonaparte, looking with a fatherly eye at the two men. “I am very glad to make your acquaintance, citizen Falou. I hope you will do as well in the Army of Italy as you did in the Army of the Rhine. But how happens it that two such brave men are enemies?”

“Enemies! we, citizen general?” said Falou. “We are not enemies.”

“Then why the devil are you fighting?”

“Why!” said Faraud with the usual twist of his neck, “we were fighting to fight.”

“Yes, but I wish to know for what reason you were fighting.”

Faraud looked at Falou as if asking his permission to answer.

“If the citizen general wants to know,” said Falou. “I don’t see any objection to telling him.”

“Well, we fought — we fought — because — well, because he called me *monsieur*.”

“And what do you want to be called?”

“Why, *citizen*, damn it!” replied Faraud; “that’s a title that has cost us dear enough to make us hold on to it. I’m not an aristocrat, like those messieurs of the Army of the Rhine.”

“There! do you hear that, citizen general?” cried Falou, stamping his foot angrily and grasping the hilt of his sabre. “He calls us aristocrats!”

“He is wrong, and you are wrong,” replied the commander-in-chief. “We are all children of the same family, sons of the same mother, citizens of the same country. We are fighting for the Republic; and this is not the time, when the

kings of the earth are recognizing her, that brave men like you should repudiate her. What division do you belong to?" he added, addressing Falou.

"Bernadotte's division."

"Bernadotte?" repeated Bonaparte. "A volunteer who was only a sergeant-major in '89; a brave man promoted general on the battlefield by Kléber after the victories of Fleurus and Juliers, who obliged Maestrich to capitulate and took Altdorf, — Bernadotte encouraging aristocracy in his army! I thought he was a Jacobin. And you, Faraud, what corps do you belong to?"

"That of General Augereau. He can't be accused of aristocracy, not he! He's like you, citizen general; he won't stand any nonsense of that kind. So we said to each other when these fine gentlemen of the Army of the Rhine came down and began to call us *monsieur*: 'For every *monsieur* a sabre-cut. Agreed?' — 'Agreed.' And since then we've been out perhaps a dozen times, division Augereau against division Bernadotte. This time it's I who pay the piper; next time —"

"There will be no next time," said Bonaparte, imperatively. "I will not have duels in the army. I have said so, and I repeat it."

"But, nevertheless —" muttered Faraud.

"I shall speak to Bernadotte of this affair. Meantime you will be so good as to keep intact the republican tradition; and in any division under my command you will call yourselves citizens. You will each go to the guard-house for twenty-four hours as a warning. And now shake hands, and be off with you, arm in arm like good comrades."

The two men approached each other and shook hands loyally. Then Faraud tossed his jacket over his left shoulder, and passed his arm through Falou's; the seconds did the same, and all six went off amicably to the barracks through the Porta Orientale.

Bonaparte looked after them with a smile muttering to himself: —

“ Fine fellows ! it was with such men Cæsar crossed the Rubicon. But the time has not yet come to do as Cæsar did. Murat ! ” he cried.

A young man twenty-four years of age, with black hair and moustache, and a keen, intelligent eye, made his horse bound forward to the general’s side.

“ Murat,” said the latter, “ start at once for Vicenza where Augereau is, and bring him to the palazzo Serbelloni. Tell him that the ground-floor is unoccupied, and he can have it.”

“ The devil ! ” muttered the staff, who had seen and not heard what had passed ; “ the general is out of temper.”

XIV.

WHY CITIZEN GENERAL BONAPARTE WAS OUT OF TEMPER.

BONAPARTE returned to the palazzo Serbelloni. He was undoubtedly out of temper.

Hardly was he at the beginning of his career, hardly in the dawn of his fame, before calumny pursued him, striving to tear from him the merit of his great victories, which could only be compared with those of Alexander, Hannibal, or Cæsar. It was said that Carnot planned his battles, and that his so-called military genius followed step by step the written instructions of the Directory. It was also said that he knew nothing about administration of the army itself; that on Berthier, his chief of staff, the condition of the troops depended.

Bonaparte knew of the struggle that was now being renewed in Paris against the partisans of royalty, represented at this time by the Clichy Club as it was represented two years earlier by the Section Le Peletier. Private letters from his two brothers urged him to take a middle course between the Directors, who were still the symbol of the Republic (turned aside, it is true, from its original end and aim, but the only banner under which the Revolution could rally) and the royalists, — that is to say, the counter-revolutionists.

There was evidently a strong ill-will against him in the two Councils. The leaders were constantly wounding his pride and self-love by their speeches and their writings. They disparaged his fame, they depreciated the value of

that noble army with which he had vanquished five armies of the enemy.

He had sought to take part himself in civil matters, and his ambition aimed at becoming a Director if any of the five resigned. Once in that position he knew well that he should soon be sole Director; but his youth was objected to; he was only twenty-eight years old, and the law required a Director to be thirty. On that he withdrew from the contest, not venturing to violate that article of a constitution which he had fought to maintain on the thirteenth Vendémiaire. Besides, the Directors were very far from desiring him as a colleague. The members did not disguise their jealousy of Bonaparte's genius, and they openly showed that they felt themselves wounded and insulted by the haughty tone and the affected independence he assumed toward them.

He, on the other hand, was annoyed that he was constantly represented as a furious demagogue, and called "the man of the thirteenth Vendémiaire;" whereas on the thirteenth Vendémiaire he was really the man of the Revolution, — that is, the upholder of the nation's welfare. Moreover, with all these causes of dissatisfaction, there was still another rankling in his mind. He was tired of hearing the word "wise," applied to Moreau's style of making war.

His instinct led him, if not toward the Revolution, certainly against the royalists. He therefore saw with pleasure, and encouraged, the republican temper of the army. His first successes before Toulon had been against the royalists, and it was against the royalists that he won his victory in Vendémiaire. These five armies that he had just vanquished, what were they but supporters of the Bourbons, — that is to say, of the royalists?

But the feeling that underlay all others at this period of his life, when he may perhaps have floated between the part of Monk and that of Cæsar, the motive that caused him to bear aloft the republican banner and led him to

turn a deaf ear to all propositions that were made to him, was the inward presentiment of his coming greatness, and above all, that pride which he shared with Cæsar, the pride that would rather be first in a village than second in Rome. Whatever rank he obtained from a king, were it even that of Constable (which was offered to him), that king would still be above him and overshadow him. Rising by the help of a king he would never be anything but a parvenu; rising alone, by his own power, he was not made, he made himself.

Under the Republic, on the contrary, his head already overtopped that of others; he was sure to rise, and always rise. Perhaps his glance, piercing as it was, had not yet seen an empire on the horizon; but he did foresee, under the Republic, audacity of action and splendid enterprises which suited the audacity of his genius and his vast ambition.

As often happens among predestined beings, who at times do things impossible,—not because they were predestined to do them, but because it has been foretold to them that they will do them and thenceforth they regard themselves as the chosen of Providence,—the slightest event occurring on a special day often caused some great determination in Bonaparte's mind. The duel he had just witnessed, this flimsy quarrel of two soldiers over the words "citizens," and "messieurs," had spread before his eyes the whole question which was agitating France. When Faraud mentioned General Augereau Bonaparte remembered (what indeed he had long known) that general's inflexible adherence to the principles of democracy, and he believed him to be the agent he was in search of to second his secret plans.

More than once had Bonaparte's eyes been turned to a possible crisis, when a Parisian revolution might overthrow the Directory or oppress it, as the Convention had been oppressed by the counter-revolution. If that crisis came Bonaparte was firmly resolved to cross the Alps

with twenty-five thousand men and march by Lyon upon Paris. Carnot's big nostrils had no doubt scented that design, for he had lately written: "Here they attribute a thousand schemes to you, each one more absurd than the rest. They seem unable to believe that a man who has done such great things will be content to live as a simple citizen."

The Directory, as a body, wrote thus to Bonaparte: —

We have seen, citizen general, with much satisfaction, the assurances of your continued attachment to the cause of liberty and the constitution of the year III. You can count on our entire co-operation. We accept with pleasure all the offers which you make us to come at our first call to the help of the Republic. They are but another proof of your sincere love of country. You may be sure we shall only avail ourselves of them for the safety, happiness, and glory of the nation.

This letter was in the handwriting of La Revellière-Lepeaux, and was signed, "Barras," "Rewbell," and "La Revellière-Lepeaux." The two other Directors, Carnot and Barthélemy, either did not see the letter or refused to sign it.

But chance willed that Bonaparte should be better informed about the situation of the Directors than the Directors themselves. It happened that a certain Comte Delaunay d'Entraigues, a royalist agent, well known during the French Revolution, was in Venice when that city was blockaded by the French. He was looked upon at that time as being both the contriver and the performer in the machinations which were going on against France, and especially against the Army of Italy. He was a man of keen perceptions; he saw the danger of the Venetian Republic and tried to get away. But the French troops occupied every foot of the main land, and he was captured, with all his papers. Taken before Bonaparte, the general treated him with his usual indulgence for *émigrés*. He returned all his papers but three, and gave him the city of Milan for a prison on parole. One fine morning it appeared that Comte Delaunay

d'Entraigues, abusing the confidence placed in him, had left Milan and fled to Switzerland.

One of the three papers which thus fell into the hands of Bonaparte was, under existing circumstances, of the utmost importance. It was a careful statement of all that had passed between Fauche-Borel and Pichegru, after the interview which we related in a former volume as having taken place at Dawendorff when Fauche-Borel presented himself to Pichegru as a commercial traveller in wines.

It was the famous Comte de Mont-Gaillard who had been entrusted with the subsequent attempts of the Prince de Condé to come to an understanding with Pichegru; and this memorandum which now reached Bonaparte was written by d'Entraigues at the dictation of Mont-Gaillard himself, and contained the whole series of offers made by the Prince de Condé to the commander-in-chief of the Army of the Rhine.

The Prince de Condé, invested with all the powers of Louis XVIII., except that of granting the order of the Holy Spirit, offered Pichegru, if he would surrender the town of Huningue and return to France at the head of the Austrians and *émigrés*, to make him marshal of France and governor of Alsace; also to give him:—

1st, The order of St Louis.

2d, The château of Chambord, with its park and ten pieces of cannon taken from the Austrians.

3d, A million of francs in specie.

4th, Two hundred thousand francs a year, of which one hundred thousand should revert to his widow if he left one, and fifty thousand to his children.

5th, A mansion in Paris.

6th, And lastly, the town of Arbois, Pichegru's birthplace, was to bear his name and be exempt from all taxes for twenty-five years.

Pichegru sharply refused to surrender Huningue.

"I will enter into no plot," he said. "I will not be the third volume of La Fayette and Dumouriez. My plans are

as sure as they are vast; they have their roots, not only in my own army, but in Paris, in the departments, among my colleagues the generals, who think as I do. I ask nothing for myself. When I have succeeded, they may do what they like for me. I am not an ambitious man; on that point every one may feel easy. But, if my soldiers are to shout for the king, I demand for them a glass of wine in one hand and six francs in the other. I shall then recross the Rhine, enter France with the white flag, march on Paris, and overthrow, on behalf of his Majesty Louis XVIII. the existing government, whatever it may then be. But I insist that my soldiers shall have their pay and their daily rations secured to them until I have made at least five days' march into France. They will trust me for the rest."

The negotiation fell through by reason of Condé's obstinacy; he insisted that Pichegru should proclaim the king on the other side of the Rhine, and surrender the town of Huningue.

Though this document had been for some time in Bonaparte's possession, he had refrained from using it. He shrank from exposing the treachery of a general like Pichegru, whose military talent he admired, and who had been his professor at Brienne. But he had, none the less, taken into his calculations what Pichegru, now a member of the Council of the Ancients might do; and it so chanced that on this very morning, as he was starting to make a reconnoissance in the neighborhood of Milan, a letter had reached him from his brother Joseph announcing that Pichegru had not only been appointed to the Council of the Five Hundred, but was also elected its president.

Pichegru was thus doubly armed, — by his present civil influence, and his former popularity with his soldiers.

Hence the rapid decision which Bonaparte made to send for Angereau, moved by the trifling matter of the duel he had witnessed and the reason given for it. Little did the two combatants imagine that they had just powerfully

contributed to make Augereau a marshal of France, Murat a king, and Bonaparte an emperor.

And, in good truth, nothing of all that would have happened if the 18th Fructidor had not, like the 13th Vendémiaire, annihilated the hopes and plans of the royalists.

CHAPTER XV.

AUGEREAU.

ON the morrow, as Bonaparte was dictating his correspondence to Bourrienne, Marmont, one of his favorite aides-de-camp, who was looking out of the window, exclaimed suddenly that he saw at the end of the street the floating plumes of Murat, and the rather massive torso of Augereau.

Murat was then, as we have said, a handsome young man about twenty-four years of age. He was the son of an inn-keeper at Labastide, near Cahors, and as his father was also post-master on that road, Murat when a boy was familiar with horses, and became in time an admirable rider. By some caprice of his father, who may have wished for a bishop in his family, the boy was sent to a seminary, where, if we are to believe the evidence of his letters which we happen to have at hand, his studies did not go as far as an accurate knowledge of spelling.

Happily or unhappily for him, the Revolution did away with the seminaries. Young Joachim spread his wings and alighted in the Constitutional guard of Louis XVI., where he made himself remarked by his lofty opinions, his duels, and his courage. Retired from active service, like Bonaparte himself, by that same Aubry who attempted to carry on a rude warfare with untrained patriots, he met Bonaparte, became intimate with him, hastened to place himself at his orders on the 13th Vendémiaire, and had now followed him to Italy as an aide-de-camp.

Augereau, whom we remember at Strasbourg giving fencing-lessons to our young friend Eugène de Beauharnais, was seventeen years older than Murat, in fact in his fortieth

year. After languishing for fifteen years in the lower ranks of the army, he was transferred from the Army of the Rhine to that of the Pyrenees, then commanded by Dugommier. Here it was that he obtained the successive grades of lieutenant-colonel, colonel, and brigadier-general, in which latter capacity he defeated the Spaniards in so brilliant a manner on the banks of the Fluvia that his victory immediately won him the rank of general of division.

We have spoken of the peace with Spain, and mentioned the advantages of that peace which gave us, if not an ally, at least a neutral sovereign, in the person of the nearest relation of Louis XVI., whose head the Convention had just cut off. When this peace was signed Augereau passed to the Army of Italy, under Schérer's command, and contributed not a little to the victory of Loano. After that came Bonaparte's immortal campaign of '96.

Like all the old generals, Augereau had seen with regret, and even with contempt, the appointment of a young man of twenty-five to the command of the most important army of France. But he had no sooner made a march under the orders of the young general; no sooner contributed his share to the taking of the gorges of Millesimo; no sooner beaten the Austrians at Dego, as the result of a plan given to him by his young general; and no sooner taken, without knowing why, the redoubt of Montellesimo, — than he comprehended the genius that ordered those manœuvres, which, by separating the Sardinias from the Austrian forces, rendered certain the success of the campaign.

After that he went straight to Bonaparte, told him frankly of his repugnance, made honorable amends, and then, always ambitious, though fully aware of his defects of education, he begged Bonaparte to give him a share in the rewards he distributed to his lieutenants. The request was the easier to grant, because on the next day after this interview Augereau carried the enemy's entrenched camp at Ceva, and penetrated into Alba and Casale. Finally, meeting the enemy at the bridge of Lodi, bristling with cannon and

defended by a murderous fire, he rushed upon the bridge at the head of his grenadiers, made thousands of prisoners, defeated all the troops he met, relieved Masséna from an awkward position, and took Castiglione, of which he was eventually made the duke. The famous day of Arcola came next, the day that crowned so gloriously for Augereau a campaign he had illuminated with his courage. There, as at Lodi, a bridge had to be crossed. Three times he led his soldiers to the middle of it; three times they were repulsed with cannister. The last time, seeing his standard-bearer among the dead, he seized the flag and, head down, not looking to see if he were followed or not, he dashed upon the bridge and found himself among the cannon and the bayonets of the enemy. But this time his soldiers, who adored him, followed him; the cannon were taken, and turned against the enemy.

This victory, one of the most glorious of the whole campaign, was so well recognized as being due to his courage that the government gave him the flag he had used to lead on his men.

He, too, had reflected, like Bonaparte, that he owed all to the Republic, and that the Republic alone could give him the future his ambition coveted. He knew well that under a king he could never have been anything but a sergeant. The son of a journeyman mason and a fruit-girl, a private soldier and fencing-master in his early days, he was now a general of division, and, thanks to his own merit and courage, he might, if occasion offered, become a commander-in-chief like Bonaparte, whose genius he had not, like Hoche, whose honesty he had not, like Moreau, whose knowledge he had not.

Augereau had just given a proof of his native greed, which had created some prejudice against him among those pure republicans who sent their golden epaulets to the Republic when she was lacking money, and wore worsted ones in their stead. Augereau had given his men three hours in which to pillage the town of Lago, which had

revolted. He did not himself pillage, it is true, but he bought of his soldiers for almost nothing the valuable articles they had seized. He took with him everywhere a van which contained, it was said, treasures to the amount of a million of francs. "Augereau's van" was known to the whole army.

Notified by Marmont, Bonaparte now awaited him. Murat entered first and announced Augereau. Bonaparte thanked Murat, and made a sign to him and to Marmont to leave the room. Bourrienne rose to go, but with a gesture of the hand Bonaparte signed to him to keep his seat.

Augereau entered. Bonaparte shook hands with him and offered him a chair. Augereau sat down, put his sabre between his legs, his hat on his sabre, and his arms on his hat, and said: —

"Well, general, what is it?"

"This," replied Bonaparte. "I wish to thank you for the proper spirit I find among your men. Yesterday I came upon a duel which one of them was fighting because a soldier in Moreau's division called him 'monsieur.'"

"Ha! ha!" laughed Augereau; "the fact is that some of my fellows won't stand that. It is not the first time by a long shot that they have fought duels for some such reason. In fact, this very morning before leaving Vicenza I was obliged to issue an order of the day stating that any individual of my division who used, verbally or in writing, the word *monsieur*, would be deprived of his rank and declared unfit to serve in the armies of the Republic."

"Having taken that precaution," said Bonaparte, looking fixedly at Augereau, "you might, without risk, leave your division for a month or two; don't you think so?"

"Ah, ha!" said Augereau. "And why should I leave my division?"

"Because you have asked me for a furlough to go to Paris and attend to your personal affairs."

"And for some interest of yours, too, I suppose?" said Augereau.

"I thought," said Bonaparte, rather dryly, "that you regarded our interests, yours and mine, as one."

"Yes, yes," said Augereau, hastily; "so I do; and you ought to be glad that I am modest enough to be contented with the second place."

"You have it in the Army of Italy, have n't you?" demanded Bonaparte.

"Yes, but here I have made it for myself, and the opportunity may not be so favorable hereafter."

"Therefore you see," replied Bonaparte, "that as occasions to be useful are certainly coming to an end in Italy, I have found you another opportunity to do a service to France."

"Well, tell me what it is, — something in support of the Republic, I hope."

"Yes; unfortunately the Republic is badly managed, but in spite of all, the Republic lives."

"And the Directory?" asked Augereau.

"That is divided," replied Bonaparte. "Carnot and Barthélemy lean to the side of royalty, and, it must be owned, they have a majority of both Councils with them. But Barras, Rewbell, and La Revellière-Lepeaux are firm for the Republic and the constitution of the year III., and we are behind them."

"I thought," said Augereau, "that they had flung themselves into the arms of Hoche."

"Yes, but they must n't be left there; there ought to be no arm in the army longer than ours, and our arms must stretch beyond the Alps and make, if need be, another 13th Vendémiaire."

"Why don't you go yourself?" asked Augereau.

"Because if I went myself, it would be to overthrow the Directory, not to support it, and I have not yet done enough to play the part of Cæsar."

"And you are sending me to play that of your lieutenant? So be it; I am content. What is there to do?"

"A good deal. Kill all the enemies of France who were

only scotched in Vendémiaire. As long as Barras marches toward a republican aim, second him with all your strength and with all your courage; if he hesitates, resist him; if he plays traitor, take him by the collar as you would a criminal. If you have to succumb, it will take me eight days to get to Paris with twenty-five thousand men."

"Very good," said Augereau. "I'll try not to succumb. When shall I start?"

"As soon as I have written a letter for you to take to Barras." Then turning to Bourrienne, "Write," he said.

Bourrienne had his pen and paper ready. Bonaparte dictated:—

CITIZEN DIRECTOR,—I send you Augereau, my right arm. For every one but you he goes to Paris on furlough, having urgent private business to attend to. For you, he is the *director* who will march our way. He brings you his sword, and is charged by me to tell you that, in case of need, you can draw upon the funds in Italy for two or even three million.

Money is the sinew of war, especially civil war.

I hope to hear within eight days that the Councils have been reformed, and that the club in the rue de Clichy no longer exists.

Salutations and Fraternity.

BONAPARTE.

P. S. What are these tales I hear of the robbery of diligences and the presence of Chouans at the South, under the name of the Company of Jehu? Catch three or four of the fellows and make an example of them.

B.

Bonaparte, according to his usual custom, read the letter himself, and signed it with a new pen, which, however, did not make his writing a whit more legible. Then Bourrienne sealed the letter and gave it to Augereau.

"Give Augereau twenty-five thousand francs out of my account, Bourrienne," said Bonaparte. Then he added to Augereau, "When you get short of money, general, let me know."

XVI.

THE CITIZEN DIRECTORS.

It was high time for the citizen General Bonaparte to turn his eyes toward the citizen Directors. There was open war between the five elect of the Luxembourg.

Carnot and Barthélemy were completely estranged from Barras, Rewbell, and La Revellière-Lepeaux. It was very apparent that the ministry, such as it was, could not last long; some of the ministers were tools of Barras, Rewbell, and La Revellière-Lepeaux, while others were those of Barthélemy and Carnot.

There were seven ministers: the minister of police, Cochon; of the interior, Bénézech; of the navy, Truguet; foreign affairs, Charles Delacroix; finances, Ramel; justice, Merlin; and war, Pétiet.

Cochon, Pétiet and Bénézech were tainted with royalism; Truguet was haughty, violent, and determined to follow his own ideas; Delacroix was not equal to his position; Ramel and Merlin alone were fit, in the opinion of the majority of the Directors, that is to say Barras, Rewbell, and La Revellière-Lepeaux, to be kept at their posts. The opposing Directors, on the other hand, demanded the dismissal of Merlin, Ramel, Truguet, and Delacroix. Barras agreed as to Truguet and Delacroix; but he lopped off three others, who were members of the Five Hundred and whose dismissal would therefore cause great excitement in both Chambers. They were Cochon, Pétiet, and Bénézech.

Our readers have not, we hope, lost sight of the salon of Madame de Staël. It was there, as will be remembered, that the future author of *Corinne* taught politics that were

almost as influential as those of the Luxembourg and the rue de Clichy. At the present moment Madame de Staël, who had made a minister under the monarchy, was possessed by the desire of making one under the Directory.

The life of the man whom she now brought forward was full of agitations and strange vicissitudes. He was forty-three years old, belonged to one of the greatest families of France, was born lame, like Mephistopheles, with whom he had some strong resemblance both of body and mind, — a resemblance which became the more apparent when he found his Faust.

Entering the Church on account of his lameness (although he was the eldest of his family), he got himself made bishop of Autun at the early age of twenty-five. About that time the Revolution began. The bishop adopted all its principles, was elected member of the Constituent assembly, instigated the abolition of ecclesiastical tithes, celebrated mass on the Champs de Mars on the day of the Federation, blessed the flags, approved of the new constitution of the clergy, and consecrated the priests who took the oaths, — for which he was excommunicated by Pius VI.

Sent to London by Louis XVI. to assist our ambassador, M. de Chauvelin, he received his passports from the court of St. James at the very moment when he received from Paris the news that he was denounced by Robespierre. This double proscription proved a great piece of luck for him. He was ruined; he went to America, made his fortune in business, and, at the time of which we are now speaking, had been in France about three months.

His name was Charles-Maurice de Talleyrand-Périgord.

Madame de Staël, a woman of great intellect, was strongly attracted by this man's fascinating mind. She saw its depth beneath the frivolity of his manner. She introduced him to Benjamin Constant, then her *cavaliere servente*, and Benjamin Constant made him known to Barras. Barras was enchanted with him, and presented him to Rewbell and La Revellière. He won those men as he won all the world,

and they arranged to make him minister of foreign affairs as soon as they could dismiss Bénézech.

A council of the five Directors was called to elect the members of a new ministry to replace those who were going out. Carnot and Barthélemy were not aware that their three colleagues had agreed upon a plan, and they thought themselves equal to a struggle. They knew better when they found three votes uniting for the dismissal of certain ministers, the retention of others, and the appointment of the new men.

Cochon, Pétiet and Bénézech were dismissed, Merlin and Ramel retained. M. de Talleyrand was made minister of foreign affairs, Pléville-Lepeley of the navy, François de Neufchâteau of the interior, and Lenoir-Laroche of the police. Hoche was named for the ministry of war; but he was only twenty-eight years old, and the constitution required a minister of war to be thirty. It was this proposed nomination which made Bonaparte uneasy at his headquarters in Milan.

The council ended in a violent altercation between Barras and Carnot. Carnot reproached Barras for his luxury and his dissolute habits. Barras reproached Carnot for his relations with royalism. Reproaches led to insults of the grossest kind.

"You are a vile scoundrel," said Barras to Carnot. "You have sold the Republic, and you want to strangle those who defend her. Infamous brigand!" he cried out, rising and shaking his fist at Carnot; "there is not a citizen in France who has not a right to spit in your face."

"Very good," said Carnot, "between now and to-morrow I will make answer to your provocations."

The next day passed, and Barras received no message from Carnot. The affair blew over.

The appointment of the new ministry, in which the two Councils had not been consulted, made a great disturbance among the members. They at once resolved to organize a resistance.

One of the great advantages of counter-revolutions is that they furnish historians with documents which the latter could not obtain without them. When the Bourbons returned in 1814 every man tried to prove that he had conspired against the Revolution or the Empire, or both; that is to say, had betrayed the country. The object being to obtain the reward of treachery, documents were preserved, and it is through them that history discovers and confirms the conspiracies which cast Louis XVI. from his throne, — conspiracies which were never fully understood under the Republic or during the Empire, for the reason that the proofs were unattainable.

But in 1814 those proofs were not lacking. Every man held in his right hand the evidence of his treachery, and stretched out his left to ask for pay. It is, therefore, to this period of contempt for the moral sense, of self-denunciation for gain, that we must turn for a knowledge of those struggles in which the guilty were sometimes thought to be victims, and the victims the oppressors.

We desire to remark here that in the work we are now placing before our readers we are to be considered more as a romantic historian than an historical romance-writer. We think we have shown proofs enough of imagination to be allowed now to give proofs of historical exactness; while at the same time we keep in our narrative an element of poetic fancy, which makes the reading of history easier and more agreeable than a mere bald statement of facts.

It is therefore to one of these counter-revolutionary revelations that we shall have recourse to show to what an extent the Directory was threatened, and what was the urgency of the *coup d'État* it now resolved upon.

We have said that the three Directors were inclined to make Hoche minister of war, setting Bonaparte aside, and that this inclination toward the pacificator of La Vendée made the general-in-chief of the Army of Italy uneasy.

It was Barras who communicated with Hoche. Hoche was at this time preparing for a descent on Ireland; for



PORTRAIT OF HOCHÉ.

which purpose he was about to detach twenty-five thousand men from the Army of the Sambre-et-Meuse and despatch them to Brest. In their march across France these troops could very well rest a day or two on the heights near Paris and be at the call of the Directory. The approach of this army drove the Clichians in the Councils — that is, those of royalist leanings — to extremities. The plan of a National Guard had been laid down in the Constitution. The Clichians, knowing that a National Guard would be composed of the same elements as were the Sections formerly, began to hasten its organization.

Pichegru, now president of the Five Hundred, promoted the plan and presented a report upon it, prepared with the force which his genius and his hatred combined gave to it. Pichegru was embittered against the *émigrés*, who had not known how to profit by his devotion to the royal cause; and against the republicans who had punished that useless devotion. He was now dreaming of a new revolution, to be made by him and on his own account. At this time his reputation was equal, and justly so, to that of his three illustrious rivals, Bonaparte, Moreau, and Hoche. The Directory overthrown, Pichegru intended to make himself Dictator, and once Dictator he would have smoothed the way for the return of the Bourbons. From them he might, perhaps, have asked for no reward beyond a pension for his father and brother, a house with a vast library for himself and Rose.

The reader will remember Rose, the friend to whom he sent the fruit of his savings, an umbrella, by the hands of little Charles. The same little Charles, who knew him well, said of him once: —

“An empire would have been too small for his genius, a farm too large for his phlegmatic indifference.”

We cannot here explain the whole of Pichegru's scheme relating to the National Guard; suffice it to say, if that body had then been organized it would have been completely under his thumb. In his hands it would have led

to another 13th Vendémiaire, which, Bonaparte being absent, would assuredly have ended in the overthrow and destruction of the Directory.

A book published by the Chevalier Delarue, in 1821, takes us with him into the club that held its sessions in the rue de Clichy. The house in which it met belonged to Gilbert des Molières. It was in this house that the "Clichians" prepared those counter-revolutionary schemes which proved that the 18th Fructidor was not, on the part of the Directory, a simple abuse of power or a capricious piece of cruelty.

The Clichians found themselves suddenly confronted by the presence of troops from the Army of the Sambre-et-Meuse, and the new alliance between Hoche and Barras. They immediately assembled in their accustomed council-chamber and grouped themselves about Pichegru, asking him what his means of resistance were.

Surprised, like Pompey, he had no real means at hand; he knew he must rely on party passion.

They talked of the plans of the Directory, and concluded, from the changes in the ministry and the movement of these troops, that the Directors were preparing a blow against the Legislative bodies. The most violent resolutions were offered; some proposed to suspend the Directory; others went so far as to demand that they be dealt with summarily.

But for any such result, forces were absolutely lacking; all they could muster were twelve hundred grenadiers of the guard of the Legislative bodies, and part of the 21st regiment under command of Colonel Malo. A desperate resolution was offered proposing to send a squad of grenadiers to each arrondissement in Paris, to rally all the citizens who took arms on the 13th Vendémiaire.

This time the Legislative bodies held a different position from the old Convention; it was now the Legislative bodies, or a portion of them, which were rousing Paris against the government.

Much was said, and little was agreed upon; which is always the case where the weak discuss matters. Pichegru, who was consulted, declared that it was quite impossible to sustain a struggle with the means at his command. The tumult was at its height when a message arrived from the Directory, giving notice of the passage of the troops.

This message said that part of Hoche's army, having to march from Namur to Brest in order to embark for Ireland, would remain for a few days on the heights around Paris. Cries arose that the Convention of the year III. forbade the assembling of troops within a radius of twenty-four miles around Paris. The messenger from the Directory made a sign that he had an answer ready for that objection.

"The Commissioner of war," he said, "was ignorant of that article of the Constitution. As soon as he was informed of it the troops received orders to retire beyond the prescribed distance."

They had to be content with that explanation in default of a better; but it satisfied no one, and the feelings it excited in the Clichy Club and the two Councils spread from those bodies throughout Paris, where every one now prepared themselves for events not less serious than those of the 13th Vendémiaire.

XVII.

MADEMOISELLE DE SAINT-AMOUR HAS A HEADACHE.

EACH of the directors had a suite of rooms at the Luxembourg arranged according to his habits and tastes rather than his needs. Barras, the man of society and the lover of splendor, the great seigneur, the Indian nabob, had taken to himself the whole wing now occupied by the picture gallery and its dependencies. Rewbell and La Revellière-Lepeaux shared the other wing. Carnot had taken for himself and his brother a part of the ground-floor, in which he had made an enormous office to contain his maps. Barthélemy, who came last, and was ill received by his colleagues as the representative of the counter revolution, took what he could find.

On the evening of the stormy session of the Clichy Club Barras had gone home in rather bad humor. He had made no appointments, intending to pass the evening with Mademoiselle Aurélie de Saint-Amour, who had replied to his note sent at two o'clock by a charming letter telling him she would be happy, as ever, to receive him.

But, behold! when he reached her house at nine o'clock Suzette opened the door on tiptoe, and making him a sign to speak low, informed him that her mistress was suffering from one of those dreadful headaches for which the Faculty, powerful as it is, has never been able to find a remedy, inasmuch as the disease lies not in the constitution, but the will.

The Director followed Suzette, walking with the same precautions as if he were playing blindman's-buff with his

eyes bandaged. He cast a distrustful look at the dressing-room as he passed the door, now carefully closed, and entered the bedroom, which was lighted only by one alabaster lamp hanging from the ceiling and filled with perfumed oil. There was nothing to be said, however. Here was Mademoiselle Aurélie de Saint-Amour in her rosewood bed inlaid with Sèvres porcelain. She wore her lace cap, symbolical of serious illness, and spoke in the plaintive voice of a woman who is making an effort to speak at all.

"Ah, my dear general!" she said, "how good of you to come, and how much I have wanted you!"

"I thought it was agreed," said Barras, "that I should come this evening?"

"Yes; and though I was then suffering dreadfully from this odious headache, I would not tell you, because I wanted so much to see you. It is when we suffer that we most want those we love."

She languidly put forth from under the sheet a warm, moist hand, which Barras took and kissed; then he seated himself at the foot of the bed.

The sick woman moaned.

"Ah!" exclaimed Barras, "is it really so bad, your headache?"

"Yes, and no," replied Aurélie; "if I could sleep it would pass off. Oh, if I could only sleep!"

These words were accompanied by a sigh which ought to have reached the ears of Morpheus himself.

In all probability Eve, within a week after her expulsion from paradise, played off on Adam the same little comedy of a dreadful headache, which has lasted for six thousand years, and always meets with the same success.

Barras stayed about ten minutes with the beautiful invalid, — just long enough to enable her to half close her eyes and begin to breathe that soft and regular breathing which indicates that though the soul may still be awake, the body is embarking on sleep's calm ocean. He gently deposited on the lace coverlet the hand he had held in his, laid a

paternal kiss on the white and sleeping brow, and charged Suzette to tell her mistress that important public avocations would probably prevent his coming to see her for three or four days.

Then he left the room on tiptoe, as he had entered it, passing close beside the dressing-room door, which he had a mind to knock in with his elbow, for something told him that there lay the cause of the beautiful Aurélie's headache. But Suzette kept her eye upon him to the threshold of the outer door, which she prudently locked behind him with a double turn of the key.

On his return to the Luxembourg his valet informed him that a lady was awaiting him. He made his usual inquiry:

"Young or old?"

"She seems to be young, monsieur; but I can't see her face on account of her veil."

"How is she dressed?"

"Like a lady, — all in black satin; looks like a widow."

"Did you let her in?"

"Yes, — into the pink boudoir. But if monsieur does n't want to see her, I can get her out without her passing through the antechamber. Will monsieur receive her here, or will he go into the pink boudoir?"

"I'll go there," said Barras.

Then, remembering that it might be some woman of social position, and that he had better observe the proprieties even at the Luxembourg, he said to the valet: —

"Announce me."

The valet went first, and opening the door of the boudoir, announced: —

"The citizen Director, General Barras!"

Barras entered with the grand manner he inherited from the aristocratic world to which he belonged, and to which, in spite of three years of Revolution and two of the Directory, he still belonged.

In a corner of the boudoir near a sofa stood a woman who, as the valet had said, was dressed all in black, and

whose attitude and bearing at once told Barras that he had to do with a woman of birth and breeding.

Laying his hat on the table, he advanced toward her and said : —

“You wished to see me, madame ; here I am.”

The young woman with a superb gesture raised her veil and displayed a face of great beauty. Beauty is the most powerful of all the fairies, and the best of all introducers. Barras stopped for an instant, dazzled.

“Ah, madame !” he said, “it is very fortunate for me that I have returned unexpectedly to the Luxembourg, where such a visitor awaited me. Pray sit down, and tell me the circumstances to which I owe this pleasure.”

He made a movement to take her hand and place her on the sofa, from which she had evidently risen on hearing him announced ; but she, keeping her hands buried in her veil, replied : —

“Excuse me, monsieur, but I prefer to stand, — as a suppliant should.”

“Suppliant ! You, madame ! A woman like you does not entreat, she orders ; or, at least, she claims.”

“Yes, monsieur, that is the word. In the name of the town in which we were both born ; in the name of my father, a friend of yours ; in the name of outraged humanity and insulted law, I have come here to claim vengeance !”

“That word is a harsh one for such young and pretty lips,” remarked Barras.

“Monsieur, I am the daughter of the Comte de Fargas, who was murdered at Avignon by the republicans, and the sister of the Vicomte de Fargas, who has just been assassinated at Bourg in Bresse by the Company of Jehu.”

“Again ! — they !” murmured Barras. “Are you sure, mademoiselle ?” he said aloud.

The young girl held out to him a paper and a dagger.

“What is this ?” asked Barras.

“The proof of what I have just told you. The body of my brother was found three days ago on the place de la

Prefecture at Bourg with this dagger in his heart, and this paper fastened to the hilt of the dagger."

Barras began by examining the dagger with the utmost curiosity. It was forged of a single piece of iron in the form of a cross, such as they describe the ancient daggers of the Saint-Wehne. The only thing that distinguished it were the words "Company of Jehu" engraved upon the blade.

"But," said Barras, "this dagger is only presumptive evidence. It may have been stolen or forged expressly to mislead justice."

"Yes," said the young woman, "but here is something that does not mislead. Read that paper, written in my brother's writing and signed by him."

Barras read:—

I die for having broken a solemn oath; consequently I admit the justice of my death. If you wish to give me burial you will find my body in the market-place of Bourg. The dagger in my breast will show that I do not die by a cowardly murder, but by a just revenge.

VICOMTE DE FARGAS.

"Was that letter addressed to you, mademoiselle?" asked Barras.

"Yes, monsieur."

"And that is really your brother's writing?"

"That is really his writing."

"What does he mean when he says he does 'not die by a cowardly murder, but by a just revenge'?"

"He belonged himself to the Company of Jehu. He was arrested, and in spite of his oath he revealed the names of his companions. Ha!" said the girl, with a strange laugh, "it was I who ought to have entered the Company instead of him!"

"Wait," said Barras; "I must have among my papers a report that relates to this."

XVIII.

THE MISSION OF MADEMOISELLE DE FARGAS.

BARRAS, leaving Mademoiselle de Fargas alone for a moment, went into his office and took from a box in which he kept his private papers a letter from the public prosecutor of the Republic at Avignon, which told him the facts of the affair up to the time when the Vicomte de Fargas was removed to Nantua.

He gave it to Mademoiselle de Fargas. She read it from end to end attentively, and saw in it all that she knew herself of the trial before her brother left Avignon.

"Then," she said, giving the paper back to Barras, "you have heard nothing more for the last three days?"

"No," replied Barras.

"That does not say much for your police. Happily, I can repair the omission."

She then related to Barras how she had followed her brother to Nantua, arriving just in time to hear of his abduction from the prison and the removal of the papers from the court-house, and how the morning after her arrival at Bourg she had found her brother's body in the market-place of Bourg, stabbed with the dagger of the Company of Jehu.

All such events happening in the South and East had a character of mystery which the cleverest agents of the Directory police found it impossible to penetrate. Barras hoped for a moment that his beautiful informer could give him some private details; but her stay at Nantua and Bourg, though it brought the events and their results vividly before his eyes, did not tell him anything more than could be known generally.

On the other hand, all that Barras could tell her was that these events were connected with the struggle in Brittany and La Vendée. The Directory had always known that these terrible highwaymen were not robbing diligences and mail-coaches for their own benefit, but to send the money to Charette, Stofflet, the Abbé Bernier, and Cadoudal. Charette and Stofflet had been taken and shot. The Abbé Bernier had sent in his submission; only, he had broken his parole and instead of going to England, as he was pledged to do, he remained hidden in Brittany. And now, after a year or eighteen months of tranquillity, which induced the Directory to withdraw Hoche from La Vendée and send him to the Army of the Sambre-et-Meuse, the rumor of a new uprising began to be bruited about, and little by little the Directors became aware that four new chiefs had appeared in the province,—Prestier, d'Autichamp, Suzannet, and Grignon. As for Cadoudal, he had not negotiated, and had never laid down his arms; he had always hindered Brittany from recognizing the republican government.

An idea now seemed to strike Barras; but, like all those rash ideas which at first sight seem impossible to make practical use of, this one needed an actual period of time before it could issue from the brain that conceived it. The Director turned his eyes first on the proud young girl, then on the dagger which he still held in his hand, and finally from the dagger to the farewell letter of the brother which lay on the table.

Diana became weary of the silence.

“I asked for vengeance,” she said, “and you do not answer me.”

“What do you mean by vengeance?” asked Barras.

“I mean the death of those who killed my brother.”

“Tell me their names. We have as much interest as you can have in making them expiate their crimes; once captured, their execution would not be long delayed.”

“If I knew their names, I would not come to you,” replied Diana. “I should have stabbed them myself.”

Barras looked at her.

The calmness with which she said those words proved their truth; ignorance of the names was indeed the only reason why she had not taken justice into her own hands.

"Well," said Barras, "search for some means yourself; we will search on our side."

"I search?" said Diana. "Is that my business? Am I the government? Am I the police? Is it my duty to protect the safety of citizens? My brother was arrested and put in prison; the prison is a government building, and the government is responsible for my brother. The prison opens and delivers up its prisoner. Therefore, since you are the head of the government, I come to you and say: "My brother! my brother! my brother!"

"Mademoiselle," replied Barras, "we live in troubled times, when the keenest eye can scarcely see, when the strongest heart may perhaps not weaken, but the strongest arm does often tremble and give way. We have at the East and at the South the Company of Jehu who murder and rob; we have at the West the inhabitants of Brittany and La Vendée who, to a man, are fighting behind their trees and their bushes. We have three fourths of Paris at this moment conspiring, two thirds of the Legislature against us, two of our own colleagues undermining us; and you expect, in the midst of this general trouble, that the grand machine which is here to protect the saving principles which will transform all Europe, is to turn its eyes from its own perils and see only that little spot of France on which your brother's body lay. That is asking too much, mademoiselle; we are simple mortals, and you ask for the omniscience of God. You loved your brother?"

"I adored him."

"You desire to avenge him?"

"I would give my life for that of his murderer."

"If you were offered a means of knowing that murderer, whatever it might be, would you take it?"

Diana hesitated an instant; then she said vehemently:

“Whatever the means may be, I will take it.”

“Then listen to me,” said Barras; “help us, and we will help you.”

“What am I to do?”

“You are young and beautiful — very beautiful.”

“That has nothing to do with it,” said Diana, not lowering her eyes.

“On the contrary,” said Barras, “it has everything to do with it. In this great battle which we call life, beauty was given to a woman not as a simple gift of heaven to rejoice the eyes of a husband or lover, but as a means of attack and defence. The Company of Jehu have no secrets from Cadoudal. He is their real chief; it is for him they act; he knows their names from the first to the last.”

“Well,” said Diana, as Barras paused, “what next?”

“The next is simply this,” resumed Barras. “Go to La Vendée or Brittany; meet Cadoudal, wherever he may be, present yourself to him as a victim, which you really are, to your devotion to the royalist cause. Win his confidence, and all is easy. Cadoudal cannot see you intimately without falling in love with you. With his love he will give his confidence. Resolute as you are, and with the memory of your brother in your heart, you will grant only that which it pleases you to grant. You can then obtain the names of those men of whom you are in search. Let us know their names, that is all we ask of you, and your vengeance shall be satisfied. Moreover, if your influence over Cadoudal should go so far as to induce that obstinate rebel to lay down his arms and submit like the rest, I need not tell you that there are no limits to what the government —”

“Take care, monsieur,” she said; “one word more and you insult me. I ask for twenty-four hours in which to consider your suggestion.”

“You shall have all the time you wish, mademoiselle,” replied Barras.

“Till to-morrow, here, at nine o’clock,” said Diana.

She rose, took the dagger from Barras's hand, and the letter from the table, replaced them both in the bosom of her dress, bowed to Barras and withdrew.

The next day, at the hour she had named, the valet again announced to Barras that Mademoiselle Diana de Fargas was in the pink boudoir. Barras hastened there and found the young girl, who was eagerly awaiting him."

"Well, my beautiful Nemesis?" he asked.

"I have decided to follow your suggestion, monsieur," she said; "only, I shall need, as you will readily understand, a safe-conduct, which shall oblige the republican authorities to protect me. In the life I am undertaking it is quite possible I may be captured with arms in my hands, and making war against the Republic. You shoot women and children; you are making a war of extermination; that is a matter between yourselves and God; but as for me, I do not wish to be shot before I have avenged myself."

"I have foreseen your request, mademoiselle, and here is not only a passport which will ensure you easy passage everywhere, but also a safe-conduct which, in any extreme case will transform your enemies into defenders. I advise you however, to hide these papers carefully, especially the second, from the eyes of the Chouans and Vendéans. Eight days ago, tired of seeing this hydra of civil war show a new head at every turn, we sent orders to General Hédouville to give no quarter. And we have also despatched, as in the glorious days of the Republic, when the Convention decreed victory, one of our former drowners in the Loire with a new guillotine. His name is François Goulin, and he knows the country. The guillotine will serve equally for the Chouans if captured, or our own generals if they allow themselves to be defeated. Citizen Goulin is taking to General Hédouville a reinforcement of six thousand men. The Vendéans and the Bretons are not afraid of guns; they march in face of a volley shouting: 'Long live the king!' 'Long live religion!' and chanting the Canticles. We shall see how they march to the guillotine! You will

meet, or rather you must join these six thousand men and the citizen Goulin on the road between Angers and Rennes. If you have cause to fear put yourself under their protection until you reach La Vendée and discover Cadoudal's exact position; there you will of course join him."

"Very good, monsieur," said Diana, "I thank you."

"When will you start?" asked Barras.

"My carriage and post-horses are waiting for me at the gate of the Luxembourg."

"Permit me to ask you a delicate question, which it is, nevertheless, my duty to put."

"Ask it, monsieur."

"Do you need money?"

"I have six thousand francs in gold in this casket, which are worth more than twenty thousand in assignats. You see I can make war on my own account."

Barras held out his hand to Mademoiselle de Fargas, who seemed not to notice the civility. She made an irreproachable curtsey, and left the room.

"A charming viper!" thought Barras; "but I should n't like to warm her in my bosom."

XIX.

THE TRAVELLERS.

As Mademoiselle de Fargas had told the Director Barras, a carriage was awaiting her at the door of the Luxembourg. She now got into it, saying to the postilion:—

“Road to Orléans.”

The postilion touched up his horses; the bells jingled, and the carriage started toward the barrier of Fontainebleau.

As Paris was threatened with approaching disturbances, the barriers were carefully guarded, and the *gendarmerie* had orders to examine vigorously all persons entering Paris and all leaving it. Whosoever had no passport either signed by the new minister of police, Sothin, or endorsed by one of the three directors, Barras, Rewbell, or La Revellière-Lepeaux, had to give reasons for his or her entrance or exit to and from Paris.

Mademoiselle de Fargas was stopped at the barrier as others were. She was made to get out of her carriage and go into the office of the commissary of police, who, paying no attention to the fact that she was young and pretty, asked for her passport with the same sternness he might have shown if she were old and ugly. Mademoiselle de Fargas drew a paper from her pocket-book and presented it to the commissary, who read it aloud:—

The citoyenne Marie Rotrou, post-mistress at Vitré (Ille-et-Vilaine)

Signed: BARRAS.

That was all-sufficient. The commissary returned the paper with a bow that was more to the signature of Barras

than to the humble post-mistress, who, inclining her head slightly, left the office without remarking that a handsome young man, about twenty-six or twenty-eight years of age, who was about to present his passport as she entered the office, had, with the courtesy of a well-bred man, drawn back his already extended arm to allow the handsome young lady to speak first. But he gave in his passport immediately after her. The official took it with the extreme attention he appeared to bestow upon his functions; and again he read the words aloud: —

Citizen Sébastien Argentan, tax-receiver, at Dinan (Côtes-du-Nord).

This passport not only bore Barras's signature, but that of his two colleagues. It was even less doubtful, therefore, than that of Mademoiselle Rotrou, which was signed by Barras alone.

Receiving the paper from the commissary of police, who bestowed a gracious bow upon him, M. Sébastien Argentan remounted a post-horse he had left at the door, and set off at a brisk trot, while the postilion-groom, whose business it was to precede him, and have a fresh horse ready at each stage, put his own to a gallop.

During the whole night the tax-receiver followed a closed post-chaise, quite unaware that the handsome young woman he had seen at the commissary's was within it.

As daylight dawned, one of the windows of the carriage opened to let in the fresh air, and a pretty head, which had not yet shaken off the impress of sleep, looked out to observe the weather; and then, to his surprise, he recognized the post-mistress of Vitré travelling to her destination in a post-chaise. He recollected then that her passport was signed by Barras, whose signature explained many things, — above all, where a woman was concerned.

The tax-receiver bowed politely to the post-mistress, who, remembering, on her side, to have seen his face the evening before, returned the salutation politely. Though

the lady seemed to him charming, the young man was too well-bred to approach the carriage, or address a word to its inmate. He put his horse to a gallop, and, as if that interchange of bows sufficed for his ambition, he soon disappeared over the brow of the next hill.

But for all that, he foresaw that his road-companion, whose destination he knew, having heard it read aloud, would stop to breakfast at Étampes. Accordingly he stopped there himself, arriving about half an hour before her. He ordered his own breakfast in the common room, the usual breakfast of travellers at such an inn, — two cutlets, half a cold chicken, a few slices of ham, fruit, and a cup of coffee.

He had scarcely begun upon his cutlets when the carriage of Mademoiselle Rotrou stopped before the inn, which was also the post-house. The lady asked for a chamber, crossed the common room, bowing, as she did so, to her road companion, who had risen at her entrance, and went up to her apartment. The question in M. d'Argentan's mind, who by this time had resolved to make his journey as agreeable as possible, was whether the lady would breakfast in her own chamber, or come down to the common dining-room.

A moment more and he was satisfied. The chambermaid came in and laid a clean napkin on a table, and a knife and fork. Eggs, fruits, and a cup of chocolate formed the frugal meal of the young lady, who appeared at the moment when M. d'Argentan was finishing his breakfast. The young man noticed, with pleasure, that although her dress was simple it was worn with an air which showed that ideas of coquetry were not extinct in the heart of the pretty post-mistress. No doubt he felt sure of overtaking her by pressing his horse, for he now declared himself tired and ordered a bedroom, where he flung himself on the bed and slept for two hours.

During this time Mademoiselle Rotrou, who had rested through the night, again got into her carriage and con-

tinued her way. About five in the afternoon she saw the steeples of Orléans, and heard behind her the gallop of horses and the tinkling of bells, which told her she was rejoined by the traveller on horseback. The two young people were now acquaintances, and they bowed to each other graciously, so that M. d'Argentan felt he was at liberty to ride up to the carriage door and ask the beautiful young lady how she felt.

In spite of her pale complexion, it was easy to see that she was not much fatigued. He gallantly congratulated her, and then remarked that as for himself, agreeable as it was to travel on horseback, that manner of travelling would probably not allow of his making his whole journey without resting somewhere on the road. To this he added that if he found an opportunity to buy a carriage he thought he should do so, and continue his road in a less fatiguing manner.

This was certainly a covert way of asking Mademoiselle Rotrou whether it would be agreeable to her to share her post-chaise and its cost with him. Mademoiselle Rotrou did not, however, respond to this advance. She talked of the weather, which was fine, and remarked that she herself would probably have to rest a day at Tours or Angers; to which the rider made no reply, inwardly resolving to stop himself wherever she might stop.

After this overture and this refusal it would have been extremely indiscreet to ride any longer beside the carriage. M. d'Argentan therefore put his horse to a gallop, after assuring Mademoiselle Rotrou that he would order post-horses to be ready for her at Orléans.

Any other woman than the haughty Diana de Fargas, any other heart than hers in its triple sheathing of steel, would have noticed the elegance, courtesy, and beauty of the traveller. But whether she was born insensible, or whether her heart needed violent emotions to enable it to love, nothing of that which would instantly have attracted the eyes of another woman was noticed by her. Com-

pletely absorbed in her thoughts of vengeance, unable to turn her mind from the object of her journey even when she smiled, she pressed, — as though remorse were underlying her smile, — she pressed, we say, to her breast, the handle of that iron dagger, which had driven its way to the heart of her brother and opened the path by which he had preceded her to heaven.

Casting a look along the road to see if she were really alone, and finding that she was so, as far as her eye could reach, she took from her pocket her brother's farewell letter and read it and re-read it, as we chew impatiently and yet obstinately a bitter root. Then she fell into a doze, from which she did not wake until the carriage stopped to relay.

She looked about her. The horses were ready, as M. d'Argentan had promised; but on inquiring where he was, she was told that he had ridden forward. It took five minutes to change horses, and then the carriage continued its way along the road to Blois. At the foot of the first hill the lady saw her elegant courier walking his horse, as if awaiting her arrival; but this indiscretion, if it was one, was so excusable that she instantly excused it.

They soon came together. This time it was the lady who thanked the gentleman for the attention he had shown her.

“I thank my good star,” he replied, “that it led me into the office of the commissary of police at the same moment as yourself; by yielding precedence to you, I was able to learn, from hearing your passport read, where you are going. It so happens that I take the same road that you do; for while you are going to Vitré, I am on my way to Dinan about eighteen or twenty miles from there. Even if you do not remain at Vitré, I shall have had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of a charming woman and of accompanying her certainly nine tenths of the way. If you remain, however, I shall only be a few miles away, and as my avocations will oblige me to travel through the

three departments of the Manche, the Nord, and Ille-et-Vilaine, I shall ask your permission when I pass through Vitré to recall myself to your memory, if there is nothing disagreeable in that memory."

"I really do not know myself how long I shall stay at Vitré," replied the young woman, more graciously, however, than stiffly. "In return for services rendered by my father, I am appointed, as you heard in my passport, post-mistress at Vitré. But I do not think I shall hold the situation myself. As I am ruined by the Revolution, I shall be obliged to get the most I can out of this favor granted to me by the government. I shall probably sell or let my position, and thus get the proceeds of it without exercising its functions myself."

D'Argentau bowed from his horse, as if this confidence sufficed him and made him grateful to a person who, after all, was not obliged to grant it. It was an opening which allowed of conversation on the various neutral topics which touch on private matters without exactly trenching upon them. The subject most likely to occupy their minds (one going to Vitré, the other to Dinan) was, undoubtedly, the Chouannerie, then desolating the three or four departments which formed a part of ancient Brittany.

Mademoiselle Rotrou expressed great fear of falling into the hands of those who were then called "brigands." But, instead of sharing this fear, or increasing it, d'Argentan declared that he should be a most fortunate man if such a misfortune were to happen to her, because Cadoudal had been an old schoolmate of his at Rennes, and it would enable him to test whether the famous Chouan chief were as firm in his friendships as rumor said he was.

Mademoiselle Rotrou became thoughtful, and dropped the conversation; but, after a few moments' silence, she gave a sigh of weariness and said:—

"I am really more fatigued than I thought; I shall stop at Angers, if only for the night."

XX.

THERE IS NO COMPANY SO GOOD THAT IT DOES NOT PART.

M. D'ARGENTAN appeared to be doubly satisfied on hearing that Mademoiselle Rotrou would stop at Angers. It required a good horseman and one as accustomed to the saddle as himself to ride continuously the number of stages which he had just ridden between Paris and Angers, supposing that he had come no further than Paris without pausing. He therefore determined to stop at Angers himself for two reasons, — first, to rest; next, to improve his acquaintance with the young lady.

M. d'Argentan, in spite of his passport, which indicated a provincial residence, was the embodiment of an elegance of manners and speech which revealed not only the Parisian, but the Parisian of aristocratic spheres. His surprise had been great, though he was careful to let none of it appear, when, after the first words exchanged with a young and handsome woman travelling alone and (aggravating circumstance!) under a passport signed by Barras, he was unable to begin a more intimate conversation, or indeed, to carry the conversation any farther. As we have already seen, Mademoiselle de Fargas, while responding in a proper manner to the civilities of her road companion, had not so much as suffered him to put the toe of his boot on the step of her carriage, in which he had for an instant indulged the hope of making the rest of his journey. Angers and one night's rest were therefore very welcome to him as perhaps opening other opportunities of approaching the hitherto unapproachable post-mistress.

They reached Angers about five in the afternoon. A mile or two out of the town the horseman rode up to the side of the carriage, and, bowing low, asked: —

"Is it presuming too much to inquire if you are hungry?"

Diana, who saw the motive of her road companion, made a movement of the lips that resembled a smile.

"Yes, monsieur," she said; "the inquiry is indiscreet."

"Ah, you don't mean it! and why?"

"I will tell you. Because if I were to say that I am hungry, you would ask permission to ride forward and order my dinner; the moment I had given you that permission you would ask me to have it served at your table, — that is to say, you would invite me to dinner, and that would certainly be an indiscretion."

"Really, mademoiselle, your logic is pitiless," said M. d'Argentan; "and, if you will allow me to say so, not at all in accordance with the customs of this epoch."

"That," replied Diana, frowning, "is because few women were ever placed in a situation like mine. Do you not see, monsieur, that I am dressed in black?"

"Are you in mourning for a husband, madame? Your passport seemed to indicate that you were unmarried, and not a widow."

"I am an unmarried young girl, monsieur; if indeed any one can remain young after five years of solitude and misfortune. My last relation, my only friend, he who was all in all to me, has just died. You need not feel annoyed, monsieur; you have not lost your powers of attraction on leaving Paris, but I, whose heart is full of sadness, cannot duly appreciate the merits of those who are kind enough to address me and to perceive that I am young, in spite of my grief, and passably good-looking, notwithstanding my mourning. And now I will admit that I am as hungry as any one can be who drinks her tears and lives on memories instead of hopes. I shall dine, monsieur, without any prudishness, in the same room as you, assuring you that under other circumstances I would certainly sit at the same table, if only to thank you for the attentions you have paid me throughout the journey."

The young man rode as near to the carriage as the trotting of the horses would allow.

"Madame," he said, "after such an admission, there remains but one thing for me to say to you. If in your great isolation you should ever need to lean upon a friend, that friend is already found; and though found on the high-road, I assure you that he is worth more than many another."

Then, putting his horse to a gallop, he rode off in advance to order the two dinners. Only, when he reached the inn and found that Mademoiselle Rotrou's arrival would coincide with the hour of the table d'hôte, he had the delicacy, at the risk of not seeing her again, to tell the people at the hôtel that she would dine in her own room.

At the table d'hôte the whole talk related to six thousand men just despatched by the Directory to put down Cadoudal. For the last two weeks Cadoudal, with the five or six hundred men whom he had recruited, had attempted bolder strokes than any of the royalist generals who had hitherto commanded in Brittany or La Vendée, even in the bitterest epochs of the civil war.

The Dinan tax-receiver, M. d'Argentan, inquired with much particularity as to the road the little army had taken. They told him there was great uncertainty on that point, inasmuch as the man who seemed, in spite of his having no military rank, to give orders to the column, had stated at that very hôtel that the road he should follow depended on certain information he expected to find at the village of Chateaubriant. The position occupied by the enemy he had come to fight would decide whether he should plunge into the Morbihan, or follow the line of the Maine hills.

After dinner, M. d'Argentan sent a message to Mademoiselle Rotrou, asking if she would do him the honor to receive him, as he had a communication of some importance to make to her. She answered that she would do so with pleasure.

Five minutes later M. d'Argentan entered Mademoiselle

Rotrou's chamber. She received him sitting by the open window, and motioned him to take an arm-chair opposite to her. M. d'Argentan thanked her with an inclination of the head, but contented himself by leaning on the back of the chair.

"As you might think, mademoiselle," he said, "that the pleasure of seeing you again has made me invent a pretext to meet you, I will tell you at once, without abusing your kindness, what brings me here. I don't know if you have had occasion to meet within two or three hundred miles of Paris any of those special agents of the government who become more and more tyrannical the farther they get from the centre of power. But I do know that we are about to cross a whole column of Republican troops, led by one of those wretches whose business it is to cut off heads for the government. It seems that shooting is too good for Chouans, and this man is bringing the guillotine to be naturalized on the soil of Brittany. At Chateaubriant, that is, about eighteen miles from here, this man intends to select a route for his column, and he will either march straight to the sea, or plunge inland between the Côtes-du-Nord and the Morbihan. Have you any reason to fear him? If you have, no matter what route you take, even if you have to pass the whole Republican column, I shall stay with you. If, on the contrary, you have nothing to fear, — and I hope you will not mistake the feeling which prompts this question, — having myself but a moderate liking for the tri-color cockade (you see I am perfectly frank), I shall avoid the column, and take whichever road it does not take, in order to reach Dinan."

"First, I must thank you with all my heart, monsieur," replied Mademoiselle Rotrou, "and assure you of my grateful feelings. I am not, as you know, going to Dinan, but to Vitré. Therefore, if the column takes the road to Rennes, which is that of Dinan, I shall not meet it; if, on the other hand, it takes that of Vitré, it would not hinder me from taking the same road, which is mine. I have

no greater sympathy for tri-color cockades, or special agents of the government, or guillotines, than yourself; but I have no reason to fear them. I may even say more. I knew of the march of this column and the instrument it carries with it, before I left Paris; and as it crosses a part of Brittany occupied by Cadoudal, I am authorized, in case of difficulty, to put myself under its protection. All will depend, therefore, on what the leader of the column decides at Chateaubriant. If he takes the road to Vitré I shall, with much regret, take leave of you at the fork of the roads. If, on the contrary, he goes to Rennes, and your repugnance prompts you to avoid him, I shall owe to that repugnance the pleasure of continuing my journey with you as far as my destination."

The manner in which M. d'Argentan had announced himself gave him no excuse, after this explanation had been given and received, to prolong his visit. He bowed and left the room, while Mademoiselle Rotrou made a motion to rise from her chair.

The next morning, at six o'clock, they both, after the usual civilities, departed. At the second post, which was that of Chateaubriant, they made inquiries. The column had started an hour earlier, and had taken the road to Vitré. The two travellers were therefore to separate. M. d'Argentan approached Mademoiselle Rotrou for the last time, and, after renewing his offers of service, he bade her farewell in a voice of emotion.

Mademoiselle Rotrou raised her eyes to this elegant young man. Too much a woman of the world herself not to be grateful for the respectful manner in which he had conducted himself, she gave him her hand to kiss.

M. d'Argentan mounted a horse and said to the postilion-groom, who started before him, "Road to Rennes!" while the carriage of the young lady, obeying an order given in a voice as calm as usual, took the road to Vitré.

XXI.

CITIZEN FRANÇOIS GOULIN.

MADemoiselle ROTROU, or rather, as we ought to call her, Diana de Fargas, fell into deep meditation as she left Chateaubriant. In the then state of her heart it was, or she supposed it to be, impervious to all tender sentiments, especially to that of love. But beauty, elegance, courtesy will always produce sufficient influence upon a well-bred woman to make her meditate, if not to make her love.

Mademoiselle de Fargas was meditating on her late companion; and she was struck for the first time with a faint suspicion. She asked herself how it was that a man protected by the triple signature of Barras, Rewbell, and La Revellière-Lepeaux, had such invincible repugnance to the agents of a government which honored him with special marks of confidence. She forgot that she herself, whose sympathies were far from warm toward the Revolutionary government, was travelling now under its direct protection. Supposing that M. d'Argentan was a *ci-devant*, as a few words dropped by him at their last interview now led her to suppose, it was possible that circumstances not unlike her own might have given him a protection he was loath to claim.

Diana had remarked that whenever M. d'Argentan dismounted from his horse he always took down and carried in his hand a valise, the weight of which seemed greater than its size warranted. Though the young man was strong and vigorous and (possibly to mislead suspicion) often carried the valise in one hand, it was easy to see that the bag, with which he affected to play, as if it contained

merely a few travelling-clothes, was really heavier than it seemed to be. Was he carrying money? In that case, what a singular tax-receiver he must be who took money from Paris to Dinan, instead of from Dinan to Paris!

Moreover, although at this period when all things were in subversion, it was not unusual to see strange social contradictions, Mademoiselle de Fargas had studied the different grades of society well enough to know that it would never enter into the habits of a petty receiver of taxes in a distant country district to ride a horse with the ease of an Englishman, or to express himself, especially at the close of an epoch when every one tried to make himself brutal in imitation of the powers of the day, with a courtesy which retained the indelible perfume of gentlemanly breeding. She asked herself, though her heart had nothing to do with the question, who this unknown man might be, and what motive could have induced him to travel with a passport which, undoubtedly, was not his own.

The curious thing about all this was that M. d'Argentan, after parting from Diana de Fargas, put precisely the same question to himself as to his late travelling-companion that she was asking about him.

Suddenly, as the carriage reached the heights above the relay at La Guerche, from which the main-road can be seen for many miles, Diana shuddered as her eyes were dazzled by the barrels of innumerable muskets which reflected the sunlight. The road before her looked like a shining river of molten steel. It was, of course, the Republican column, the head of which was already halting at La Guerche, while, a mile in the rear, the rest of the column was still marching.

Everything was an event in these anxious days, and as Diana was liberal in her payments to the postilions, the one who was now with her asked whether he should follow the rear of the column, or, by taking the carriage outside of the road, press on without delay to La Guerche. Mademoiselle de Fargas ordered him to close the top of the

carriage, that she might not be an object of curiosity as she passed, and to continue his way to La Guerche without delay.

The postilion did as he was told, and put his horses to the well-known little trot by which the quadrupeds of the postal service contrive to do six miles an hour on occasion. The result was that Mademoiselle Diana de Fargas soon arrived at the gates of La Guerche. When we say gates we mean the opening of the street which continues the high-road from Chateaubriant.

The road was blocked. An immense machine drawn by twelve horses and placed on a truck too wide to pass between two mile-stones obstructed the entrance to the village. Mademoiselle de Fargas, finding the carriage at a standstill, and not aware of the reason, put her head out of the window and asked:—

“What is the matter, postilion?”

“The matter is, citoyenne,” he said, “that our streets are not wide enough for the instrument they want to bring in, and so they are obliged to grub up a milestone to let Monsieur Guillotin’s machine make its entrance to La Guerche.”

Sure enough, the Sieur François Goulin, commissioner extraordinary of the government, having decided to travel with his instrument of death for the edification of towns and villages, found, on arriving at La Guerche, that the street was too narrow, not for the machine itself, but for the ambulating platform on which it was erected.

Diana cast her eyes on the hideous thing which obstructed the road, and feeling sure it was the scaffold (a thing she had never before seen) exclaimed, as she hastily drew back her head:—

“Oh! horrible!”

“Horrible? horrible?” repeated a voice from the crowd, “I would like to know what aristocrat dares to speak with so little respect of an instrument which has done more for civilization than any other invention except the plough.”

"I did, monsieur," said Mademoiselle de Fargas, "and I should be much obliged to you, if you are in authority here, to let my carriage enter La Guerche as soon as possible; I am in a hurry."

"In a hurry, are you?" said a thin and shrunken little man, pale with anger, who was dressed in that repulsive *carmagnole*, the well-known spencer, or jacket, of the Jacobins, no longer worn in Paris for over two years. "In a hurry, are you? Well, you'll have to get out of your carriage, aristocrat, and go in on foot, if we let you go in at all."

"Postilion," said Diana, "open the top of the carriage."

The postilion obeyed. The young girl took off her veils and showed her marvellously beautiful face.

"Can it be," she said in a sarcastic tone, "that I have to do with the citizen François Goulin?"

"I think you are daring to scoff at me," cried the small man, rushing to the carriage and pulling off his phrygian cap, a covering to the head now entirely discarded, though the citizen François Goulin was determined to restore the fashion of it in the provinces. "Well, yes; it is I. What have you got to say to the citizen Goulin?"

And he stretched out his hand as if he meant to take her by the shoulder. Diana, with a quick motion, threw herself to the other side of the carriage.

"In the first place, citizen Goulin, if you wish to touch me, which I think entirely unnecessary, put on your gloves. I detest dirty hands."

Citizen Goulin called to four men, intending, no doubt, to order them to seize the audacious traveller; but, during this instant of time, Diana had taken from her pocket-book a secret and special order given to her by Barras.

"Excuse me, citizen," she said, in the same satirical tone, "do you know how to read?"

Goulin howled with anger.

"Yes?" she said. "Well, in that case, read this; but

take care not to crumple the paper. It may be useful to me in future, if I meet with other uncouth persons like yourself."

She held out the paper to the citizen François Goulin. It contained but four lines: —

In the name of the Directory, all civil and military authorities are commanded to protect Mademoiselle Rotrou, and, if she demands it, to afford her assistance by force of arms, under pain of dismissal.

BARRAS.

Citizen François Goulin read and re-read the safe-conduct of Mademoiselle Diana de Fargas. Then, like a bear forced to obey his master's stick and bow at the word of command, he said: —

"These are strange days, when women in satin and driving in carriages are allowed to give orders to citizens bearing the signs of republicanism and equality. But, as it appears that we have only changed kings, and you have a pass from King Barras, you may go your ways, citoyenne; but I shall not forget your name, mind that, and if ever you fall into my hands —"

"Postilion, see if the road is clear," said Mademoiselle de Fargas, in the tone that was habitual with her. "I have nothing more to say to monsieur."

The road was not clear, but by taking a side road the carriage was able to enter the village. Mademoiselle de Fargas reached the post-house with some difficulty, the streets being crowded with Republicans. She was forced to enter the inn for refreshment. Having determined to sleep at Vitré she had eaten nothing since leaving Chateaubriant, and it was absolutely necessary that she should take some food at La Guerche. She therefore ordered a room, and a breakfast sent up to her.

Diana had hardly begun her meal, however, before she was told that the colonel commanding the newly arrived column asked permission to pay his respects to her. She answered that as she had not the honor of the colonel's

acquaintance she would ask him to excuse her, unless he had something important to communicate.

The colonel persisted, sending word that he thought it his duty to tell her something he alone knew, and which he thought might be of a certain importance to her. On that, Mademoiselle de Fargas made a sign that she was ready to receive the visitor, and Colonel Hulot was announced.

XXII.

COLONEL HULOT.

COLONEL HULOT was a man of thirty-eight to forty years of age. Ten years a private soldier under royalty, without a chance to become even a corporal, no sooner was the Republic proclaimed than he won his grades, gallant fellow that he was, at the point of his sword.

He had heard of the altercation that had taken place at the entrance of the village between citizen François Goulin and the so-called Mademoiselle Rotrou.

“Citoyenne,” he said, on entering, “I have learned what has passed between you and the commissioner from the Directory. I need not say to you that we old soldiers do not feel much good-will to these drivers of guillotines, who march in the rear of the armies to cut off heads, — as if powder and shot, and sabre and sword were not enough to furnish food for death! Knowing that you had stopped at the post-inn, I came here to congratulate you on the manner in which you treated the citizen Goulin. When men are trembling before such scoundrels it is well that women should make them feel they are the scum of the earth and are not even worthy to be called *scum* by such beautiful lips as yours. And now, citoyenne, allow me to say that if you ever have need of Colonel Hulot, he is at your service.”

“I thank you, colonel,” replied Diana. “If I had anything to fear, or anything to ask, I would accept your offer with the same frankness with which you make it. I am going to Vitré, which is my destination; and as there is only one other relay to make, I think no greater harm can

happen to me during this last stage than during the many I have already made."

"Hum! hum!" muttered the colonel. "It is only fifteen miles, I know, between here and Vitré; but I also know that the road runs through a narrow gorge, with high slopes on each side covered with gorse and broom, — natural productions made, it seems to me, to serve as coverts to the Chouans. My conviction is that, in spite of our numbers, we shall not reach Vitré without being attacked. If you are as warmly recommended by citizen Barras as they tell me you are, you must be some one of importance. Now a protégée of Barras has everything to fear if she falls into the hands of master Cadoudal, who does n't feel that respect for the Directory which it deserves. Moreover, I am personally informed, by an official letter addressed to me as leader of the column with which you now are, that a citoyenne, by name Mademoiselle Rotrou, may ask permission to travel under protection of our bayonets, — when I say 'ask permission to travel under protection of our bayonets,' I am using the words of the letter; for, of course, in such a case, I should feel that the favor was all on my side."

"I am Mademoiselle Rotrou, monsieur; and I am very grateful to citizen Barras for his thoughtfulness; but, as I told you, my arrangements are made, and I have also such recommendations to the Chouans that I think I am safe from all real danger, even in that direction. But, I assure you, colonel, my gratitude is none the less to you; and I am thankful to find that you share my repugnance for the wretch they have given you as a travelling-companion."

"Ah! as for us," said Colonel Hulot, "we don't trouble ourselves about him. The Republic is no longer in the days of the Saint-Justs and the Lebons, — which I regret, I must say, with all my heart. They were brave men, ready to share danger with the rest of us. They fought with us, and standing motionless on the battle-field, at the risk of being killed or taken prisoners, they had a right to judge

and condemn those who abandoned them. Soldiers never liked them, but they respected them; and when those men stretched out their hand to take a head it was well understood that no one had a right to save that head from the vengeance of the Republic. But as for this François Goulin, who will run away, he and his guillotine, when the first shot is fired, there is not one of my six thousand men who would let him touch a hair of the head of any one of their officers."

They now announced to Mademoiselle Rotrou that the horses were put to her carriage.

"Citoyenne," said the colonel, "it is my duty to send scouts along the road by which the column will now advance. I have a small body of cavalry with me, made up of three hundred hussars and two hundred chasseurs. I shall despatch them, not for your sake but my own, along the road you are taking. If you need help from the officer in command, you will find that he has orders to give it, and even, should you ask it, to escort you to Vitré."

"Thank you, monsieur," replied Mademoiselle de Fargas, offering her hand to the old soldier; "but I should be ashamed to compromise the precious lives of the defenders of the Republic by allowing them to escort one so humble and so unimportant as myself."

So saying, Diana went downstairs, followed by the colonel, who gallantly placed her in the carriage. The postilion was already mounted.

"Road to Vitré!" said Diana.

The carriage started. The soldiers made way for it, and as every one of them had by this time heard of the manner in which she had treated François Goulin, many compliments — in rather coarse language, it is true, but sincere — were offered to her. As she started she heard the colonel call out: —

"Chasseurs and hussars, mount!"

Then from three or four different points the boot-and-saddle sounded.

When the carriage reached the other side of La Guerche and was two or three hundred feet beyond it, the postilion stopped, got off his horse, under pretence of doing something to the harness, and then approached the carriage door.

"Is n't it *they* the citoyenne wants?" he said, interrogatively.

"They?" echoed Diana, astonished.

The postilion winked.

"Yes, *they*," he repeated.

"Whom do you mean?"

"Why, the friends, of course. They are on both sides of the road." And he hooted like an owl.

"No," said Diana, "drive on; but when you get to the foot of the hill, stop the carriage."

"All right!" said the postilion to himself, as he remounted his horse. "You'll be stopped there, anyhow, my little woman."

They were then at the top of a long and gently sloping descent, almost a mile and a half long. On either side of the road were steep slopes planted with gorse, broom, and scrub-oak; in some places these bushes were thick enough to hide more than one man.

The postilion put his horses to their usual gait and went down the hill singing an old Breton song in the Karnac dialect. From time to time he raised his voice, as if his song conveyed some information to persons near enough to hear it. Diana, who fully understood that she was surrounded by Chouans, looked about her with all her eyes, but said not a word. The postilion might be a spy placed over her by Goulin, and she did not forget his threat of what would happen to her if she fell into his hands.

No sooner had the carriage reached the foot of the hill, where a narrower road crossed the main-road, than a man on horseback rode rapidly from the woods and stopped it. Seeing, however, that it was occupied by a woman only, he took off his hat.

As soon as the postilion caught sight of the rider he lay back from his saddle, so as to get nearer to the lady, and said, in a low voice:—

“Don’t be afraid; it is General Round-Head.”

“Madame,” said the rider, very politely, “you come, I think, from La Guerche, and probably from Chateaubriant?”

“Yes, monsieur,” said the young woman, leaning inquisitively over the carriage door, but without showing any fear, though she saw in the side road some fifty other horsemen.

“Would it be consistent with your political opinions, or your social conscience, to give me certain details about the Republican column that you have left behind you?” said the man who had stopped her, very courteously.

“It is consistent with my opinions and my sense of social duty,” she replied, smiling. “The column is of six thousand men, just returned from the English and Dutch prisons. It is commanded by a brave man named Colonel Hulot. But it drags in its train a foul wretch, who goes by the name of François Goulin, and a vile machine they call a guillotine. I had, on entering La Guerche, an altercation with François Goulin, who promised to make me acquainted with his instrument, if I fell into his hands; which made me so popular with the soldiers that Colonel Hulot insisted on making my acquaintance and on giving me an escort to Vitré, lest I should fall into the hands of the Chouans on the way. Now, as I left Paris with the special intention of falling into the hands of the Chouans, I refused the escort, telling the postilion to drive on; and here I am, General Cadoudal, delighted to meet you, and express my admiration for your courage and the esteem I feel for your character. As to the escort, which was to have accompanied me, it is probably now starting from the town, and consists of about two hundred chasseurs and three hundred hussars. Kill as few of those brave fellows as you can, for my sake.”

“I shall not conceal from you, madame,” said Cadoudal, “that there will be an encounter between my troops and this detachment. Will you be good enough to continue on your way to Vitré, where I will follow you, as soon as the fight is over; for I am desirous of knowing more distinctly the motives of a journey for which you have given me a highly improbable reason.”

“And yet it is the real one,” replied Diana; “and the proof is that, with your permission, I would rather stay here during the fight. As I have come to join your army, it will be in a manner my apprenticeship.”

Cadoudal cast his eyes on the little column, which could now be seen advancing over the brow of the hill, and he said to the postilion: —

“Place madame where she runs no risk of any danger; and if, by chance, we are defeated, explain to the Blues that I prevented her, to her great distress, from continuing her journey.” Then, bowing to Diana, he added, “Madame, pray to God for the good cause; I am now to fight for it.”

He jumped his horse back into the cross-road, and rejoined his companions in their ambush.

XXIII.

THE FIGHT.

CADOUDAL exchanged a few words with his companions, and four of them who were unmounted, being those of his staff detailed to carry orders among the gorse and thickets, slipped away at once and soon reached, through the underbrush, two enormous oaks, whose vigorous branches and abundant foliage formed a rampart against the sun. These oaks stood at the extremity of the sort of avenue formed by the high-road as it came from the town between the slopes on either side of the gorge, and met the cross-road. Once there, the messengers held themselves ready to execute a manœuvre, which those who did not know the general's plan of operations might have tried in vain to understand.

Diana's carriage had been turned from the high-road into the cross-road, and she was standing at a distance of a hundred feet, at the top of an eminence covered with trees, among which she was hidden so that she herself could see all and not be noticed.

The chasseurs and the hussars were advancing at a walk, and cautiously; an advance-guard of ten men preceded them, marching, like the rest, with extreme caution. When those who had issued last from the village appeared, a shot was fired, and one of the rear guard fell.

This was the signal. Instantly the two crests of the ravine belched fire. The Blues looked in vain for the enemy which attacked them. They saw the fire, the smoke; they felt the result; but they were unable to distinguish either men or weapons. A species of disorder now showed itself among those who were thus compelled to continue

their way through an invisible danger. They all endeavored, not so much to escape death, but to deal death to others. Some returned upon their steps, others attempted to force their horses up the slopes; but no sooner had their shoulders appeared above the crests than they were shot full in the breast, and falling back, they carried their horses with them, like those Amazons of Rubens at the battle of Thermodon.

Others — and these were the greater number — pushed forward, hoping to get past the ambuscade, and escape the trap they had fallen into. But Cadoudal, who seemed to have foreseen this moment and to have waited for it, no sooner saw them put their horses at a gallop than he set spurs to his own horse, and, followed by his forty men, darted through the cross-road to meet them.

The fight was then all along the line. Those who had turned back found their way barred by Chouans, who fired almost in their faces, and compelled them to fall back. Those who tried to scale the slope found death at the summit, and rolling back to the road, their bodies and those of their horses obstructed the way. And, finally, those who had eagerly pushed forward were confronted by Cadoudal and his men.

After a struggle of a few moments, the latter had seemed to give way. The cavalry of the Blues began to pursue them; but hardly had the last Chouan passed the two oaks guarded by the four men, than the latter pressed with all their might upon the trees, already sawn through their trunks, so that they fell with a great noise toward each other and across the road, their tangled branches making an absolutely insurmountable barrier. The Blues were following the Whites so closely that two of their number were crushed, together with their horses, by the falling trees.

The same manœuvre was performed at the other end of the gorge. Two trees, overthrown in the same way, formed a barricade precisely similar to that which now closed the

other extremity of the road. Horses and men were caught in a vast circus, and every Chouan on the slopes above could pick out his man and bring him down with absolute certainty.

Cadoudal and his forty horsemen had dismounted, and, musket in hand, were preparing to take part in the combat, when Mademoiselle de Fargas, who had followed this bloody drama with all the eagerness of her leonine nature, suddenly heard the gallop of a horse coming along the road from Vitré. She turned hastily, and beheld the traveller with whom she had journeyed from Paris. Seeing that Cadoudal and his companions were about to plunge into the fight, the rider cried out, "Stop! stop! wait for me!"

No sooner had he joined them, amid cries and acclamations of welcome, than he jumped off his horse, which he gave in charge of a Chouan, flung his arms round Cadoudal and embraced him, seized a musket, filled his pockets with cartridges, and followed by twenty men, Cadoudal taking the other twenty, sprang into the thicket to the left of the road, while the general and his companions disappeared into that on the right.

Fresh volleys of musketry presently showed that the Whites were reinforced.

Mademoiselle de Fargas was too deeply preoccupied by what was passing before her to give a reason to her own mind for M. d'Argentan's behavior. She merely recognized the fact that the pretended receiver of taxes at Dinan was a royalist in disguise; which explained to her why he brought money from Paris to Brittany instead of sending it from Brittany to Paris.

The heroic efforts that were now made by that little band of five hundred hemmed-in men would have sufficed for a poem of chivalry. Their courage was all the greater because each man faced a danger which was, as we have said, invisible; he called to it, defied it, roaring with anger at not being able to bring it visibly before him. Nothing could compel the Chouans to change their homici-

dal tactics. Death flew whistling through the air; but the smoke of it alone was seen, the detonation was all that could be heard. A trooper would fling out his arms and fall from his horse, the frightened animal rushing wildly up the slope, until some invisible hand would catch him and fasten him to the branch of a tree. Here and there, along the plain, some of these horses could be seen stiffening their legs and dragging back on their bridles, struggling to escape from the unknown masters who had captured them.

The butchery lasted an hour. At the end of that time a drum-corps was heard, beating the charge. It was the Republican infantry coming to the relief of the cavalry, led by Colonel Hulot in person.

His first care was to take notice of the localities, with the unerring glance of a veteran, and seek to open an issue for the unfortunate men who were hemmed into the sort of tunnel made of the main road. He took the horses from his guns, artillery being of no use to him in this sort of struggle. He ordered their traces to be fastened to the upper branches of the fallen trees, which were then dragged from their transverse positions to the sides of the road, thus opening, at any rate, a way of retreat for the cavalry. Next, he sent five hundred men on each side of the road with fixed bayonets, as though the enemy were actually in sight. It was his only means of replying to the musketry of the Whites, who, firing only under shelter, never delivered their fire without deliberately taking aim. Practice, and, above all, the necessity of defence had made the Blues exceedingly alert in returning this fire.

Sometimes the man on whom they retaliated was shot dead; sometimes he was only wounded. When that was the case he lay still, and his enemies might pass close beside him without seeing him. The Chouans were noted for their marvellous courage in stifling moans, which the intolerable suffering of their wounds would have drawn from other soldiers.

The fight lasted thus until the shadows of night began to fall. Diana, who lost not a single feature of the struggle, quivered with impatience at not being able to take part in it. She longed for a man's coat and a musket in her hand, that she might fling herself upon those Republicans, whom she hated. But here she was, chained down by her clothes and the want of a weapon.

Toward seven o'clock Colonel Hulot ordered the retreat to be sounded. Daylight was dangerous enough in such a struggle; but darkness was worse, — it was deadly! The sound of the drums and trumpets beating the retreat renewed the ardor of the Chouans. To evacuate the field and retreat to the village was to own themselves vanquished.

The Republicans were followed by volleys of musketry to the very entrance of La Guerche, leaving three or four hundred dead upon the field. They were quite ignorant as to the amount of loss they had inflicted on the Chouans, and they did not bring back a single prisoner, — to François Goulin's great disgust, he having got his machine through the village, and erected at the other extremity, as near the field of battle as he could. All these preparations proved useless, and François Goulin in despair took up his abode in a house, from which he could keep his precious instrument perpetually in sight.

Since the detachment had left Paris, not a single officer or soldier had been willing to lodge in the same house as the Republican commissioner. He was given a guard of twelve soldiers, and that was all. Four of his own men took care of the guillotine.

XXIV.

PORTIA.

THE day had not given Cadoudal and his troops any important material advantage, but the moral result was immense.

The great Vendéan leaders had all disappeared. Stofflet was dead; Charette was dead. The Abbé Bernier himself had given in his submission, as we have already related in "The Company of Jehu." Thanks to the genius and the nerve of General Hoche, La Vendée was pacificated; and we have seen how Hoche, offering men and money to the Directory, had made Bonaparte uneasy in the heart of Italy.

Of La Vendée and Chouannerie, Chouannerie alone remained. Sole among their leaders, Cadoudal had steadily refused to make submission. He had published his manifesto, he had announced his resumption of hostilities; and besides the Republican troops that still remained scattered in Brittany and La Vendée, six thousand men were now sent as reinforcements against him.

Cadoudal, with his thousand men, not only held his own against six thousand old soldiers trained to war by six years' warfare, but he had driven them back into the town from which they wished to issue, and he had also killed three or four hundred of their men. The new insurrection — the Breton insurrection — had therefore been inaugurated by a victory.

As soon as the Blues were fairly in the town, Cadoudal, who had another expedition in his mind for the night, recalled his men. They could now be seen through the

gorse and broom, above which their heads and shoulders rose, marching gayly back as victors, calling to one another, and crowding behind one of their number who was playing a bagpipe, as regular soldiers march behind their bugles. The bagpipe was their bugle.

At the lower end of the long descent, where the overturned trees formed a barricade which the Republican cavalry had found insurmountable, the spot where Cadoudal and d'Argentan had parted to follow the fight, the two Chouan leaders now met again. D'Argentan, who had not fought for some time, went into the affray with such goodwill that he soon won a bayonet thrust through his arm. Consequently, he had thrown his coat over his shoulders, and was carrying his arm in a sling made with his bloody handkerchief.

Diana had come down from her eminence, and was walking with her firm and masculine step toward the two men.

"Ah!" said Cadoudal, perceiving her; "so you stayed here, my brave Amazon?"

D'Argentan gave a cry of surprise. He recognized Mademoiselle Rotrou, post-mistress at Vitré.

"Allow me," continued Cadoudal, still speaking to Diana, and motioning toward his companion, "to present to you one of my best friends."

"M. d'Argentan?" said Diana, smiling; "I have the honor of knowing him. He is an old acquaintance, of three days' standing. We made the journey together from Paris."

"He ought, therefore, to present me to you, mademoiselle, if I had not already done so myself." Then he added, addressing himself particularly to Diana, "Are you going to Vitré, mademoiselle?"

"M. d'Argentan," said Diana, not replying to Cadoudal, "you offered to be my intermediary with General Cadoudal, if I should have a favor to ask of him."

"I then supposed, madame, that you did not know the

general. But, once seen, you cannot need an intermediary; and I will answer for it that all you ask of him will be granted."

"That is only gallantry, monsieur, and a method of escaping your obligations. I summon you positively to keep your word."

"Make your request, madame, and I will urge it on the general with all my power," said d'Argentan.

"I wish to form part of the general's corps," said Diana, coolly.

"In what position?" asked d'Argentan.

"That of volunteer."

The two men looked at each other.

"You hear that, Cadoudal?" said d'Argentan.

Cadoudal's forehead darkened, and his face took a stern expression. After a moment's silence, he said:—

"Madame, your proposal is a serious one, and demands reflection. I shall tell you a singular thing. I was brought up to the priesthood, and I have taken, in my heart, at least, all the vows which we make on entering holy orders, and I have failed in none. You would be, I have no doubt, a charming aide-de-camp, courageous under all trials, — for I think women are as brave as men; but in these pious regions, more especially in this old Brittany of ours, there are prejudices which would oppose such devotion. Several of my associates have had in their camps the sisters or daughters of murdered royalists. That is a different thing; to those women we owed the shelter and protection they asked of us."

"And who told you, monsieur, that I have no such claim," cried Diana, — "that I am not the daughter or sister of murdered royalists, — both perhaps? for I may have the double right you speak of to be received here."

"In that case," said d'Argentan, mingling in the conversation, with a caustic smile, "may I ask why it is that you are using a passport signed by Barras, as the titular post-mistress of Vitré?"

“Will you be so kind as to show me your passport, Monsieur d’Argentan?” said Diana.

D’Argentan laughed, and taking a paper from the pocket of the coat that hung over his shoulder, he presented it to Diana. The girl unfolded it and read:—

Allow the citizen Sébastien d’Argentan, receiver of taxes at Argentan, to circulate freely through the territory of the Republic.

Signed,

BARRAS,

REWBELL,

LA REVELLIÈRE-LEPEAUX.

“And now, monsieur,” said Diana, “may I ask why it is that you, the friend of General Cadoudal, and in arms against the Republic, have a right to circulate freely through the Republic, as the tax-receiver of Dinan? We had better not lift our masks, monsieur, but take them off altogether.”

“Faith! that’s well said,” cried Cadoudal, who was now immensely interested by Diana’s coolness and persistency. “Come, how did you get that passport? Explain it all to mademoiselle; and then, perhaps, she will deign to explain how she comes by hers.”

“Ah! but that’s a secret I can’t explain before our prulish friend Cadoudal,” said d’Argentan, laughing; “and yet, if you insist upon it, mademoiselle, I will tell you that there lives in Paris, in the rue des Colonnes, close to the Théâtre Feydeau, a certain Demoiselle Aurélie Saint-Amour, to whom the citizen Barras refuses nothing, and who, in turn, refuses nothing to me.”

“Besides,” said Cadoudal, “the name of d’Argentan on the passport conceals a name which in itself is a pass through all troops — Vendéans, Chouans, or royalists of any kind — wearing the white cockade, either in France or in foreign parts. Your travelling companion, mademoiselle, has nothing to hide now, having nothing to fear; and I therefore present him to you under his real name, — not d’Argentan, but Coster de Saint-Victor, who has given

pledges enough of devotion to our sacred cause not to need the wound he has just received —”

“Ah!” said Diana, coldly; “a wound is an easy way to prove devotion.”

“How do you mean?” asked Cadoudal.

“See!” she replied.

Taking from her belt the sharp iron dagger which had killed her brother, she struck her arm with such violence, at the very place where Saint-Victor had received his wound, that the blade entering on one side of the arm came out on the other.

“As for his name,” she added, addressing the astonished young men, “if he is Coster de Saint-Victor, I am Diana de Fargas. My father was murdered four years ago, and my brother last week.”

Coster de Saint-Victor shuddered. He cast a glance at the iron hilt of the dagger, which was still buried in the young girl’s arm, and recognized it as the one with which Lucien de Fargas had been stabbed in his presence.

“I am witness,” he said, gravely, “and I affirm that this young girl has told the truth, in saying that she deserves, as much as any daughter or sister of murdered royalists, to be received among us, and to be a part of our sacred army.”

Cadoudal stretched out his hand to her.

“From this moment, mademoiselle, I will be a father to you, since you have no father; if you have no brother, be my sister. I remember that Roman matron who, to reassure her husband when he feared her weakness, stabbed her right arm with the blade of a knife. As we live in a period when we are all obliged to conceal our real names under other names, you shall be called, instead of Diana de Fargas, Portia. As you are now one of us, mademoiselle, and have won your rank at your first blow, I invite you to be present at the council I am about to hold, as soon as the surgeon has dressed your wound.

“Thank you, general,” said Diana. “As for the sur-

geon, I do not need him any more than M. Coster de Saint-Victor needs him. My wound is no worse than his."

Drawing the dagger from her arm, where it still remained, she tore her sleeve open to its full length, displaying her beautiful white arm. Then, addressing Saint-Victor, she said, laughing:—

"Comrade, be kind enough to lend me your cravat."

XXV.

CADOUDAL'S IDEA.

HALF an hour later the Chouans were bivouacking in a circle round the town of La Guerche, in groups of ten, fifteen, or twenty, with a fire to each group, and were cooking their suppers as tranquilly as if no shots had been fired that day from Redon to Cancale.

The cavalry formed a separate body, their horses saddled, but the bridles off, so that animals as well as men might get their evening meal along the banks of a little rivulet which forms one of the sources of the Seiche.

About the centre of the encampment, under an enormous oak, were Cadoudal, Saint-Victor, Mademoiselle de Fargas, and five or six of the principal Chouans, who under the pseudonyms of Cœur-de-roi, Tiffauges, Brise-Bleu, Bénédicté, Branche-d'Or, Monte-à-l'assaut, and Chante-en-hiver, deserve to have their adopted names go down to posterity with that of their famous chief.

Mademoiselle de Fargas and Coster de Saint-Victor were eating with a good appetite, each using the one hand which was still available. Mademoiselle de Fargas had wished to put her six thousand francs into the common fund, but Cadoudal refused to allow it, and took her money only on deposit.

The six or seven Chouan leaders whom we have named were eating as if not sure of their next meal. The Whites, however, did not suffer the same privations as the Blues; for the latter had only forced requisitions to depend on. The Whites, who had the sympathy of all the inhabitants of the region, paid for what they took, and provisions were therefore brought to them in comparative abundance.

As for Cadoudal, preoccupied with a thought which seemed to hold him body and soul, he went and came silently, taking no food or refreshment except a glass of water, his usual drink. He had made Mademoiselle de Fargas give him all the information she could as to François Goulin and his guillotine. Suddenly he stopped short and turned to the group of Breton leaders.

"Who will volunteer," he said, "to go into La Guerche and get certain information for me?"

Every man rose spontaneously.

"General," said Chante-en-hiver, "I think I am, without doing any injustice to my comrades, the proper person to do your errand. My brother lives in La Guerche. As soon as it is dark I will go to his house; if they stop me, I shall refer to him, and he will answer for me, and that will be enough. He knows the town as he knows his own pocket. Whatever there is to do he and I can do, and I'll bring you your information within an hour."

"So be it," said Cadoudal. "Here is my plan. You know that the Blues, in order to strike terror into our hearts, have brought their guillotine with them, which that infamous Goulin operates. François Goulin, you will remember, is the wretch who drowned the people at Nantes. He and Perdraux were Carrier's executioners. Those two men boast of having drowned more than eight hundred priests, alone, with their own hands. Well, this man Goulin went to Paris and demanded, not immunity, but reward for his crimes. Providence sends him back to us that he may expiate them here where he committed them. He has brought his infamous guillotine among us, and he shall perish by the filthy instrument he brings; he is not worthy of a soldier's ball. Now we must seize him and seize his instrument, and bring them to some place where we are masters, so that no hindrance may be offered to the execution. Chante-en-hiver will go into La Guerche; he will bring us all information about the house where Goulin lodges, and also about the position of the guillo-

tine and the number of men who are guarding it. This information obtained, I have my plan, which I will then tell you; and, with your consent, we will put it into execution this very night."

The leaders applauded eagerly.

"By heavens!" exclaimed Saint-Victor, "I never saw a man guillotined, and I swore I would never have to do with that abominable machine until I mounted it myself. But the day on which we shorten Master François Goulin will find me in the front rank of the spectators."

"You heard my words, Chante-en-hiver?" said Cadoudal.

Chante-en-hiver did not need to be told twice. He laid down his arms, with the exception of his knife, from which he never parted. Then, asking Saint-Victor to look at his watch, and finding it was half-past eight, he promised to be back by ten. Five minutes later he had disappeared.

"Now," said Cadoudal, addressing the other chiefs, "how many horses did we capture on the field, with their saddles and accoutrements?"

"Twenty-one, general," replied Cœur-de-roi. "I counted them."

"Could we get twenty uniforms of chasseurs or hussars, all in good order?"

"General, there are over a hundred and fifty horsemen dead on the road; we have only to choose," said Branche d'Or.

"I want twenty hussar uniforms, one of which must be that of a sergeant-major, or a sub-lieutenant."

Branche d'Or rose, whistled, collected a dozen men, and departed with them.

"An idea has just popped into my head," said Saint-Victor. "Is there a printing-office at Vitré?"

"Yes," replied Cadoudal, "they printed my manifesto there last week. The head of it is a worthy man who is devoted to us. His name is Borel."

"I have a great mind," said Saint-Victor, "inasmuch as

I have nothing to do, to get into Mademoiselle de Fargas's carriage and go to Vitré and order invitations printed for the six thousand Blues and all the inhabitants of La Guerche to be present at the execution of their executioner by his own instrument. It would be a good joke and make all our people in Paris laugh."

"Then do it, Coster," said Cadoudal, gravely. "We can't give too much publicity and ceremony to an act in which God does justice."

"Forward, d'Argentan!" cried Saint-Victor; "only, some one must lend me a jacket."

Cadoudal made a sign, and all the leaders began to take off theirs.

"If the execution takes place," asked Saint-Victor, "where will it be?"

"Oh!" said Cadoudal, "not a thousand feet from where we are now, — at the top of that hill you see before us."

"Very good!" said Saint-Victor. Then calling to the postilion, he said, laughing, "My good friend, as it may come into your head to object to what I am going to do, I begin by telling you that all objections are useless. Your horses have rested and are fed. You can't get back to La Guerche, because the road is blocked; and you will therefore drive me to Vitré, to the printing-office of Monsieur Borel. If you come yourself you shall have two crowns of six francs each, — not assignats, but solid coin; if you don't choose to come yourself, one of those men over there will drive me, and will, naturally, get the twelve francs."

"I'll go," said the postilion, without pausing to consider the matter.

"Very good," said Coster; "and as you show such goodwill, there's a crown in advance."

Five minutes later the horses were in, and Saint-Victor started for Vitré.

"And now," said Mademoiselle de Fargas, "as I have nothing to do in all these preparations, I shall, with your permission, take some rest. I have not really slept for five days and nights."

Cadoudal threw his cloak on the ground, and on it six or eight sheepskins; a portemanteau served for a pillow. And thus supplied Mademoiselle de Fargas passed her first night in camp, and began her apprenticeship at civil war.

As ten o'clock sounded from the steeples of La Guerche Cadoudal was awakened by a voice at his ear:—

“Here I am!”

It was Chante-en-hiver, faithful to his word. He had all the required information; that is, he told Cadoudal all that we already know. Goulin lodged in the last house in La Guerche. Twelve soldiers, sleeping on the ground-floor, were detailed to him as his personal guard. The horses which dragged the machine were in the stable of the same house.

At half-past ten Branche-d'Or returned from his errand. He had stripped twenty dead hussars, and brought with him their complete equipment.

“Pick out twenty men,” said Cadoudal, “who can get into those clothes and not look as if they wore them for a disguise. Take command of them yourself; I presume you have taken care, as I told you, to bring in the uniform of a sergeant-major, or a sub-lieutenant?”

“Yes, general.”

“Put it on, and take command of those twenty men. Follow the road to Château-Giron, so that you can enter La Guerche on the other side of the town. When the sentry challenges, advance and say you come from Rennes and are sent by General Hédouville. Ask for Colonel Hulot's residence; they'll point it out to you. Don't go near it. Chante-en-hiver, who will be your second, knows the town, and will pilot you, if you don't know the way.”

“I do know it, general,” replied Branched-'Or. “But no matter for that; a good *gars* like Chante-en-hiver is never amiss.”

“Go straight to Goulin's house. Thanks to your uniforms, you won't have any difficulty. While two men talk to the sentry, the eighteen others can overpower the twelve

guards inside the house. With your sabres at their breasts, make them swear not to interfere. If they swear, you need n't be uneasy; they 'll keep their word. As for the sentry, you see the importance of not allowing him to call to arms. He must either surrender or be killed. During this time Chante-en-hiver can get out the horses and harness them to the machine. As it stands in the road you 'll only have to drive it straight out here and meet us. The moment the Blues give you their word not to interfere, tell them what you have come for. I am perfectly convinced there is not one of them who would risk his life for François Goulin; on the contrary, some of them, at least, will give you good advice. For instance, Chante-en-hiver has forgotten to ask where Goulon's executioner lives, probably because I forgot myself to tell him to do so. Now, as I suppose none of you would want to do that man's work, his presence is indispensable to us. I leave the rest to your own intelligence. The stroke must be played about three in the morning. At two, we shall be stationed just where we were yesterday. If you succeed, send up a rocket to let us know it."

Branche-d'Or and Chante-en-hiver exchanged a few words in a low voice. One seemed to argue, and the other to object; finally they came to an agreement, and turning to Cadoudal, they said:—

"All right, general; it shall all be done to your satisfaction."

XXVI.

THE ROAD TO THE SCAFFOLD.

ABOUT two in the morning carriage-wheels were heard. It was Coster de Saint-Victor returning with his invitations. So certain was he of the success of Cadoudal's plan that he had left two hundred copies with the printer at Vitré, telling him to distribute them in the town.

The notices were thus worded: —

You are invited to assist at the execution of François Goulin, special commissioner of the Republic. He will be executed to-morrow, by his own guillotine, between eight and nine o'clock in the morning, on the high-road between Vitré and La Guerche, at the spot called Moutiers.

General Cadoudal, by whose order this execution will take place, offers safe conduct to all who wish to be present at this act of justice.

From the camp at La Guerche.

GEORGES CADOU DAL.

As he passed through Étrelles, Saint-Germain du Pinel, and Moutiers, Coster waked up several of the inhabitants, and gave them copies of the invitation, charging them to let their friends know in the morning of the good fortune that awaited them. No one complained of being waked; it was not every day that a commissioner of the Republic was executed.

As Hulot had done at one end of the barricaded road, so the Chouans now did at the other. They fastened horses to the trees, drawing them aside, and leaving the way open. At two o'clock, as Cadoudal had arranged, the signal to break camp was given; and the men went back to their posts among the gorse and the scrub-oak, from which they had fought the day before.

Half an hour earlier Branche-d'Or and Chante-en-hiver, with their twenty men, dressed as hussars, had started for the road to Château-Giron.

An hour went by in perfect stillness. The Chouans could hear from their posts the calls of the sentries at La Guerche, inciting each other to watchfulness.

About a quarter to three o'clock the disguised Chouans appeared at the further end of the town, and, after a short colloquy with the sentry, advanced along the main street in the direction of the town-hall, where Hulot was lodging. But Chante-en-hiver and Branche-d'Or were not so foolish as to follow the great arteries of the town; they turned off into the side streets, where they seemed to be a patrol charged with the safety of the place. In this way they reached the house now occupied by François Goulin.

There, everything happened as Cadoudal had expected. The sentry at the guillotine, seeing the little troop advancing from the interior of the town, felt no uneasiness, and had a pistol at his throat before he even suspected an attack upon him. The Blues, completely surprised in the house while sleeping soundly, made no resistance. François Goulin was taken from his bed, rolled and tied up in his sheets, and gagged before he had time to make an outcry.

As for the executioner and his helper, they slept in a lodge at the end of the garden; and, as Cadoudal had predicted, it was the Republican soldiers themselves who gave the information, and what was more, they declared they would ask General Hulot's permission to be present at the execution.

Soon after three in the morning a rocket announced to Cadoudal and his *gars* the success of the expedition; and almost immediately the lumbering sound of a heavy vehicle was heard. It was the truck on which one of the finest specimens of M. Guillotin's invention was making an expedition into Brittany.

Seeing that his men were not pursued, Cadoudal joined

them with the rest of his troop, who cleared the road of the dead bodies, so as to allow the huge machine to roll along without delay. It was not until they were nearly half-way down the long descent that the trumpets and drums calling to arms were heard in La Guerche. In fact, no one had hastened to inform Colonel Hulot of what had happened. The man who finally did so carried with him a handful of invitations, and instead of at once announcing the audacious deed just performed by Cadoudal's men, he opened the subject by spreading the notices before the colonel's eyes. The colonel, not understanding what they meant, was obliged to ask a series of questions before the truth came, piecemeal, to light. Then, indeed, he was frightfully angry, and ordered the Whites to be pursued without quarter, and the commissary of the government rescued at any cost.

It was then that the drums and trumpets were heard by the Chouans.

But the Republican officers managed their colonel so cleverly, and disarmed his wrath so effectively, that they ended by obtaining a tacit permission to attend, at their own risk and peril, the execution which he himself would gladly have witnessed. That, he knew, was impossible, as it would probably compromise his own head; he contented himself therefore by telling his secretary, who dared not ask to go with the other officers, to see that he had an exact report of the whole affair. The young man jumped with joy at discovering that he was thus forced to be present at the execution of François Goulin.

That man must certainly have inspired a deep disgust, since Whites and Blues, soldiers and citizens, approved with one accord a deed which was open to much discussion as a matter of legal justice.

As for citizen François Goulin himself, it was not until he was half-way down the hill, and saw the Chouans joining his escort and fraternizing with them, that he knew what was being done with him. Taken from his house by

soldiers in the Republican uniform, tied in his sheets by men who would not answer his questions, put into a carriage with his friend the executioner, it was surely impossible that he should have any clear idea of what was happening. But, when he saw the false hussars exchanging jests with the Chouans, who marched at the top of the slopes on either side of the road, and when, as he vehemently demanded to know why his privacy was violated and he himself carried off by armed force, and what they intended to do with him, he was answered by a copy of the invitation being thrust before him, he understood his danger and the little chance he had of escaping either through help from the Republicans or pity from the Whites, — two things on which he knew he dared not count.

His first idea was to address the executioner, and make him understand that he could take no orders but his own, having been sent from Paris with the express injunction to obey him implicitly. But the man was as terrified as himself, and was looking about him with so haggard an eye — evidently convinced that he should be condemned to death with the man beside him — that the unhappy Goulin saw there was nothing to be expected from that quarter. Then the thought came to him to utter cries and appeals and prayers; but, as he looked about him, he saw such hard insensibility on all faces that he shook his head and answered to his own thought: —

“No, no, no; it is useless!”

Thus they reached the base of the hill. There a halt was made. The Chouans took off their borrowed uniforms and put on their own clothes, — the jacket, breeches, and gaiters of Breton peasants. A crowd of inquisitive strangers had already collected. The notices had proved attractive. From a circuit of twelve miles round the people came. Every one knew what François Goulin was; he was called by no other name in all La Vendée but Goulin the Drowner.

Curiosity was divided between him and his guillotine. The instrument was utterly unknown at this extremity of France, which touches Finisterre (*Finis terræ*, Land's end). Men and women asked each other how it was worked; where the victim was placed; how the knife would fall. Some, who did not know that he was the hero of the occasion, addressed themselves to Goulin and asked for information. One man said to him:—

“Do you think they die as soon as their heads are cut off? I don't. When I chop the neck of a duck or a goose it lives for fifteen minutes longer, at the least.”

And Goulin, who did not know himself how this might be, writhed in his cords and rolled to the executioner, saying:—

“Did n't you tell me once that the heads you cut off gnawed the basket?”

But the man, brutalized by fear, answered only by vague exclamations, which showed the dreadful preoccupation of mind that allowed them to escape him.

After a halt of fifteen minutes, which allowed the Chouans to get into their own clothes, the procession again started; and presently there was seen, on the left, the entire population hurrying forward to take part in the execution. It was a curious sight to see these men, who the night before were in danger from that fatal instrument, and who now looked with terror at the man who had so lately wielded it; it was a curious sight to see that instrument now about—like the horses of Diomedæ, feeding on human flesh—to seize its master and devour him.

In the midst of this multitude a black mass moved along, preceded by a man bearing a stick, from the end of which floated a white handkerchief. These were the Republicans, who were profiting by the safe-conduct offered by Cadoudal, and who came, preceded by that banner of peace, to add the silence of their contempt to the wrath of a populace which, having nothing to lose, respected nothing.

Cadoudal ordered a halt. Then he courteously saluted the Blues, to whom the night before he was dealing death, and receiving it from them.

“Come, messieurs,” he said; “the spectacle is worthy of being seen by men of all parties. Cut-throats, drowners, murderers have no flag, or, if they have one, it is black, — the flag of death. Come! neither you nor I march under that banner; come!”

And he resumed his march in the midst of the Republican soldiers, placing as much confidence in them as they had placed in him.

XXVII.

THE EXECUTION.

ANY one standing in the village of Moutiers looking to the left, and seeing the strange procession which now came slowly up the hill, would have found some difficulty in explaining to himself what this strange mixture of men afoot and on horseback — Whites in the costume consecrated by Charette, Cathelineau, and Cadoudal; Blues in the Republican uniform; women, children, peasants, and that strange and mysterious instrument rolling amid the human flood which was tossing like the waves of Ocean — might be. He would, we say, have been unable to explain the scene, had he not been informed of the coming event by Coster de Saint-Victor's invitations.

At first these notices were thought to be one of those gasconading jokes which were common at that period; and many rushed to the show, not to see the promised execution, — they dared not hope for that, — but to hear the explanation of the promise.

The rendezvous was at Moutiers, and all the peasants of the surrounding country assembled in the market-place of the village at eight o'clock. Suddenly the news came that the procession was approaching, swelled at every step by the crowds who joined it. The men in the village began to run to the designated spot, and half-way up the rise they saw the Vendéan leaders, who rode in the advance, each bearing in his hand a green branch, as in the ancient days of expiatory sacrifices.

The crowd collected at Moutiers poured to the highway; then like two tides that flowed to meet each other, these

streams of men came together with a shock, and mingled their waves. For an instant there was trouble and a tussle; each man wanted to reach the truck which bore the scaffold, and the carriage which held Goulin, the executioner, and his helper. But as all were animated with one mind, and their enthusiasm was even greater than their curiosity, those who had already seen the sight thought it only fair to make way for those who had not.

The farther the procession went, the paler Goulin became, for he knew they were marching to an end which soon must come; besides, he had read on the notice laid before his eyes that Moutiers was the place of execution, and he felt sure that the village he saw before him must be Moutiers. He rolled his haggard eyes upon the crowd that pressed about him, unable to understand that mingling of Republicans with Chouans. The night before they had met in mortal combat, and now they were pressing together amicably to form his escort. Every now and then he closed his eyes, trying, no doubt, to make himself believe he dreamed. When he did so, he must have felt, from the roaring of the crowd and the swaying of the carriage, as though he were in a ship tempest-tossed upon an ocean. Then he raised his arms, which he had managed to disengage from the sort of winding-sheet that swathed him, and beat the air like one insane. He struggled to his feet, striving to cry out, and perhaps he did cry; but the sound of his voice was smothered in the tumult, and he fell helplessly back into the seat between his two companions.

At last they reached the table-ground of Moutiers, and the word was given: "Halt!"

The end had come.

More than ten thousand persons were there assembled. The trees were alive with spectators; the roofs of the nearest houses swarmed with them. A few men on horseback, and one woman, also on horseback, with her arm in a sling, rose above the heads of the crowd. The men were Cadoudal, Saint-Victor, and the Chouan leaders. The

woman was Diana de Fargas, who, to familiarize herself with the emotions of battlefields, had come in search of the most exciting of all emotions, — that communicated to spectators by death on the scaffold.

When the whole procession had come to a standstill, and every one had taken the place he intended to keep during the execution, Cadoudal raised his hand, and made a sign that he wished to speak.

All were silent; even the breath seemed stilled in their bosoms. A solemn hush was felt; and Goulin's eyes fixed themselves on Cadoudal, whose name and importance were unknown to him. Although he was the man he had come so far to seek, fate willed that at their first encounter the victim he had sought was to be his judge, and he, the executioner, the victim, — if indeed a murderer, no matter what his death may be, can rightly be termed a victim.

Cadoudal, as we have said, made a sign that he wished to speak.

“Citizens,” he said, addressing the Republicans, “I give you the title you give yourselves. Brothers,” he continued, turning to the Chouans, “I give you the title under which God takes you to his bosom. Your meeting in one body here to-day, the purpose for which you have come together, proves that each side is convinced that this man deserves the punishment he is now to undergo. And yet, Republicans, you who will some day, I trust, be again our brothers, you do not know this man as we know him. One day, it was early in 1793, my father and I were returning from Nantes, whither we had carried flour, — there was then a famine in the town. It was scarcely daylight. Carrier, the infamous Carrier, had not yet arrived at Nantes; therefore I render unto Cæsar that which is Cæsar's, and to Goulin that which is Goulin's.

“IT WAS GOULIN WHO INVENTED THE DROWNINGS.

“We walked our horses, my father and I, along the banks of the Loire. We saw a boat, on which they were dragging priests. One man forced them on board, two by

two, counting them as he did so. He counted ninety-six. These priests were lashed together in couples. As soon as they embarked they disappeared, being taken to the hold. The boat left the shore; it moved to the middle of the river. The man stood in the bows with an oar.

"My father stopped his horse, and said to me, 'Let us wait and watch; something infamous will happen.' He was right. The boat had a movable bottom. When it reached the middle of the Loire, the bottom opened, and the wretched men in the hold were dropped into the water. As, one by one, their heads appeared upon the surface, the man and a few companions struck those heads, already crowned by martyrdom, and broke them with their oars.

"That man whom you see before you did that cruel deed.

"Two of the martyrs floated too far for his oar to reach them. They neared the shore; they found a foothold on a sand-bank. 'Quick!' cried my father; 'we'll save those two.' We jumped off our horses, and slid down the slope to the shore.' We ran to them, knife in hand. They thought we were murderers and tried to escape; but we cried to them, 'Come, come, men of God! our knives are to cut your bonds, and not to strike you.' Then they came. In an instant their hands were free. Our horses were there; we took the priests behind us, and galloped off.

"They were the Abbés Briançon and Lacombe. We took them in safety to the forests of the Morbihan. One died of fatigue and exhaustion. That was the Abbé Briançon. The other —"

Cadoudal paused, and pointed with his finger to a priest, who tried to hide himself in the crowd.

"The other bore up bravely; the other serves the Lord our God with prayer, as we are serving him in arms. There is that other, the Abbé Lacombe; behold him!

"From that time," continued Cadoudal, now pointing to Goulin, "that man, ever the same, presided at the drown-

ings. Through all the tortures inflicted at Nantes, he was Carrier's right arm. When Carrier was tried and condemned to death, François Goulin was tried with him; but he claimed before his judges that he was only an instrument, not daring, under fear of death, to disobey the orders that were given to him. But I am the possessor of a letter in his own handwriting."

Cadoudal drew a paper from his pocket.

"I wished to send this paper to his judges to enlighten them. It is a letter written by him to his colleague Perdraux, pointing out his method of proceeding. It is his condemnation.

"Listen, you men of the battlefield, and tell me if ever a bulletin of war has sent such a shudder through your veins."

Cadoudal read, in a loud voice, resounding through that solemn silence, the following letter:—

CITIZEN,—Inspired by patriotism, you ask me how I perform my republican marriages.

When I give a bath I strip the men and women, I search their clothes for money and jewels, and put them into a big hamper. Then I fasten a man and a woman together by the wrists, face to face, I bring them to the Loire, and put them, two and two, upon my boat. Two men push them behind, and pitch them head foremost into the water; if they try to save themselves, we have strong sticks to knock them on the head.

That is what we call our civic marriage.

FRANÇOIS GOULIN.

"Shall I tell you," continued Cadoudal, "what prevented me from sending that letter to the judge? The mercy of that worthy priest, the Abbé Lacombe. 'If God,' he said to me, 'has granted him this escape, it is to call him to repentance.'

"Has he repented? You know how he has repented. After drowning fifteen hundred persons, he seized the moment when the Terror was renewed to beg the favor of being sent once more to this very region, of which he was

the curse, to begin another course of executions. Had he repented, I, too, would have forgiven him; but since he returns, like the dog in the Bible to his vomit, since God has suffered him to fall into my hands after escaping those of the Revolutionary tribunal, it is that God now wills his death."

A moment's silence followed these last words. Then the guilty man was seen to rise in the carriage, and a choking voice cried out:—

"Mercy! mercy!"

"So be it," said Cadoudal. "Since you are on your feet, look about you. Ten thousand men are here to see you die. If among that ten thousand one voice alone is heard to cry out 'Mercy!' mercy shall be shown to you."

"Mercy!" cried the Abbé Lacombe, stretching forth his arms.

Cadoudal rose in his stirrups.

"You alone among us all, father," he said, "have no right to again ask mercy for that man. It was granted to you the day you hindered me from sending that letter to his judges. Help him to die; that is all I can grant to you."

Then, in a voice which was heard by every person present, he said again:—

"Is there any one among you who asks for mercy to that man?"

Not a voice replied. Cadoudal turned to François Goulin.

"You have five minutes in which to make your peace with God," he said. "Nothing less than a miracle can save you now. Father," he added, addressing the Abbé Lacombe, "you may, if you choose, give your arm to that man, and go with him to the scaffold. Executioner, do your duty."

The executioner, seeing that there was no question of punishment for him, and that he was there only to fulfil his ordinary office, rose and laid his hand on François Goulin's shoulder, in sign that he belonged to him.

The Abbé Lacombe approached the guilty man. But the latter pushed him away. Then began a frightful struggle between the man, who would neither pray nor die, and his two executioners. In spite of his cries, his blasphemies, his attempts to bite, the chief executioner took him in his arms as he would a child, and carried him, while the assistant arranged the knife, from the carriage to the platform of the guillotine.

The Abbé Lacombe was already there. He hoped to the last, but all in vain; he could not even place the crucifix to the lips of the guilty man. Then on that dreadful stage an unimaginable scene occurred. The executioner and his helper succeeded at last in forcing the man's body upon the fatal plank. The plank tilted; then something passed like a flash, — it was the knife. A dull sound followed, — it was the head, as it fell into the basket.

A deep silence followed. Then, in the midst of it, Cadoudal's voice was heard, saying:—

“God's justice has been done.”

XXVIII.

THE SEVENTH FRUCTIDOR.

LET us now leave Cadoudal (who, together with Pichegru, was the last remaining hope of the Bourbons in France), to continue his desperate struggle with the Republicans, sometimes victorious, sometimes vanquished. We will ourselves turn our eyes to Paris and pause at the Luxembourg, — that monument of Marie de Médicis, where the citizen Directors of the Republic had, as we have already stated, their apartments.

Barras had received the message sent to him by Bonaparte, through Augereau.

The evening before Augereau's departure from the Army of Italy, the young commander-in-chief, choosing the anniversary of the 14th of July (which answers to the 26th Messidor), gave a fête to the army, and committed to writing the addresses in which the soldiers of the Army of Italy declared their attachment to the Republic, and their devotion, unto death, if need be, to her cause.

On the wide, open space before the cathedral of Milan a pyramid was erected, of trophies, cannon, and flags taken from the enemy. This pyramid bore the names of all the soldiers and officers killed or dead during the campaign in Italy. Every Frenchman in Milan was invited to the fête, and more than twenty thousand men presented arms to these glorious trophies and to the names immortal of the dead.

While those twenty thousand men formed in square, and thus saluted their brethren stretched on the battlefields of Arcola, Castiglione, and Rivoli, Bonaparte, with head un-

covered, and his right arm stretched toward the pyramid, said:—

“Soldiers! this is the anniversary of the 14th of July. You see before you the names of your companions in arms, dead on the field of honor for liberty and their country. They have set you an example. You owe yourselves, body and soul, to the Republic, to the happiness of thirty millions of Frenchmen, to the glory of the name of France, which has just received fresh lustre from your victories.

“Soldiers! I know that you are deeply affected by all evils that threaten your country. But no real evil can harm our country. The same men who have caused her triumph over Allied Europe are here. Mountains only separate us from France. You will cross them with the rapidity of the flight of eagles, if it becomes necessary to maintain the Constitution, defend Liberty, and protect the Republic.

“Soldiers! the government is watchful of the trust confided to it; the royalists, when once they show their heads, will die. Feel no uneasiness; but let us swear, here, by the names of the heroes who have died beside us in defence of liberty, let us swear on those banners before you, implacable, relentless war to the enemies of the Republic and of the Constitution of the year III.”

After this there was a banquet, and toasts were given. Bonaparte gave the first:—

“To the brave Stengel, La Harpe, and Dubois, dead on the field of honor. May their spirits watch around us and protect us from the wiles of the enemy!”

Masséna offered a toast to the re-emigration of the *émigrés*.

Augereau, who was to leave the next day armed with full powers from Bonaparte, cried out, as he raised his glass:—

“To the union of all Republican Frenchmen! To the destruction of the Clichy club! Let traitors tremble! There is but one step from the Adige and the Rhine to

the Seine. Let them tremble, I say! their iniquities are reckoned up, and the payment is at the points of our bayonets!"

At the last words of this toast the drums beat, and the trumpets sounded the charge. Every man ran to his gun, as if he expected to start for Paris at that very moment, and it was only with great difficulty that they were induced to return to the feast.

The Directory saw the arrival of Bonaparte's messenger with very contradictory sentiments.

Augereau was acceptable to Barras. Barras — always ready to mount a horse and call to his aid the Jacobins and the people of the faubourgs — Barras welcomed Augereau as the man of the situation.

But Rewbell and La Revellière, cool-headed and calm by nature, would greatly have preferred a general as calm and judicious as themselves. As to Barthélemy and Carnot, it is unnecessary to say that Augereau did not please them under any aspect.

In fact, Augereau, such as we know him, was a dangerous auxiliary. A brave man, an excellent soldier, intrepid at heart, but boastful and gasconading, he showed far too plainly the errand on which he had been sent. La Revellière and Rewbell, however, managed to get possession of him, and tried to make him see that the Republic could be saved by one energetic stroke, and without loss of blood. Hoping to keep him quiet, they gave him the command of the seventeenth military division, which included Paris.

It was now the 16th Fructidor.

The relations of the various parties were so strained that every one hourly expected a *coup d'État*, either from the two Councils or from the Directors. Pichegru was the natural head of the royalist movement. If he were to take the initiative all the royalists would rally to him.

The book we are now writing is far from being a novel;

in fact, it is not enough of a novel for certain readers. We have already said that it is written to run side by side with history. Just as we were the first to bring the events of the 13th Vendémiaire and the part that Bonaparte played in it to the light of day, so we now propose to show, at the epoch we have reached, the facts relating to Pichegru, who has been too much calumniated.

Pichegru, after his refusal of the Prince de Condé's proposals, — a refusal we have already explained, — entered into a direct correspondence with the Comte de Provence, who, after the death of the little dauphin, assumed the title of King Louis XVIII. Now, at the time that he sent Cadoudal his brevet as lieutenant of the king, together with the order of Saint-Louis, Louis XVIII. rightly appreciating the disinterestedness of Pichegru, who had refused both honors and money, and was only furthering the Restoration for the glory of Monk, and without the duchy of Albemarle, wrote as follows to the general: —

I have long desired, monsieur, to express to you the sentiments with which you have inspired me and the esteem which I feel for you personally. I now yield to this wish of my heart, and I think it only right to tell you that for the last eighteen months I have been convinced that the honor of restoring the French monarchy is reserved for you.

I will not speak to you of the admiration I feel for your talents and for the great things you have already done. History will place you in the rank of her great generals, and posterity will confirm the judgment that all Europe forms on your victories and your virtues.

The famous captains of past ages have mostly owed their success to long experience in their profession; but you have been from the first what you have never ceased to be throughout the long course of your campaigns. You have united the *bravery* of the Maréchal de Saxe with the *disinterestedness* of M. de Turenne and the *modesty* of M. de Catinat. I may indeed assure you that you are never separated in my mind from those heroes, so glorious in our annals.

I hereby confirm, monsieur, all the powers which have been transmitted to you by M. le Prince de Condé. I place no limit upon

them, and I leave you absolutely master to do, or not to do, whatever you may think most judicious for my service, provided such action be compatible with the dignity of my crown and conducive to the welfare of the State.

You know, monsieur, my sentiments for you; they will not change.

LOUIS.

A second letter followed the first. Both give an exact measure of Louis XVIII.'s feelings and opinions as to Pichegru; and they ought to influence, not only the opinion of contemporaries, but also that of posterity.

You are aware, monsieur, of the unfortunate events which are taking place in Italy. The necessity of sending thirty thousand men in that direction obliges us to postpone indefinitely our crossing of the Rhine. Your attachment to my person will enable you to judge of the degree of disappointment which I feel at this unhappy mischance, and more especially at a moment when I saw the gates of my kingdom opening before me. On the other hand, these disasters only increase, if possible, the confidence with which you have inspired me. I am convinced that you will one day restore the French monarchy, and, whether the war continues, or whether peace shall come in the course of this summer, it is upon you that I rely for the success of that great event. I place in your hands, monsieur, all the plenitude of my power, and my rights. Make such use of them as you think necessary for my service.

If the invaluable connections which you have in Paris and also in the provinces, if your talents, and above all, your character, could allow me to expect any event which should force you to leave the kingdom, you will find your place always ready for you, either with the Prince de Condé, or with me. In writing thus, it is my desire to prove to you my esteem, and my attachment.

LOUIS.

Thus, on one side, Augereau was pressing the Directors with Bonaparte's letters; on the other Pichegru, the president of the Council, was being pressed by those of Louis XVIII.

The news that Augereau was appointed to the command

of the seventeenth military division — that is to say, to the command of the forces in Paris — showed the royalists that they had no time to lose. Consequently, Pichegru, Villot, Barbé-Marbois, Dumas, Murinais, Delarue, Rovère, Aubry, Laffon-Ladébat, in fact, all the chief royalist leaders, assembled to deliberate on the situation at the house of Adjutant-general Ramel, commanding the Guard of the Legislative body.

Ramel was a brave soldier, adjutant-general to the Army of the Rhine under General Desaix, when, in 1797, he received orders from the Directory to return to Paris and take command of the Legislative Guard. This guard was composed of a battalion of six hundred men, most of whom had been the grenadiers of the Convention, — men whom we saw on the 13th Vendémiaire bravely marching to the attack under the command of General Bonaparte.

At this meeting the situation was clearly explained by Pichegru. Ramel was devoted, heart and soul, to the two Councils, and ready to obey any orders given to him by their presidents.

Pichegru proposed to put himself that very night at the head of two hundred men, arrest the Directors Barras, Rewbell, and La Revellière-Lepeaux, and arraign them the following day. Unhappily, it had been agreed that all questions should be carried by a majority. The temporizers opposed Pichegru's proposal.

"The Constitution will suffice to protect us," cried Lacuée.

"The Constitution can do nothing against cannon, and they will use cannon in reply to our decrees," replied Villot.

"The soldiers are not with them," persisted Lacuée.

"Soldiers are with those who command them," said Pichegru. "If you will not act, you are lost. As for me," he added sadly, "I have long made a sacrifice of my life. I am weary of these debates which lead to nothing. When you have need of me, come to me."

So saying, he retired.

At the very moment when Pichegru, discouraged, was leaving Ramel's house, a post-chaise stopped at the gate of the Luxembourg, and a servant soon after ushered into Barras's presence the citizen General Moreau.

XXIX.

JEAN-VICTOR MOREAU.

At this period of his life Moreau was a man of thirty-seven years of age. Hoche and he were the only real rivals of Bonaparte, if not in success, at least in fame. About this time it was that he joined an association which afterwards became a conspiracy. This association, called the Philadelphians, established in 1797, was not stifled until after Wagram, in 1809, on the death of Colonel Oudet, its president. Moreau's name in the society was Fabius, that of the famous Roman general who won his victory over Hannibal by temporizing. Moreau was also "the temporizer."

Unhappily, this temporizing tendency was not, with him, the result of deliberation but an effect of character. Moreau was utterly without firmness in his political views, and without determination in matters of will. Gifted with more instinctive energy, he might have influenced the destinies of France, and made himself a career that would have rivalled the noblest lives in ancient or modern history.

Moreau was born at Morlaix, in Brittany. His father was a distinguished lawyer; his family were respected, and were neither rich nor poor. At eighteen years of age he was attracted to a military career and enlisted. His father, anxious to make him a lawyer like himself, bought his discharge and sent him to Rennes to study law. Here he acquired a certain influence over his comrades, — an influence due to his undoubted moral superiority. Inferior

in intelligence to Bonaparte, inferior in spontaneity to Hoche, he was easily superior to many others.

When the premonitory troubles of the Revolution broke out in Brittany, Moreau sided with the Parliamentary party against the court, and carried with him the whole body of his fellow-students. Hence arose between Moreau, whom his comrades nicknamed the Parliamentary general, and the commandant of Rennes a feud in which the old soldier did not always have the advantage. It ended in the Commandant issuing orders for Moreau's arrest. Moreau, the basis of whose genius was prudence, found a way of evading pursuit, at the same time showing himself first in one place and then in another, so that all parties were well convinced that the soul of the Parliamentary opposition had not deserted the old capital of Armorica.

But later, finding that the Parliament he was defending was opposed to the convocation of the States-general, and believing that convocation necessary for the future happiness of France, he changed sides (while still maintaining his opinions), supported the convocation, and appeared at the head of the various troops which began thenceforth to organize themselves in Brittany. He was the leader of the Breton youths who assembled at Pontivy, when the attorney-general of the department, wishing to utilize a capacity which thus revealed itself, appointed him commander of the 1st battalion of volunteers from Ille-et-Vilaine.

Here is what Moreau himself says of his early career: "I was bound to the study of the law at the beginning of that Revolution which laid the foundation for the freedom of the French people. It changed the destination of my life. I vowed myself to arms. I did not enlist among the soldiers of liberty out of ambition; I entered the military profession out of respect for the nation's rights. I became a man of war because I was a citizen."

Moreau owed to his calm and rather lymphatic tempera-

ment, a wonderful sureness of eye and a coolness in danger which were amazing in a young man. At this early period of the Revolution, when men of parts were lacking (they were soon to flock in, in crowds), his fine qualities, though somewhat negative, won for Moreau the rank of general of brigade in the army of which Pichegru was then commander-in-chief.

Pichegru, a man of genius, appreciated Moreau, and conferred upon him, in 1794, the rank of general of division. From that moment he had under his orders a corps of twenty-five thousand men, and he was more particularly intrusted with the conduct of sieges. In the brilliant campaign of 1794, which subjected Holland to France, Moreau commanded the right wing of our army. The conquest of Holland was thought impossible by all strategists, Holland being, as we know, on a level lower than the sea, — conquered from the sea, as it were, — and capable of being flooded at will.

The Dutch did actually risk this semi-suicide. They cut the dykes which held back the waters of the sea, hoping to avoid invasion by inundating their provinces. But, all of a sudden, a cold hitherto unknown in those regions, a cold of fifteen degrees Centigrade, — such a cold as comes in Europe only once in a century, — set in, and froze the canals and rivers.

Then, with an audacity which belongs to Frenchmen only, our armies marched on the frozen surface of the abyss. First the infantry risked the passage; then the cavalry; then the light batteries; and at last, as the ice proved able to bear the unusual weight, the heavy artillery, with its siege guns, was drawn across that temporary sea. Ice was the battlefield, as terra firma in other times. The British were attacked and driven back at the point of the bayonet; the Austrian batteries were carried; the very precaution which was expected by the Dutch to save Holland, lost her. Cold, destined later to be the mortal enemy of the Empire, was now the faithful ally of the Republic.

There was nothing, therefore, to prevent the invasion of the United-Provinces. The ramparts no longer protected the towns, for the ice was on the level of the ramparts. Arnheim, Amsterdam, Rotterdam, the Hague were taken. The conquest of Overyssel, Groningen, and Friesland delivered all Holland into our hands.

The Stadtholder's fleet, caught in the ice, lay in the straits of Texel. Moreau drew his cannon over the sea, and replied to the broadsides of ships as if to a fortress. He sent a regiment of hussars to board them, and — amazing, unheard-of thing in the history of peoples and of navies — a fleet is captured by a regiment of light cavalry!

These were the facts that magnified Pichegru and Moreau into heroes, leaving to each, however, his rightful place, Moreau still being merely the able lieutenant of a man of genius. That was the state of things when Pichegru was appointed to the command of the Army of the Rhine and Moselle, and Moreau to the command of the Army of the North.

Before long, as we have already seen, Pichegru was suspected and recalled to Paris, and Moreau took his place as commander-in-chief of the Army of the Rhine and Moselle.

At the opening of the campaign, a *fourgon*, forming part of the equipment of the Austrian general Klinglin, had been captured by the light-horse cavalry. In a coffer which was brought to Moreau was the whole correspondence between Fauche-Borel and the Prince de Condé. This correspondence reported, among other things, the interviews of Fauche-Borel, under the guise of Fenouillot, commercial traveller in wines, with Pichegru.

Here is a point on which every one has a right to judge of Moreau's conduct according to his own fashion and conscience.

Moreau, the friend of Pichegru, a man under deep obligations to Pichegru, and Pichegru's lieutenant, — should he have taken cognizance only of the contents of the coffer

and sent them to his former general and bade him take warning; or was he bound, placing the interests of his country before the dictates of his heart, stoicism before friendship, to have done what he did, — namely, employ six months in deciphering these letters, which were written in cipher? And ought he (suspicions justified, but culpability not proved, remember), ought he to have waited till the tempest was gathering about Pichegru's head and then have hurried to Paris and knocked at Barras's door to say:—

“Here I am, and with me a thunderbolt!”

It was that which brought Moreau to the gate of the Luxembourg, as Pichegru was leaving the consultation of his friends; it was these proofs, not of treachery, but of negotiation, enabling the Directory to get rid of Pichegru by accusing him, which Moreau now delivered to Barras.

Barras passed two hours *tête-à-tête* with Moreau, assuring himself that he really held weapons against his enemy which were all the more deadly because they were poisoned. When he was thoroughly convinced that he had grounds, if not for a condemnation, at least for a trial, he rang the bell. An usher entered.

“Fetch the minister of police and my colleagues Rewbell and La Revellière-Lepeaux,” he said. Then looking at his watch, he added, “Ten o'clock; we have six hours before us.” Stretching his hand out to Moreau, he said significantly, “Citizen general, you have come just in time; we shall owe you something for this.”

Moreau begged permission to retire. It was granted; the general would have embarrassed Barras as much as Barras embarrassed Moreau in what was to follow.

The three Directors were in session till two in the morning. The minister of police hastened to them, and they sent successively for Augereau and Merlin (of Douai). Then, about one in the morning, the following address was sent to the government printing-press:—

The Directory, attacked toward two in the morning by the troops of the two Councils under command of Adjutant-general Ramel, has been compelled to repulse force by force.

After a combat of one hour's duration the troops of the two Councils were defeated and victory remains with the government.

More than one hundred prisoners are in the hands of the Directory. A list of their names will be published to-morrow, together with all the details of this conspiracy and its attempt to overthrow the established government.

18th Fructidor, 4 A. M.

This curious document was signed by Barras, Rewbell, and La Revellière-Lepeaux. Sothin, the minister of police, suggested it, and it was he who wrote it down.

"Nobody will believe it," said Barras.

"They'll believe it to-morrow," said Sothin; "and that's all we need. Never mind whether they believe it the day after or not; the trick will be played and the game won."

The Directors separated, giving orders to arrest, first of all, their colleagues Carnot and Barthélemy.

XXX.

THE EIGHTEENTH FRUCTIDOR.

WHILE the minister of police was drawing up the manifesto and sending it to be printed on posters for the walls of Paris, proposing at the same time to shoot Carnot, the fourth Director, and forty-two of the deputies; while the appointment of Barthélemy, the fifth Director, was annulled, and his place promised to Augereau if, by the evening of the next day, the three other Directors were satisfied with him, two men were tranquilly playing backgammon in a corner of the palace of the Luxembourg.

One of these men, the younger of the two by about three years, had begun life as an officer of engineers and had published essays on mathematics, which had earned him admittance to various learned societies. He had, besides, composed a eulogy on Vauban, which was crowned by the academy of Dijon. He was a captain of engineers at the outbreak of the Revolution, and had already received the order of Saint-Louis. In 1791 he was elected deputy to the Legislative Assembly, by the department of the Pas-de-Calais. There his first speech was aimed against the princes who had emigrated to Coblenz, against the Marquis de Mirabeau, the Cardinal de Rohan, and M. de Calonne, who were then intriguing with foreign kings to induce them to make war upon France. He proposed to substitute for all titled officers and those of the army who had emigrated the subaltern officers and sergeants. In 1792 he demanded the demolition of all the bastilles within the borders of France, and presented measures aiming to do away with the passive obedience exacted from officers

and soldiers. At the time when the Revolution was in danger from foreign nations, he proposed the manufacture of three hundred thousand pikes with which to arm the people of Paris. Elected deputy to the National Convention he voted the death of the king without blinking. He united the principality of Monaco and part of Belgium to France.

Sent as commissioner to the Army of the North in 1793, he degraded General Gratien on the battlefield of Wattignies for retiring before the enemy, placed himself at the head of the French column, and retook the lost ground. Appointed in August of the same year a member of the Committee of Public Safety, he displayed immense ability, now become proverbial, in organizing fourteen armies, and in forming plans of campaign, not only for each army, but for the general field of their united operations. It was then that he obtained for our armies those astounding victories which succeeded each other in rapid succession, from the retaking of Toulon to the surrender of the Quadrilateral.

This man was Lazare-Nicolas-Marguerite Carnot, the fourth Director, who, not being able to agree with his brother Directors, Barras, Rewbell, and La Revellière-Lepeaux, had just been doomed to death by them as a man too dangerous to be allowed to live.

His partner at backgammon, whose nonchalance in shaking the dice was equalled only by Carnot's energy, was the Marquis François Barthélemy, the last of the Directors, who had no distinctive merit whatever, except that of being the nephew of the Abbé Barthélemy, the author of the "Voyage du jeune Anarcharsis." Minister of France to Switzerland during the Revolution, he had concluded at Basle, two years earlier, the treaties of peace with Prussia and Spain, which put an end to the first coalition. He was appointed Director on account of his well-known moderantism; and it was this very moderantism which led his colleagues to exclude him, and to resolve on his incarceration.

It was one in the morning when Carnot, with a bold stroke, ended their sixth game of backgammon. The friends parted with a shake of the hand.

“Au revoir,” said Carnot.

“Au revoir?” remarked Barthélemy, “are you so sure of that, my dear colleague? As things are now, I never go to bed certain of seeing my friends on the morrow.”

“What the devil are you afraid of?” asked Carnot.

“Hu! hu!” exclaimed Barthélemy; “a dagger-thrust is soon given.”

“Pooh!” said Carnot, “make yourself easy; it is not you they want to assassinate, it is I. You are too good a fellow; they are not afraid of you. They’ll treat you like a *roi fainéant*, depose you, and shut you up in a cloister.”

“If you fear that,” said Barthélemy, “why do you let yourself be conquered instead of conquering them. For you know very well, from the proposals that have been made to us, we should have no difficulty in overthrowing our three colleagues.”

“My dear fellow,” said Carnot, “you don’t see beyond your nose, which, unluckily, is not as long as that of your uncle. Who are the men that made us those proposals? Royalists. Now, do you suppose the royalists will ever forgive me for what I have done against them? I have only a choice of deaths, — with the royalists, hanged for a regicide; with the Directors, assassinated as a royalist. I prefer assassination.”

“And yet, with those ideas in your mind,” said Barthélemy, “you sleep in your own house.”

“Where else should I sleep?”

“Anywhere; somewhere in safety.”

“I am a fatalist; if a dagger is to find me, it will find me. Good-night, Barthélemy. I have my conscience clear. I voted the death of the king, but I saved France. It is for France to watch over me.”

So saying, Carnot walked away to his own home and went to bed as tranquilly as usual.

But he was not mistaken; orders had been given to a German to arrest him, and at the slightest resistance, to shoot him. At three in the morning the German and his myrmidons were at the door of the house where Carnot lived with his younger brother. Carnot's servant, seeing the men and hearing their leader ask in bad French where citizen Carnot's apartment was, conducted them to the room of the younger brother, who having nothing to fear on his own account, left the policemen in their error.

The valet then ran to warn his master. Carnot, half-naked, escaped through a gate into the garden of the Luxembourg, of which he had a key. Then the servant returned to the other brother, who, on seeing him, knew that his brother had escaped, and therefore allowed his captors to discover the truth. The men were furious; they searched Carnot's apartment, but found no trace of him except an empty bed still warm.

Once out of the gardens of the Luxembourg, the fugitive scarcely knew which way to go. He went first to a furnished lodging-house in the rue d'Enfer, but was told there was not a single room vacant. He started again, searching for a place at random, when all of a sudden, the sound of cannon startled him. At the sound, several doors and windows opened. What would become of him, if seen half-naked? He could not avoid being arrested by the first patrol that came along, and on all sides it was apparent that the troops were converging toward the Luxembourg. At the corner of the rue de la Vieille-Comédie a patrol appeared. Just then a porter opened a door, and Carnot rushed within it. Fortunately, the man happened to be kindly and kept him hidden until he had time to obtain a better shelter.

As for Barthélemy, though Barras had given him two hints in the course of the day as to the fate that awaited him, he took no precautions. An hour after leaving Carnot

he was arrested in his bed. He did not even ask to see the warrant of arrest; and the words, "Oh, my country!" were all he said. His servant, Letellier, who had never left him for twenty years, demanded to be arrested with him. This singular favor was refused; we shall see how he obtained it later.

The two Councils had appointed a committee to sit permanently. The president of this committee was Simeon. He had not arrived when the cannon sounded the alarm. Pichegru had spent the night in the room of this committee with those of the confederates who were resolved on opposing force by force. But none of them thought the moment was so near, or that the Directory would venture on a *coup d'État*.

Several members of the committee were armed, among them Rovère and Villot, and when they learned that the building was surrounded they proposed to fight their way out, pistol in hand. But Pichegru opposed this.

"Our other colleagues are not armed," he said. "They would be massacred by those wretches who only need a pretext. We must not abandon them."

At the same moment the door of the committee-room opened, and a member of the Councils, named Delarue, rushed in.

"Ah! my dear Delarue," cried Pichegru, "what the devil are you doing here? We shall all be arrested."

"Well, then, we shall be together," said Delarue, quietly.

In fact, Delarue, determined to share the fate of his colleagues, had forced the guard three times in order to get to the committee. Friends had gone to his house to warn him of his danger, but he refused to fly, which he might easily have done. After kissing his wife and children without awakening them, he had come, as we have said, to join his colleagues.

We have told, in the preceding chapter, how, in spite of his entreaties, Pichegru, having asked for two hundred

men to bring the Directors before the bar of the Legislative council, had been unable to obtain what he wanted. Now, all were eager to defend themselves, but it was too late.

Delarue had scarcely exchanged the few words we have recorded with Pichegru, before the door of the committee-room was burst in, and a flood of soldiers led by Augereau made an irruption into the place.

Augereau found himself beside Pichegru, and he stretched out his hand to seize him by the collar. Delarue pulled a pistol from his pocket and attempted to fire at Augereau, but as he did so a bayonet was thrust through his arm.

"I arrest you!" said Augereau, seizing Pichegru.

"Wretch!" replied Pichegru, "it is fitting that you should make yourself the minion of citizen Barras."

"Soldiers!" cried a member of the Committee, "are you so bold as to lay a hand on Pichegru, your general?"

Without replying, Augereau flung himself upon his prisoner, and with the help of four soldiers, ended, after a violent struggle, by twisting his arms and binding them behind his back.

Pichegru being arrested, the conspiracy had no longer a head, and no one attempted any resistance. General Mathieu Dumas, the same who was minister of war at Naples under Joseph Bonaparte, and who has left such curious memoirs behind him, happened to be in the committee-room at the time it was invaded. He wore the uniform of a general officer. Leaving the room through the door by which Augereau had entered he went downstairs. In the vestibule a sentinel barred the way with his bayonet.

"No one can pass out," he said.

"I know that," said the general, "inasmuch as I gave the order myself."

"Beg pardon, general," said the man, raising his musket. And Mathieu Dumas passed out without molestation.

It was also necessary for safety's sake that he should leave Paris. General Dumas took his two aides-de-camp, made them mount their horses, galloped with them to the barrier, gave his orders to the post, and started to ride round the walls and re-enter the city, he said, by another gate; instead of which he escaped.

XXXI.

THE TEMPLE.

THIS is how things happened: —

When a great event takes place, like the 13th Vendémiaire, or the 18th Fructidor, that event cuts an indelible date upon the page of history. All the world knows that date, and when the words are said, “13th Vendémiaire,” or “18th Fructidor,” each person thinks of the results of the great event to which one or other of those dates is sacred; and yet how few know the secret springs by which that event was accomplished!

For this reason, we have, above all, imposed upon ourselves the task in our historic novels — or rather, as we should call them, our histories related as tales — to tell those things that others have not told, to relate that which we know ourselves, but which, it seems, few others do know. Inasmuch as a friendly indiscretion has already told the reader the way in which we obtained the precious books and original and rare sources from which we drew the facts we have already related and are now about to relate, this is the moment to acknowledge all we owe to the kind communication of curious documents, which history has in vain sought to draw from their privacy. They have been to us a torch, guiding us through the labyrinths of the 13th Vendémiaire, and again we employ that torch to light us through those of the 18th Fructidor.

It is therefore with the certainty of telling the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, that we begin this chapter with the words, —

“This is how things happened.”

On the evening of the 17th Adjutant-general Ramel, after visiting his posts, went to take the orders of the committee of the Councils, which was, as we have said, to remain in session through the night. He had been present at the scene in his own house when Pichegru, prevented by his colleagues from taking the initiative, warned them of what would happen, and then, with his accustomed indifference, being able to flee, and escape the persecution he foresaw, did nothing and allowed himself to float on the current of his destiny.

When Pichegru had left the room the other deputies strengthened each other in their belief that the Directory would not dare to attack them, or if it did, the danger was not immediate, and need not be feared for some days yet. Ramel even heard, before he left the meeting to attend to his duties, certain of the deputies (among them Émery, Matthieu Dumas, Vaublanc, Tronçon de Coudray, and Thibaudeau) complaining of the needless fears thus communicated to the public.

The consequence was that when General Ramel, later in the evening, went to the committee for his orders, he was told to do that night as he had done on preceding nights, and would probably do on the morrow. He therefore returned to his quarters, and contented himself with making sure that his grenadiers were prepared, in case of an alarm, to spring to arms at once.

Two hours later, that is, about one in the morning, he received an order from the minister of war, to go to him immediately. He rushed first to the committee-room, where only one member, Rovère, was stationed. He found him lying down, and told him of the order he had just received, pointing out the mysterious importance of it at that hour of the night. Ramel added that he was informed of the approach of several columns of troops upon Paris.

But all these threatening signs were lost on Rovère, who declared he was perfectly easy in mind, and had several very excellent reasons for continuing so.

Ramel, on leaving the committee-room, met the commandant of cavalry, who shared with him the duty of guarding the Councils. The latter told Ramel that he had drawn in his pickets and had posted his troop beyond the bridges, also the two pieces of cannon, hitherto stationed in the great courtyard of the Tuileries.

"How could you do so," asked Ramel, "when I gave you express orders to the contrary?"

"General, it is not my fault," said the commandant. "The commander-in-chief Augereau gave these orders himself, and the cavalry were forced to obey."

Ramel turned back into the committee-room, and implored Rovère to summon his colleagues, relating all that he had just heard. But Rovère obstinately clung to his confidence and replied that these movements of the troops meant nothing; that he was already informed of them, and that several other corps would cross the bridges early in the morning for practice manœuvres. Ramel, he said, might be perfectly easy; his, Rovère's, informers could be relied on, and Ramel might safely obey the summons of the minister of war.

The fear of being separated from his troops kept Ramel from obeying. He went back to his quarters, but did not undress or lie down, and waited with his arms at hand.

At three in the morning a former *garde-du-corps* with whom he had been very intimate in the Army of the Pyrenees, named Poinçot, came to him from General Lemoine, bringing a note couched in the following terms:—

"General Lemoine summons, in the name of the Directory, the commander of the guard of the Legislative body to give passage over the drawbridge to a column of five thousand men charged with the execution of the orders of the government."

"I am astonished," said Ramel, "that an old comrade, who ought to know me, should bring me an order which I cannot obey without dishonoring myself."

“Do as you think best,” said Poinçot, “but I warn you that resistance will be useless. Eight hundred of your grenadiers are already surrounded by forty pieces of cannon.”

“I can receive no orders except from the Legislative body,” cried Ramel.

Again he rushed to the Tuileries. A cannon was fired so near him that he felt sure it was the signal for attack. On the way he met two of his officers, Ponsard and Flécharde, excellent men in whom he had the utmost confidence.

When he once more reached the committee-room, he found there Generals Pichegru and Villot. He sent orders at once to summon General Matthieu Dumas and the presidents of the Councils, Laffon-Ladébat, and Siméon; he also notified the deputies whose lodgings were nearest the Tuileries.

It was at this moment that the gate to the drawbridge was forced, and the divisions of Augereau and Lemoine formed a junction. The garden of the Tuileries was crowded with troops; a battery was brought to bear upon the windows of the hall where the Council of the Ancients held its sittings; all the avenues leading to the palace were closed; all posts were doubled and masked by superior forces.

We have already told how the door of the committee-room or hall was forced open and a flood of soldiers with Augereau at their head invaded it, and also how, not one of them daring to lay a hand on Pichegru, Augereau himself committed that sacrilege, knocking down and binding the man who had been his general. And we also said that after Pichegru was captured no further resistance was offered. Whereupon the order was given to conduct the prisoners to the Temple.

The three Directors were still in session, assisted by the minister of police, who having ordered his posters bearing the manifesto to be affixed to the walls of Paris, had returned to keep them company.

The minister of police, Sothin, advised that the prisoners should be instantly shot in the garden of the Luxembourg. Rewbell agreed with him; and the gentle La Revellière-Lepeaux, that man of peace who was always on the side of mercy, prepared to give the fatal order, saying, as Cicero said of Lentulus and Cythegus: "They have lived."

Barras alone — and this is a justice we are bound to do him — opposed the measure with all his strength, declaring that unless they put him in prison during the execution he would fling himself between the prisoners and the balls.

Finally, a deputy named Guillemardet who had made friends with the Directors by adopting their views, proposed, as he said, "to be done with it" by transporting the prisoners to Cayenne.

That amendment was voted by acclamation.

The minister of police thought he owed Barthélemy the attention of conducting him himself to the Temple. We have already said that Barthélemy's servant, Letellier, asked to follow him. The request was denied at first, then granted.

"Who is that man?" asked Augereau.

"A friend of mine," said Barthélemy; "he wishes to go with me and —"

"He won't be so ready," interrupted Augereau, "when he finds out where you are going."

"Beg pardon, citizen general," said Letellier; "wherever my master goes, I shall want to go."

"Even to the scaffold?" asked Augereau.

"Especially to the scaffold," answered the man.

By dint of prayers and entreaties, the wives of the exiled men were allowed to see them in prison. Every step those women took through the courtyards where so lately a queen of France had suffered all things was torture to them. Drunken soldiers assailed them with insults and threats.

"Ha! do you come to see those beggars?" cried one,

pointing to the prisoners. "Make haste and say good-bye to-day, for they'll be shot to-morrow."

Pichegru, as we have already said, was not married. When he came to Paris he had not been willing to transplant his poor Rose, to whom, as we remember, he sent his savings in the form of an umbrella, which was joyfully received. Having no wife of his own to visit him, he met the wives of his colleagues, and took in his arms the little son of Delarue, who was weeping.

"Why do you cry, my little man?" said Pichegru, kissing the child, with tears in his own eyes.

"Because," said the boy, "the wicked soldiers have taken away my little papa."

"You are right, my poor child," said Pichegru, looking at those who were looking at him, with a glance of contempt. "They are wicked soldiers; good soldiers are never executioners."

The same day Augereau wrote as follows to General Bonaparte:—

At last, general, my mission is accomplished, and the promises of the Army of Italy are redeemed.

The Directory had resolved on a vigorous blow, but the time for it was still uncertain, the preparations were incomplete, but the fear of being forestalled hastened the measure at the last. At midnight I sent orders to all the troops to march to the points designated. Before daylight all those points and all the principal squares were occupied by cannon; at daybreak the halls of the two Councils were surrounded, the Guards of the Directory fraternized with my troops, and the members of the Legislative body whose names I send you were arrested and taken to the Temple.

We are pursuing others.

Carnot has disappeared.

Paris is calm; astonished at a crisis which all expected would be terrible, but which has passed off like a fête.

Those robust patriots of the faubourgs are the pledge of the Republic's safety; the *black collars* are under ground.

It now depends on the wise vigor of the Directory and the patriots in the two Councils to do the rest.

The locality of the sessions has been changed; their first acts promise well. This event is a great step toward peace; it is for you to cross the distance which still separates you from Paris.

Don't forget the bill of exchange for twenty-five thousand francs. This is urgent.

AUGEREAU.

The list enclosed contained seventy-four names.

XXXII.

THE CONDEMNED MEN.

THE Temple held memories for most of those who were now conducted there which were not altogether devoid of political remorse. Some among them, having sent Louis XVI. to its cells, opened them again to send him to the scaffold. Several of the men about to be transported were regicides.

Free to move about after they were once within the walls, they now clustered around Pichegru as the most important personality in their midst. Pichegru, who had nothing to reproach himself with in regard to Louis XVI., but who, on the contrary, was now punished for the pity he had felt for the Bourbons, Pichegru, archæologist, historian, and man of letters, put himself at the head of a party who asked to be allowed to visit the apartments in the tower.

Lavilleheurnois, formerly master of petitions under Louis XVI., secretly agent of the Bourbons during the Revolution, accomplice with Brotier-Deprèle in a conspiracy against the government, was their guide.

"This was the room of the unfortunate Louis XVI.," he said, opening the door of the apartment in which the august prisoner had been confined.

Rovère, the same who had talked with Ramel and assured him there was nothing to fear in the movement of the troops, Rovère, formerly lieutenant of Jourdan Coupe-Tête, who had made a defence of the massacre of La Glacière before the legislative assembly, could not endure the sight; striking his forehead with both hands he withdrew.

Pichegru, as calm as though he were still in command of the Army of the Rhine, deciphered the inscriptions written in pencil on the woodwork and with a diamond on the window-panes. He read the following:—

“O God! pardon those who have made my parents die.”

“O my brother! watch over me from heaven.”

“May the French people be happy!”

There was no doubt as to the hand that wrote those lines; but Pichegru wished to assure himself of the truth.

Lavilleheurnois told him that he recognized the handwriting of Madame Royale; but Pichegru sent for the concierge, who assured him that it was indeed the august daughter of Louis XVI. from whose Christian heart those wishes had emanated.

“Gentlemen,” he said, “I pray you do not efface those lines. I have made a vow that so long as I am here no one shall touch them.”

“Right, my friend; you are an honest man,” said Pichegru, while Delarue wrote beneath the words, “May the French people be happy,” these other words: “Heaven will grant the prayers of the innocent.”

Isolated from the world as they were, the prisoners nevertheless had the satisfaction of receiving several proofs that they were not completely neglected. On the evening of the 18th Fructidor, as the wife of one of them was leaving the Temple, where she had been allowed to visit her husband, she was accosted by a man she did not know.

“Madame,” he said, “you belong, no doubt, to one of those unhappy men arrested this morning?”

“Alas, yes, monsieur,” she replied.

“Then permit me, whoever he may be, to make him a small advance, which he can repay in happier days.”

So saying, he put three rouleaux of louis-d’or into her hand.

An old man, whom Madame Laffon-Ladébat did not know, called upon her on the morning of the 19th Fructidor.

“Madame,” he said, “I have vowed to your husband all the respect and all the friendship he deserves. Be pleased to convey to him these fifty louis. I am distressed that I can only send at this moment this paltry sum.”

Then, seeing her hesitation, and guessing its cause, he added : —

“Madame, your delicacy need not suffer. I am only lending this money to your husband. He will return it to me some day.”

Nearly all these men, condemned to transportation to a dreadful penal colony, were fulfilling the highest offices under the Republic, either as generals or as ministers, on the 18th Fructidor, and yet, and this is worthy of remark, all of them were indigent. Pichegru, the poorest of all, on the day of the arrest, hearing that he was not to be executed but simply transported, began to trouble himself about the fate of his brother and sister, whose sole support he was.

As for poor Rose, we know that, thanks to her needle, she earned her living, and so was the richest among them. If she had known how the blow had fallen on her friend, she would assuredly have hastened from Besançon and given him her purse. That which chiefly worried this man who had saved France upon the Rhine, who had conquered Holland the richest of all provinces, who had handled millions and refused millions rather than sell himself, — and all this while, remember, they accused him of receiving a million in money and the principality of Ardois with two hundred thousand francs income, one half reversible to his wife and children, together with the château of Chambord and twelve cannon taken by him from the enemy, — what worried this man chiefly, this man who was not married and had no children, this man who had given himself for nothing when he might have sold himself for so much, was a trumpery debt of six hundred francs which he was unable to pay!

He sent for his brother and sister and said to the latter, —

“ You will find in the lodgings I occupied the coat, hat, and sword with which I conquered Holland. Put them up for sale with this inscription: *Coat, hat, and sword of Pichegru, sent to penal servitude at Cayenne.*”

His sister did as she was told, and the next day she came to comfort him and tell him that a pious hand had paid the six hundred francs for the three articles and he was clear of debt.

Barthélemy, one of the most important men of the epoch, politically speaking, for he had made with Spain and Prussia the first treaties of the new Republic, Barthélemy, who could have asked and received a million from each of those powers, owned nothing in the world but a farm which brought him in eight hundred francs a year.

Villot at the time of his transportation possessed but one thousand francs. Eight days earlier he had lent them to a man who called himself his friend and who, at the moment of his departure, found means to avoid paying them.

Laffon-Ladébat, who after the proclamation of the Republic forgot his own interests in those of his country, after having possessed an immense fortune, could scarcely get together five hundred francs when he heard of his condemnation. His children, whom he charged to liquidate his fortune and pay his debts, were penniless.

Delarue supported his old father and all his family. Rich before the Revolution, but entirely ruined by it, he owed to friendship the succor he received on departing. His father, a man of seventy, was inconsolable, and yet his grief was powerless to kill him; he lived on in the expectation of his son's release. Three months after the 18th Fructidor word was brought to him that a naval officer who had just returned to Paris had seen his son in the wilds of Guiana. He asked to see and speak with him; the family assembled to hear the tale. The officer entered the room. Delarue's father rose to meet him, but at the moment he was about to throw his arms around his neck excitement killed him and he fell dead at the

feet of him who had just said to him: "I have seen your son."

As for Tronçon du Coudray, he had lived on a salary, and was penniless after his arrest, and went into exile with two louis for his whole fortune.

Perhaps I am wrong, but it does seem to me right — inasmuch as the historians neglect this duty — that the novel-writer should follow, step by step, the revolutions and the *coups d'Etats*, and show to future ages that it is not always those to whom statues are erected who are the most worthy of honor and respect.

Augereau, having arrested these prisoners, was now charged with the duty of guarding them. He appointed as their immediate gaoler a man who, it was said, had lately left the galleys at Toulon, to which he had been sentenced by court-martial for theft, assassination, and incendiarism, committed in La Vendée.

The prisoners remained in the Temple from the morning of the 18th Fructidor till the night of the 21st Fructidor. At midnight the gaoler woke them up telling them they were to start at once and had a quarter of an hour to make ready. Pichegru, who retained his old habit of sleeping in his clothes, was ready first, and went round from room to room to hurry his companions. He was the first to go downstairs and at the foot of the tower he found the Director Barthélemy between General Augereau and Sothin, the minister of police, who had brought him to the Temple in his own carriage. Barthélemy thanked Sothin for this attention, to which the minister replied: —

"We all know what a revolution is; to-day it is your turn, to-morrow it may be mine."

Then, as Barthélemy, more anxious for the nation than he was for himself, asked if anything alarming had happened, and whether the public tranquillity was disturbed, Sothin answered: —

"No; the people have swallowed the pill; the dose was a strong one and it worked all right." Then, seeing all

the other prisoners now assembled at the foot of the tower, he added, "Gentlemen, I wish you a good journey."

Getting into his carriage he drove away.

Augereau then called the roll of the condemned men. As each name was called a guard took the prisoner through a hedge of soldiers, who insulted him as he passed. Some of these soldiers, these bastards of the gutter, always ready to kick those who fall, tried to get at the prisoners as they passed and strike their faces; some did tear their clothes and fling mud upon them.

"Why do you let them go?" they cried. "You promised us to shoot them!"

"My dear general," said Pichegru, as he passed Augereau, emphasizing the word *general*, "if you made that promise to these worthy fellows you ought to keep it."

XXXIII.

THE JOURNEY.

FOUR carriages, or rather waggons, on four wheels, forming cages closed on all sides with iron bars, against which the luckless men were thrown with every jolt, received the sixteen prisoners. They were placed four and four in these vehicles, no attention being paid to their weakness or to their wounds. Some had received sabre-cuts; others were bruised and injured either by the soldiers who arrested them or by the populace, who are always of opinion that fallen men cannot suffer enough.

To each vehicle and each group of four men, one guard was detailed, who carried the key of the padlock which fastened the barred door of the cage. General Dutertre commanded the escort, which consisted of four hundred infantry, two hundred cavalry, and two pieces of artillery. Each time that the prisoners were taken out of their cages, or put back into them, the cannon were pointed diagonally at the vehicles, one piece to sweep two cages, and the gunners stood by with lighted matches ready to fire on all those who might try to escape, and those who did not.

The 22d Fructidor (September 4, 1797), at one o'clock in the morning, the march began in dreadful weather. It crossed all Paris, starting from the Temple to the Barrière de l'Enfer and taking the road to Orléans. But instead of following the rue Saint-Jacques, the escort, after passing the bridge, turned to the right and marched the procession to the Luxembourg.

A ball was given that night by the three Directors, or rather by Barras, at which the two others were present. Barras, informed of the arrival of the procession, went out

on the balcony with his guests, pointing out to them Pichegru, three days earlier the rival of Moreau, Hoche, and Bonaparte, Barthélemy, his own colleague, Villot, Delarue, Ramel, those whom a trick of fortune or an oversight of Providence had put in his power. Amid the noisy laughter of the company, the prisoners heard Barras exhort Dutertre, Augereau's henchman, to "take good care of those gentlemen;" to which Dutertre responded:—

"Never fear, general."

We shall soon see what Barras meant by the words "Take good care of those gentlemen."

During this time the populace, issuing from the club of the Odéon, had surrounded the vehicles, and as they were denied the privilege they clamored for of tearing the prisoners to pieces, they were gratified and consoled by pots of fire being placed about the carriages, so that the crowd might look their fill at the inmates.

So, amid cries of death and shouts of rage, the four cages filed through the rue de l'Enfer and left Paris.

At two in the afternoon they had gone twenty-four miles only, and were at Arpajon. Barthélemy and Barbé-Marbois, the weakest of the prisoners, were lying on the floor, face down, apparently exhausted.

Hearing that the day's march was over, the prisoners hoped they might be taken to a suitable prison where they could get a few hours' rest. But the commander of the escort ordered them to be thrust in among thieves and criminals, watching their faces, and rejoicing in the disgust the unhappy men showed as they entered. The first carriage, however, contained Pichegru, on whose face it was impossible to read the slightest expression. He merely said, when he approached the sort of hole he was ordered to pass through:—

"If this is a stairway, light it up; if it is a pit, tell me at once."

It was a stairway with several broken stairs. Pichegru's calmness exasperated Dutertre.

“Ah! scoundrel,” he said, “do you dare to brave me? But before I’ve done with you we’ll see if I can’t put an end to your insolence.”

Pichegru, who went down first, called to his companions that there was straw to lie upon, and he thanked Dutertre for it; but — the straw was soaked, the dungeon was foul and fetid!

Barthélemy came down next. Exhausted, and feeling that he must rest instantly, he lay down in the icy water; then he half rose and raised his hands to heaven, murmuring, “My God! my God!”

Barbé-Marbois was lifted to the stairway, held up by his arms. As the mephitic odor of the dungeon reached him he drew back, saying: —

“Shoot me at once, and spare me the horror of such misery.”

But the wife of the gaoler, who was following behind him, exclaimed: —

“You are mighty particular; many better men than you don’t make such a fuss.”

So saying, she shoved him by the arm and threw him head foremost down the staircase. Villot, who came behind, heard Barbé-Marbois’s cry as he fell, and that of his two companions already below, and he seized the woman round her neck.

“By Heaven!” he cried, “I’ve a great mind to strangle her.”

“No, no,” said Pichegru, “let her be, and come down here.”

They had raised Barbé-Marbois; his face was bruised and his jaw broken. The three others called for a surgeon, but no attention was paid to them. Then they asked for water to wash his wounds, but the door was closed upon them and not opened again for two hours, when a loaf of bread and a pitcher of water was put in for their dinner.

All of them were very thirsty, but Pichegru, accustomed to privations, offered his share of the water to bathe Barbé-

Marbois's wounds. His fellow-prisoners would not allow it, and the quantity needed was taken out first from the share of all. As Barbé-Marbois could not eat, his portion of the bread was divided among the rest.

The next day, 23d Fructidor (September 5th), the march was resumed at seven in the morning, without any inquiry as to the condition of the prisoners, or any notice taken of their requests for a surgeon. By mid-day they reached Étampes. Dutertre halted in the middle of the market-place to expose the prisoners to the insults of the populace, who were allowed to surround the vehicles and improve the opportunity to howl and curse and fling mud upon men of whose crime they were wholly ignorant, but who were criminals in their eyes by the sole fact that they were prisoners. The condemned men asked to be driven on, or allowed to get out and be taken under shelter. Both requests were refused. One of the prisoners, Tronçon du Coudray, was the deputy of the department, that of the Seine-et-Oise; and this was the very district from which the inhabitants had unanimously elected him with the utmost ardor. He therefore felt all the more keenly the ingratitude and desertion of his fellow-citizens. Rising suddenly, as if in the tribune, and answering those who called him by name, —

“Yes, it is I,” he said, “I, myself, your representative. Do you recognize him in this iron cage? I am he whom you selected to support your rights. In my person those rights are violated. I am dragged to punishment without being tried, without being even accused. My crime is that of protecting your liberties, your property, your persons; it is that of endeavoring to give peace to France; in other words, to restore your children, now decimated by foreign bayonets, to your arms; my crime is to have been faithful to the Constitution we all have sworn; and to-day, in return for my zeal in serving you, behold, you make common cause with our butchers. You are cowardly wretches, unworthy to be represented by an honest man.”

He was silent. The crowd were stupefied for a moment;

silenced by that vehement address. Then they renewed their insults, which redoubled when the guards brought the prisoners their dinner, which consisted of four loaves of bread and four bottles of wine.

This pillory lasted three hours.

That night they reached Angerville, where Dutertre wished to drive the prisoners into a dungeon as he had done the night before. But an adjutant-general (curiously enough, his name was Augereau) took upon himself to lodge them in an inn, where they passed a tolerable night and where Barbé-Marbois was able to obtain a surgeon.

On the 24th Fructidor they reached Orléans early, and spent the rest of that day and the following night in an old convent, formerly that of the Ursulines. During this time the prisoners were not guarded by their escort, but by the gendarmerie, who, while strictly obeying orders, showed them the utmost humanity.

Here they recognized, in the disguise of servant-women, two women of society who had put on common clothes and passed as peasants, in order to bring them help and money. These ladies proposed to Villot and Delarue to help them to escape; they were able, they said, to release two prisoners, but not more.

Villot and Delarue refused, fearing that their escape might aggravate the sufferings of their colleagues. The names of those angels of mercy are forgotten; to have named them at that period would have been to denounce them. History now and then is filled with regrets that cause a sigh.

The next day they reached Blois. Before entering the town they encountered a crowd of boatmen, who tried to break the iron bars of the carriages and murder the men within them. But the captain in command of the cavalry, who was named Gauthier (history has preserved that name as well as that of Dutertre), made a sign to the prisoners to fear nothing. He took forty of his men and rode over and knocked down the whole mob.

But though murder was not committed, the insults were furious. The terms "villains," "regicides," "monopolists," were blindly shouted by the angry populace, through whom the procession passed to a little church, very damp, where the prisoners passed the night on the stone floor spread with a little straw.

As they entered the church the violent hustling of the crowd enabled some of the populace to get close to the prisoners, and Pichegru felt a paper slipped into his hand. As soon as the prisoners were left alone in the church he read the note which was as follows : —

GENERAL, — It only depends on you to leave the church where you now are ; mount a horse, and escape with a passport which is ready for you. If you consent, go up to the sentry who is guarding you, taking care to put your hat on your head ; that is the sign of your consent. Then hold yourself ready between midnight and two o'clock, and watch.

Pichegru walked up to the sentinel bareheaded. He who wished to save him gave him a glance of admiration, and walked away.

XXXIV.

THE EMBARKATION.

THE arrangements for the departure from Blois took so long that the prisoners began to fear they might be kept there, and that some attack upon them was meditated. They were the more convinced of this because the adjutant-general commanding the escort under Dutertre, a man named Colin, was known all over the country as having taken part in the massacres of the 2d of September, and this man, with one of his companions, named Guillet, whose reputation was no better than his own, entered the church about six in the morning.

They seemed to be excited and grumbled to each other, looking at the prisoners with malignant smiles. The municipal officer who had accompanied the prisoners from Paris seemed also to be aware of some danger. He went straight up to the two men and said firmly, before every one: —

“Why is this delay? All has been ready some time; the crowd increases; your conduct is more than suspicious. I have seen and heard you endeavoring to excite the populace, and push them to some deed of violence against the prisoners. I declare to you that if any accident happens to these men as they leave the town, I will place my testimony on the register of the Municipality, and you shall be proceeded against.”

The two villains muttered some excuse; the carriages were brought up, and the prisoners were followed out of Blois with the same imprecations and threats which had greeted them the night before on their arrival; none of

them, however, were wounded by the blows the wretches tried to give, nor by the stones they flung at them.

At Amboise the sixteen prisoners were put in so small a cell that there was no room to lie down on the straw; they were forced to remain standing or sitting. At Tours they hoped to obtain some rest, but were cruelly disappointed. The authorities of the town had just gone through a severe political crisis; they were still under the shock of terror. The prisoners were put in the Conciergerie, that is to say, the prison of the galley-slaves. When they found themselves in such company some of the prisoners asked for a separate room.

“There it is for you,” said the gaoler, pointing to a damp and fetid little dungeon.

The galley-slaves themselves showed more decency than the new magistrates of Tours. One of them, approaching the prisoners, said:—

“Gentlemen, we are sorry to see you put here; we are not fit company for such as you, but if we can do you any service in the miserable state to which we are reduced, be so good as to accept it. The dungeon they offer you is colder and much more damp than ours; we beg you to take ours, which is larger and not so damp.”

Pichegru, in the name of his companions, thanked these unhappy beings, and shaking the hand of the one who had spoken, he replied:—

“It is among you, it seems, that we must look for the hearts of men.”

It was now thirty hours since the prisoners had had anything to eat or drink; a pound of bread and a bottle of wine was given to each man; it was a feast for them.

The next day they stopped at Saint-Maure. General Dutertre, finding in that little town a mobiliary column of the National Guard made up of the peasantry, took advantage of their presence to rest his men, who could scarcely drag one foot before the other. He charged them with the duty of guarding the prisoners, whom he left to the sole

responsibility of the municipality; fortunately the town had not just passed through a crisis like that of Tours.

The worthy peasants had pity on the unfortunate prisoners; they gave them bread and wine, so that each could eat to the extent of his hunger, and drink to the extent of his thirst. Moreover, they were not so closely watched; in fact, the negligence of these good people went so far as to allow the prisoners to go out upon the road; and from the road they could see a forest which offered them a chance of escape. Ramel proposed to take it; but some refused on the ground that flight would seem to admit their guilt; others, because their escape would compromise their keepers, and bring punishment on the only men who had shown feeling for their distress.

Daylight came before they slept, for this discussion lasted nearly all night; they re-entered their cages and became once more the things of Dutertre. The convoy crossed the forest, which the night before they had looked at so eagerly. The roads were dreadful. Some of the prisoners obtained permission to walk between four of the cavalry; Barbé-Marbois, Barthélemy and Coudray, all wounded and almost dying, were unable to profit by the permission. Lying on the floor of the waggons, every jolt of the vehicles flung them against the iron bars and bruised them afresh; in spite of their stoicism they could not restrain their moans. Barthélemy was the only one who never made a sound.

At Châtellerault the unhappy men were put in a dungeon so intolerably foul that three of the prisoners fell asphyxiated on entering it. Pichegru pushed open the door as the gaolers were about to close it, and catching hold of a soldier he drew him in to the back of the dungeon. The man almost fainted, and declared when he came to that it was impossible to live in such an atmosphere. On that, the door was left open with sentries before it.

Barbé-Marbois was very ill; du Coudray, who took care of him, was sitting on the straw beside him. An unfortunate creature who had been for three years in irons, obtained

permission to go into their dungeon. He carried them fresh water, and offered his bed to Barbé-Marbois, who felt a little better after two hours' rest.

"Have patience," said the man; "you will end by getting accustomed to it. I am an example of that; I have lived three years in a dungeon like this."

At Lusignan there was no room in the prison for the sixteen prisoners. It was raining in torrents, with a cold north wind. Dutertre, who was never at a loss, ordered the horses taken out, the cages well secured, and the prisoners to be left in them all night on the market-place. The unfortunate men had been there over an hour when the mayor and the commander of the National Guard came to demand on their own responsibility that the prisoners should be lodged in the inn. They obtained this favor with difficulty.

No sooner were the prisoners settled in three rooms with sentries before the doors and windows, than they saw a courier arriving at the door of the very inn to which they had been taken. Some of the poor men more easily roused to hope than the rest thought the courier might have come with good news for them. At any rate, all were sure it was news of some importance.

It was, in fact, an order for the arrest of General Dutertre, on account of his rascality and theft committed on this journey, and for his return to Paris as a prisoner. On his person were found the eight hundred louis d'or given to him for the expenses of the journey, — expenses he had curtailed to almost nothing; the few he had incurred he had managed to saddle on the municipalities of the towns through which he passed.

The prisoners heard this news with joy. They saw the carriage drawn up to receive him, and Ramel, led by his curiosity to examine the man's countenance, opened the window to see him more distinctly. Instantly the sentry fired and a ball bruised the crossbar of the window.

Dutertre being arrested, the command of the convoy devolved upon his second in command, Colin. But Colin, as

we have said, was no better than Dutertre. The next day the mayor of Saint-Maixant, where they halted, having approached the prisoners and said, benevolently, "Gentlemen. I feel for your situation, and all good citizens share my feelings," Colin caught the mayor by the collar and threw him to two soldiers with orders to put him in prison.

But this act of brutality so incensed the inhabitants of the town, who all seemed to love the worthy man, that they rose in a mass and forced Colin to release him.

The thing that most troubled the prisoners was that they had no idea where they were going. They had heard some talk of Rochefort, but it was very vague. Deprived of all communication with their friends, they could obtain no light whatever as to their fate. At Surgères, however, it was accidentally revealed to some of them.

The mayor of that place insisted that the prisoners should be lodged in the inn, which was done. Pichegru, Aubry, and Delarue were lying on mattresses on the floor of a room in the second story, which was separated from the room below by so ill-joined a floor that they could see and hear all that went on beneath them.

The leaders of the escort, not aware that they were seen and heard, ordered supper. A naval officer joined them. Every word they said might be of importance to the prisoners, who listened attentively. The supper, long and plentiful, was gay. The privations of the prisoners paid the costs of that gayety. At midnight, the meal being eaten, the naval officer suggested that it was time to arrange for the operation.

The word "operation" excited, as we can well believe, the closest attention from the prisoners. A man who was unknown to them and who seemed to be a secretary, brought pens, ink, and paper, and began to write at Colin's dictation. The document proved to be a *procès-verbal* stating that, in conformity with the last orders of the Directory, the prisoners had been taken from their cages and put on board the "Brilliant" brigantine prepared at Rochefort for their transportation.

Pichegru, Aubry, and Delarue, though horror-struck at the contents of the document, which left no doubt as to their fate (although it was prepared and written before the event), resolved to say nothing to their companions. They thought it would be time enough for them to hear such ill-news at Rochefort.

They arrived at Rochefort on the 17th of September between three and four o'clock in the afternoon. The procession left the pavements of the town and turned to go down by the embankment, where an immense crowd of inquisitive people seemed to be awaiting it.

There was no longer any doubt, not only for those who already knew the fatal truth, but for the thirteen others who, as yet, knew nothing. They were evidently about to be embarked, launched upon the ocean, deprived of the commonest necessaries of life, and subjected to the risks of a voyage of which they knew neither the length nor the destination.

The vehicles stopped. Some hundred soldiers and sailors, dishonoring their uniform, formed themselves into two hedges, between which the prisoners passed, now almost regretting their cages. Ferocious cries assailed them:—

“Down with the tyrants! To the water! to the water with the traitors!”

One of the men rushed forward, intending, no doubt, to put the threat in execution; others crowded behind him. General Villot walked straight up to the man and said, crossing his arms:—

“Wretch! you are too cowardly to do me that service.”

A boat approached; a naval officer called the roll and, one by one, as their names were given, the prisoners were taken down to the boat. The last of them, Barbé-Marbois, seemed in such a hopeless condition that the officer declared if he were put on board he could not live two days at sea.

“What’s that to you, idiot?” said Commander Colin. “You’ll have only to give an account of his carcass.”

A quarter of an hour later the condemned men were all

on board a two-masted vessel anchored near the middle of the Charente River. This was the "Brilliant," a little vessel captured from the English. They were received by about a dozen soldiers who seemed to have been specially selected as their torturers. These men crowded the prisoners into a space between decks so narrow that only half of them could sit down, and so low that the others were unable to stand upright. They were obliged to exchange positions from time to time, though one position was hardly more endurable than the other.

An hour after their embarkation some one remembered that they must want food. Two buckets were lowered to them, — one empty, which they were told to put in a corner, the other full of half-boiled beans floating in rusty water, more disgusting than even the bucket which held them. A loaf of bread and a ration of water, the only food the prisoners could swallow, completed this filthy meal, served to men whom their fellow-citizens had lately chosen as the worthiest in the nation to represent them !

The prisoners could not touch the beans in the bucket, though they had been without food for thirty-six hours ; partly because of the disgust they felt, and partly because neither fork nor spoon was allowed them. The door being left open to give their hole a little air, they were exposed to the jeers of the soldiers, which became so coarse and offensive that Pichegru, forgetting he was no longer in command, ordered them to be silent.

"Hold your tongue yourself," said one of them. "Take care ! you are not out of our hands yet."

"How old are you ?" asked Pichegru, struck by his youth.

"Sixteen," said the soldier.

"Gentlemen," said Pichegru, turning to his friends, "if we ever return to France there's a boy we must not forget ; he's a lad of promise."

XXXV.

FRANCE, FAREWELL !

FIVE hours elapsed before the ship set sail; at last, however, it did so, and after an hour's sailing cast anchor again in the open roadstead. It was then nearly midnight.

A great uproar was now heard on deck. Among the many threats which had greeted the prisoners on arriving at Rochefort the cries, "To the water!" "Make them drink the big cup!" had come most distinctly to their ears. They had not communicated to each other their secret thought, but one and all expected to find the end of their tortures in the bed of the Charente. No doubt, thought they, the vessel is one of those with a movable bottom, ingeniously contrived by Nero for getting rid of his mother, and by Carrier to drown the royalists.

The command to lower two boats was given; an officer in a loud voice ordered every man to his post; then, after a moment's silence, the names of Pichegru and Aubry were called. They took leave of their companions and went on deck.

A quarter of an hour went by. Suddenly the names of Barthélemy and Delarue were shouted.

No doubt the first two had been put an end to, and it was now the turn of two others. They embraced their comrades, as Pichegru and Aubry had done, and went on deck; thence they were taken to a small boat and made to sit side by side on a thwart. A sailor placed himself on another thwart opposite to them; a sail was raised, and they started.

At every instant they thought the bottom of the boat would open and let them through. This time their fears

were groundless; they were merely transferred from the brigantine "Brilliant," to the corvette "La Vaillante," where their two companions had preceded them and where the twelve remaining prisoners were to follow them.

They were received by Captain Julien, on whose face they tried to read the fate that awaited them. He affected severity; but when he thought he was alone with them the captain said:—

"Gentlemen, I see you have suffered much. Have patience; while executing the orders of the Directory, I shall neglect nothing which may soften your lot."

Unfortunately for them, Colin had followed them. He overheard the words. Within an hour Captain Julien was superseded by Captain Laporte.

Strange circumstance! "La Vaillante," a corvette of twenty-two guns, had recently been built at Bayonne, and Villot, who was then commander-in-chief of the whole country, was chosen to christen her. He gave her the name of "La Vaillante." The prisoners were put as before between decks, and as no one proposed to give them anything to eat, Dessonville, the prisoner who suffered most for want of food, exclaimed:—

"They certainly must mean to let us die of hunger."

"No, no, gentlemen," said an officer of the corvette whose name was Des Poyes, laughing, "don't be anxious; you shall have supper soon."

"Give us some fruit to cool our mouths," said Barbé-Marbois, who was half dead.

A burst of laughter greeted this request, and two loaves of bread were flung down to them from the deck.

"Delicious supper for poor devils who hadn't eaten anything for forty hours!" cries Ramel; "and yet it was a supper we often regretted, for it was the last time they gave us bread."

Ten minutes later hammocks were distributed to twelve of the condemned men, but Pichegru, Villot, Ramel, and Dessonville received none.

“And we,” asked Pichegru, “where are we to sleep?”

“Come on deck,” replied the voice of the new captain, “and you will be shown where.”

Pichegru and the three others who had received no hammocks did as they were ordered.

“Take those gentlemen down to the Fosse-aux-Lions,” said Captain Laporte; “that is their berth.”

Every one knows that the Fosse-aux-Lions is the black hole in the hold of a ship, where sailors condemned to death are put in irons. When the other prisoners heard this order, they uttered cries of anger.

“No separation!” they cried; “put us all in that horrible hole, or leave those gentlemen with us.”

Barthélemy and his faithful Letellier, that brave servant who would not leave his master, no matter what was said to him, Barthélemy and Letellier sprang on deck, and seeing their four companions being dragged by soldiers toward the hatchway which led to the Fosse-aux-Lions, let themselves slide down the ladder instead of stepping down it, and were in the hold as soon as they.

“Come back!” cried the captain from the open hatch, “or I will force you back at the point of the bayonet.”

But they lay down.

“There is neither first nor last among us,” they said; “either we are all guilty or we are all innocent. Therefore we must all be treated alike.”

The soldiers advanced upon them, bayonets lowered; but they would not stir; it needed the prayers and the entreaties of Pichegru and his three friends to make them return on deck.

Pichegru, Ramel, Villot, and Dessonville remained all four in total darkness in that horrible fetid hole, poisoned by the exhalations of the bilge and the odor of the cables, without hammock or covering, unable to lie down for there was no room; unable to stand upright for the ceiling of their dungeon was too low.

The twelve others, crowded in a narrow space between

decks were scarcely better off, for the hatches were shut down upon them and, like their comrades in the Fosse-aux-Lions, they were deprived of air and the power of motion.

Toward four in the morning the captain gave orders to weigh anchor ; and amid the cries of the crew, the creaking of the ropes, the swash of the waves as they broke against the bows of the corvette, there was heard, like a sob issuing from the sides of the vessel, the heart-breaking cry : —

“Farewell, France !”

And, like an echo from the entrails of the ship, the same cry came from the hold, but muffled in its depths : —

“France, farewell !”

Perhaps our readers are surprised that we have dwelt so long upon this dolorous tale, which would be still more dolorous if we followed these unhappy men upon their voyage, which lasted forty-five days. But our readers would probably not have our courage, a courage inspired in us by the longing we feel, not to rehabilitate, — we leave to history the duty of rehabilitation, — but to win the pity of the generations to come for these men who sacrificed themselves for France.

It seems to us that the pagan saying of antiquity, “Misery to the vanquished,” was a cruelty in all ages, and an impiety in modern times. I know not how it is that my heart is always drawn to the vanquished ; it is always to them that I long to go. Those who have read my books know with what sympathy and impartiality I have related the passion of Joan of Arc at Rouen and the legend of Marie Stuart at Fotheringay ; they know how I have followed Charles I. to Whitehall and Marie-Antoinette to the place de la Révolution.

But what I have remarked with regret in historians is that they dwell so much, like M. de Chateaubriand, on the tears contained in the eyes of kings, and do not study

as religiously the mass of sufferings this poor human machine can endure without dying, if sustained by the conviction of innocence and uprightness, when this machine belongs to the middle and lower classes of society.

Such were these men, whose anguish we have just attempted to describe, — men for whom we do not find one pitying regret among historians, and who, by the adroit commingling of their names (through the malice of their persecutors) with those of men like Collot-d'Herbois and Billaud-Varennes, have been robbed of the sympathy of their contemporaries and disinherited of the compassion of the future.

THE EIGHTH CRUSADE.

I.

SAINT-JEAN-D'ACRE.

DEAR readers, in announcing to you the historical importance of our novel, which we have called "The Whites and the Blues," that is, that it would form part of an historical series, we also said that it was a continuation of "The Company of Jehu."

But, as it is part of our plan to picture the great events at the close of the last and the beginning of the present century, from 1793 to 1815, — in other words, to bring before your eyes twenty-two years of our history, — we have filled nearly three volumes in describing the great days of our Revolution, and we have, as yet, got only as far as 1799, where our account of the Company of Jehu begins.

As some of the actors who play a part in that book have also a part to play in "The Whites and the Blues," you must not be surprised if on five or six points in the present episode the action of the two histories join, and if some of the chapters of our first book reappear in the second, inasmuch as events not only run side by side, but are often really identical.

After the execution of Morgan and his companions is over, our history will really be a continuation of "The Company of Jehu," for the third and last surviving brother of the family of Sainte-Hermine is the hero and leading personage in the volumes which we shall next publish under the title of "The Empire."

We give you this explanation, dear readers, in order that you may not be surprised at the overlapping in some places of the two works now published; and if we may venture to expect so much of your kindness, we would ask you to read over again "The Company of Jehu" in connection with the present episode, which we have called "The Eighth Crusade."

Need I tell you, my dear readers, that this new work, the most historical that I have yet written, has been conceived, composed, and executed with the grand purpose of making you read ten volumes of history under the supposition that they are ten volumes of romance? The events recorded in "The Whites and the Blues" are the most important of our present era; and it is essential that the French people, who had already played for seventy years so grand a part in the events of Europe, and who are now to be called upon to play one grander still, should know, *as they ought to be known*, the facts of our annals.

When restorations follow revolutions, and revolutions follow restorations, and each party raises in the hour of its triumph a statue to its greatest man — a statue destined to be overthrown by the opposite party when victorious, to make room for another — feeble minds and short-sighted eyes are bewildered among all these great men suddenly made traitors, their contemporaries seeming to be as ready to dishonor them as they were to glorify them. It is therefore well that a firm voice and a more impartial spirit should arise and say: "This is plaster, that is marble; here is lead, there is gold."

There are some statues flung from their pedestals which ascend to them again without assistance. Others there are which fall of themselves, and are broken in falling. Mirabeau, borne in pomp to the Pantheon, has not even a grave to-day. Louis XVI., whose body was thrown into the common trench, now lies in his memorial chapel. Perhaps posterity has been too severe on Mirabeau. Perhaps posterity has been too lenient to Louis XVI. But we must bow before the severities and the leniencies of posterity.

And yet, without regretting the memorial chapel of Louis XVI., we would fain see a tomb over Mirabeau. The guiltier of the two, to our mind, was not he who sold, but he who bought.

On the 7th of April, 1799, the promontory on which is built the town of Saint-Jean-d'Acre, the ancient Ptolemais, seemed to be as much enveloped by thunder and lightning as was Mount Sinai on the day when from the burning bush the Lord God gave the law to Moses.

Whence came that thunder which shook the coasts of Syria like an earthquake? Whence that smoke which covered the Gulf of Carmel with a cloud as thick as though the mountain of Elias had changed into a volcano?

The dream of a Man, one of those men who with a word change the destinies of nations, was being accomplished; no, no, we are mistaken, — we meant to say, was vanishing. Possibly, however, it was only vanishing to give place to a reality which that Man, ambitious as he was, would hardly dare to dream.

On the 10th of September, 1797, learning, at Passeriano, of the events of the 18th Fructidor, and the promulgation of the edict which condemned to transportation two directors, fifty-four deputies, and a hundred and forty-eight individuals, the conqueror of Italy fell into a sombre reverie. No doubt he was measuring, in imagination, the influence on his future of this great *coup d'État* in which his hand had done all, though that of Augereau alone was visible.

He was walking with his secretary Bourrienne in the beautiful park of the palace. Suddenly he raised his head and said, without any word having preceded this sort of apostrophe: —

“Europe is a mole-hill; there has never been a great empire and a great revolution except at the East, where six hundred millions of men exist.”

Then, as Bourrienne, who was not prepared for this out-

burst, looked at him in surprise, he fell back, or appeared to fall back into meditation.

On the 1st of January, 1798, Bonaparte, after being recognized in his box at a theatre in Paris, during the first representation of "Horatius Coclès," saluted by an ovation, and by cries of "Vive Bonaparte!" returned to his house in the rue Chantereine (recently named in his honor rue de la Victoire) in a state of the deepest melancholy, and presently said to Bourrienne, who was the confidant of his blackest thoughts:—

"I tell you, Bourrienne, Paris remembers nothing. If I remain six months without doing anything, I am lost; one renown in this Babylon of ours treads on the heels of another; the third time I am seen at a theatre they won't even look at me."

Again, on the 29th of the same month, reverting ever to his dreamed idea, he said to Bourrienne:—

"Bourrienne, I can't stay here. There's nothing to do. If I stay I'm done for; everything gets worn out in Paris. My fame is already dried up. That poor little Europe has n't enough of it to supply me. I MUST GO TO THE EAST."

Finally, just two weeks before his departure, April 18th, 1798, as he was walking down the rue Sainte-Anne, side by side with Bourrienne, to whom he had not said a word since leaving the rue Chantereine, the secretary said, in order to break the silence which embarrassed him:—

"Have you really decided to leave France, general?"

"Yes," answered Bonaparte. "I have asked to be one of *them*, and they have refused me. If I stay here I must overthrow them and make myself king. The nobles will never consent to that; I have sounded them. The time has not yet come; I should be alone; I must first dazzle those people. We are going to Egypt, Bourrienne."

So, then, it was not to clasp hands across Asia with Tippoo-Saïb and strike England in her Indian empire, that Bonaparte wanted to leave Europe; it was to DAZZLE



BATTLE OF THE PYRAMIDS.

THOSE PEOPLE. That was the true cause of the Expedition to Egypt.

On the 3d of May, 1798, he gave orders to all his generals to embark their troops.

The 4th he left Paris.

The 8th he reached Toulon.

The 19th he embarked on the admiral's vessel, "l'Orient."

The 25th he passed in sight of Livorno and the island of Elba.

June 13th he took Malta.

The 19th he resumed the expedition.

July 1st he disembarked near Marabout.

The 3d he took Alexandria by assault.

The 13th he won the battle of Chebreïss.

The 21st he crushed the Mameluks at the Pyramids.

The 25th he entered Cairo.

August 14th he heard of the disaster of Aboukir.

December 24th he started with the Institute to visit the remains of the Suez canal.

The 28th he drank of the wells of Moses and, like Pharoah, came near being drowned in the Red Sea.

January 1st, 1799, he planned the campaign in Syria.

Six months earlier the idea of that campaign had come to him. It was then that he wrote to Kléber: —

"If the English continue to infest the Mediterranean, they will oblige us to do greater things than we want to do."

A vague rumor had arisen of an expedition undertaken against us by the Sultan of Damascus, in which the pacha Achmet, surnamed Djezzar, the Butcher, on account of his cruelties, would lead the advance.

This news seemed to gather consistency; Djezzar had certainly advanced by Gaza as far as El Arish, and had massacred the few soldiers we had in that fortress.

Among his numerous artillery officers, Bonaparte had the two brothers Mailly de Château-Renaud. He sent the

younger with a flag of truce to Djezzar, who, defying the rules of war, made him prisoner.

This was a declaration of hostilities. Bonaparte, with his usual rapidity of execution, resolved to destroy the enemy's advance-guard at Port Ottoman. In case of success, he himself would reveal what his hopes were later. In case of failure, he would batter down the walls of Gaza, Jaffa, and Acre, ravage the country, destroy its resources, and make it impossible that any, even a native army, should cross the desert.

On the 11th of February, 1799, Bonaparte entered Syria at the head of twelve thousand men. He took with him that galaxy of brave men who revolved about his star during the first and most brilliant period of his life.

He had Kléber, the handsomest and bravest cavalry officer of the army.

He had Murat, who disputed that claim with Kléber.

He had Junot, the famous pistol-shot, who could cut twelve balls in succession on the blade of a knife.

He had Lannes, who had already won his title of Duc de Montebello, which was given to him later.

He had Reynier, for whom the honor was reserved to decide the victory at Heliopolis.

He had Caffarelli, who was destined to stay in the trenches he dug.

He had also, in secondary positions : —

Eugène de Beauharnais, our young friend of Strasbourg, who had made the marriage of his mother Joséphine with Bonaparte by appealing to the latter for his father's sword.

He had Croisier, sad and silent ever since he had weakened in an encounter with the Arabs, and the word "Coward!" had fallen from the lips of Bonaparte.

He had the elder Maily, who was now to deliver or avenge his brother.

He had the young sheik of Ahar, the head of the Druses, whose name, if not his power, extended from the Dead Sea to the Mediterranean.

He had, moreover, an old acquaintance of ours, Roland de Montrevel, whose habitual and foolhardy courage we have witnessed throughout the whole course of our history of "The Company of Jehu."

On the 17th of February the army arrived before El Arish. The soldiers had suffered greatly on the way from thirst. Fortunately, they found relief at the end of the first day's march, — relief combined with amusement. It happened at Messoudiah (the word meaning "lucky spot") by the shores of the Mediterranean, on a barren dune of the finest sand. Chance led a soldier to imitate the miracle of Moses. He thrust a stick into the sand, and the water bubbled up as if from an artesian well; the soldier tasted the water and found it excellent; then he called his comrades and told them of his discovery. Of course, they all made wells, and drank their own water; this alone was enough to make the army gay.

El Arish surrendered at the first summons.

At last, on the 28th of February, the green and fertile fields of Syria began to show themselves; at the same time, through the veil of a light rain (a most unusual thing in those regions), a landscape of mountains and valleys could be seen which reminded the soldiers of the mountains and vales of Europe.

March 1st they camped at Rameh, the ancient Rama, where Rachel fell into that great despair of which the Bible gives an idea in this splendid passage of poesy: "In Rama was there a voice heard, lamentation and great mourning; Rachel weeping for her children, and would not be comforted because they were not!"

Through Rama Jesus passed with the Virgin Mary and Saint Joseph on their way to Egypt. The church, which the monks permitted Bonaparte to use as a hospital, is built on the very spot where the holy family rested. The well, with its pure, cool water which now refreshed an army, was the same which seventeen hundred and ninety-nine years earlier had slaked the thirst of the fugitive Sacred

Ones. It was at Rama, too, that the disciple Joseph was born, the same whose reverent hand buried the body of our Lord Jesus Christ.

Perhaps in this vast crowd not a single man remembered that sacred tradition. But what they did know was that they were only about eighteen miles from Jerusalem. Walking beneath the most beautiful olive-trees to be found in the East, — which our soldiers chopped down remorselessly to build their camp fires, — Bourrienne said to Bonaparte :—

“General, are not you going to Jerusalem?”

“Oh! as for that, no,” replied Bonaparte, carelessly “Jerusalem is not in my line of operations. I don’t want to encounter mountaineers on these difficult roads; besides, on the other side of those mountains they have large bodies of cavalry. I am not ambitious of the fate of Crassus.”

Crassus, it will be remembered, was massacred by the Parthians.

Here are two strange facts in the life of Bonaparte: being once within six leagues of Jerusalem, the cradle of Christ, and once within six leagues of Rome, Cæsar’s city and the capital of the Papacy, he had no desire to see either of them.

II.

THE PRISONERS.

Two days earlier, about a mile from Gaza (the name meaning in Arabic *treasure*, in Hebrew *strong*), the place whose gates were carried off by Samson, who died, with three thousand Philistines, under the ruins of the temple he overthrew, the army encountered Abdallah, pacha of Damascus.

As the enemy's force was cavalry, it was Murat's affair. Murat took a hundred troopers from the thousand he commanded, and, whip in hand (in presence of the Moslem, Arabian, and Maugrabin cavalry he seldom deigned to draw his sabre), charged vigorously. Abdallah turned round and fled through the town; the French army entered the town after him and camped beyond it.

It was the day after this skirmish that the army reached Ramleh. From Ramleh they marched to Jaffa. To the great satisfaction of the soldiers, the clouds began to gather over their heads and gave them water. They sent a deputation to Bonaparte asking permission to take a bath. The general gave it, and commanded a halt. Then every soldier stripped off his clothes and received the storm upon his body with actual delight.

After that the army took up its march, refreshed and joyful, singing with one voice the Marseillaise.

The Mameluks and Abdallah's cavalry dared not resist in the open country, any more than they had at Gaza. They returned to Jaffa, faithful to the belief that "every Mussulman behind a rampart is invincible."

It was indeed a motley crowd which made the garrison of Jaffa, who now, intoxicated with fanaticism, were about to oppose the first soldiers of the world. The East itself was congregated there, from the extremities of Africa to the farthest points of Asia. Maugrabins were there, with their black and white mantles; Albanians, with their long firearms mounted in silver and inlaid with coral; Kurds, with their lances adorned with tufts of ostrich feathers; Aleppians, who all bore the mark on one cheek or the other of the famous *bouton* of Aleppo; Damascans, with curved scimitars of steel so finely tempered that their cut could go through a silk handkerchief when floating in the wind. Besides these, there were Natolians, Karamans, and negroes.

The French army was under the walls of Jaffa on the 3d of March. On the 4th the town was invested. The same day Murat made a reconnoissance round the ramparts to discover on which side it was best to attack.

On the 7th everything was in readiness to storm the town. Bonaparte wished, before the firing began, to attempt conciliation. He well knew what a struggle with such a population would be like, even if it were successful. He therefore dictated the following summons:—

God is merciful!

The commander-in-chief, General Bonaparte, whom the Arabs have named the Sultan of Fire, directs me to inform you that the pacha Djezzar began hostilities in Egypt by seizing the fortress of El Arish; that God, who judges the right, gave victory to the French army, which retook El Arish; that General Bonaparte has entered Palestine, from which he intends to drive the troops of pasha Djezzar, who have no right to be there; that the town of Jaffa is invested on all sides; that the batteries will open fire horizontally with shot and shell in two hours, and batter down the walls and destroy the defences; that his heart is moved by the horrors the whole town will endure if taken by assault; that he offers a safe-conduct to the garrison, and protection to the inhabitants of the town, and therefore will delay to open fire until seven o'clock to-morrow morning.

This summons was addressed to Abou-Saïb, governor of Jaffa.

Roland de Montrevel stretched out his hand for it.

"What for?" asked Bonaparte.

"Don't you want a messenger?" said the young man, laughing. "As well me as another."

"No," said Bonaparte; "on the contrary, better any one than you, and preferably a Mussulman to a Christian."

"Why so, general?"

"Because Abou-Saïb *may* cut off the head of a Mussulman, but he would *certainly* cut off that of a Christian."

"But, general —"

"Enough!" said Bonaparte; "I don't choose it."

Roland retired into a corner like a sulky child.

Then Bonaparte called up his dragoman.

"Inquire," he said, "if there is a Turk or an Arab, or any kind of Mussulman who would be willing to carry this despatch."

The dragoman repeated the general's inquiry in a loud voice. A Mameluk of the corps of dromedaries advanced.

"I will," he said.

The dragoman looked at Bonaparte.

"Tell him what he risks," said the general.

"The Sultan of Fire wishes you to know that in carrying that message you risk your life."

"What is written is written," replied the man, and he held out his hand.

They gave him a trumpeter and a white flag. The two men approached the town on horseback; the gate opened to receive them.

Ten minutes later a movement was seen on the rampart opposite to the headquarters of the commander-in-chief. The trumpeter appeared, dragged forward between two Albanians, who obliged him to sound his trumpet to attract the attention of the French army. He sounded the reveille.

At the same instant, while all eyes were fixed on that

point of the walls, a man approached holding in his right hand a decapitated head in a turban. The bearer extended his arm beyond the rampart, the turban was unrolled, and the head fell to the foot of the wall. It was that of the Mussulman who had borne the summons.

Ten minutes later the trumpeter issued from the gate by which he had entered, but he was now alone.

The next day, at seven in the morning, as Bonaparte had said, six twelve-pounders began to destroy a tower. By four o'clock the breach was practicable, and Bonaparte ordered the assault. He looked about him for Roland to give him the command of one of the assaulting regiments, but Roland was not there.

The carbineers of the 17th light brigade, the chasseurs of the same brigade, supported by the sappers of the engineer corps, rushed to the assault. General Rambeau, Adjutant-General Netherwood, and the staff officer Vernois, led them.

They all mounted the breach; and in spite of the volleys of musketry which met them at short range, in spite, too, of the shells from certain guns they had not been able to silence and which took them in flank, a terrible fight ensued among the ruins of the fallen tower. The struggle lasted fifteen minutes before the besiegers could cross the breach, or the besieged drive them back from their foothold.

The whole effort of the belligerents seemed to be concentrated there, and was so in point of fact, until suddenly, on the deserted walls, Roland appeared holding a Turkish flag, followed by fifty men, and shouting, as he waved his banner:—

“The town is taken!”

This is what had happened:—

That morning, about six o'clock, which is the hour the sun appears at that season in the East, Roland, going down to the sea to take his bath, had discovered a sort of breach in an obscure angle of the wall; he made sure that this

breach would give entrance to the town, took his bath, and got back to camp before the fighting began. There, as he was known to be one of Bonaparte's privileged friends, and at the same time one of the bravest men, or rather, we should say, the most foolhardy, cries of "Captain Roland! Captain Roland!" greeted him.

He knew very well what that meant. It meant: "Have n't you something impossible to do? If so, here we are!"

"Fifty volunteers!" he said.

A hundred presented themselves.

"Fifty!" he repeated.

He picked out fifty, taking every other man so as to hurt no one's feelings. Then he took two drummers and two trumpeters, and followed by all the selected ones, he passed through the hole he had discovered into the interior of the town.

There they met a body of a hundred men with a flag; they fell upon them and larded them with their bayonets. Roland took possession of the flag, and it was that he waved from the ramparts. The acclamations of the army saluted him. But Roland saw the time had come to make use of his drums and trumpets.

The whole garrison was defending the breach, not dreaming of attack elsewhere, when suddenly it heard drums upon its flanks and trumpets behind it. At the same moment two volleys resounded, and a hail of balls fell among the besieged from their rear. They turned, saw the sun shining on the barrels of muskets, and tricolor feathers floating in the air. The smoke of the firing, driven in by the sea-breeze, concealed the smallness of the attacking party; the Mussulmans thought themselves betrayed, and a fearful panic took possession of them. They abandoned the breach. But Roland had sent ten of his men to open one of the gates; General Lannes's division poured in through that opening; the besieged met bayonets on the road they had felt so sure was clear for flight; and, by a reaction natural

to ferocious nations, who, giving no quarter, expect none, seized their weapons with fresh energy, and the fight became a massacre.

Bonaparte, ignorant of what was passing in the town, seeing the smoke rising above the walls, hearing the continuous sound of musketry, and finding that no one returned, not even the wounded, sent Eugène de Beauharnais and Croisier to see what was happening, telling them to bring him a report as soon as possible. Each wore the scarf of an aide-de-camp on his arm, the badge of their rank; they had waited impatiently for an order to take part in the fight, and they now entered the town at a full run, and penetrated to the very heart of the struggle.

They were recognized at once as messengers from the commander-in-chief; it was thought that they came on a mission; the firing ceased for an instant. A few Albanians spoke French, and they called out:—

“If our lives are given to us we surrender; if not, we will fight to the last man.”

The two aides-de-camp could know nothing of Bonaparte's secret mind. They were young men; humanity was in their hearts. Without being authorized, they promised life to the poor wretches. The firing ceased, and they returned to camp with their prisoners,—four thousand in all.

As for the soldiers, they knew their rights. The town had been taken by assault; after massacre came pillage.

III.

CARNAGE.

BONAPARTE was walking up and down before his tent with Bourrienne, impatiently awaiting news, and having none of his familiar officers about him, when he saw, issuing from two gates of the town, troops of disarmed men.

One of these troops was led by Croisier, the other by Eugène Beauharnais. Their young faces beamed with joy. Croisier, who had not smiled since he had had the misfortune to displease his general, now smiled indeed, believing that this fine capture would be the means of his reconciliation.

Bonaparte understood the matter at a glance; he turned very pale, and said in a tone of pain:—

“What do they expect me to do with those men? Have I provisions for them? Have I vessels to send the poor wretches to France or Egypt?”

The two young men were now close by him. They saw, by the rigidity of his features, that they had made a blunder.

“What have you brought me there?” demanded Bonaparte.

Croisier dared not answer, but Eugène spoke out:—

“You see yourself, general, they are prisoners.”

“What did I tell you to do?”

“You told us to stop the carnage,” said Eugène, timidly.

“Yes, of course, the killing of women and children and old men,” said the general, “but not the killing of armed soldiers. Do you know that you compel me to commit a crime?”

The two young men comprehended the situation too late. They retired. Croisier wept. Eugène tried to console him, but he shook his head, saying:—

“It is all over with me; I will get myself killed on the first occasion.”

Before deciding on the fate of these unhappy men, Bonaparte was anxious to call a council of generals. But generals and men were bivouacking within the town. The soldiers had only paused when they were weary of killing. In addition to these four thousand men made prisoners, five thousand others were killed in the town.

The pillage of the houses continued all night. From time to time firing was heard, lamentable cries rose from the streets, from the houses, even in the mosques. These cries were uttered by soldiers dragged from their hiding-places and killed, by inhabitants defending their treasure, by fathers and husbands striving to save their wives and daughters from the brutality of the soldiers.

The vengeance of heaven was hidden behind these cruelties. The plague was in Jaffa; the French army took away with it the germs of pestilence.

With regard to the prisoners now outside the town, they were at first seated on the ground pell-mell outside the tents, their hands tied behind them with ropes. Their faces were gloomy, more with anxiety than anger. They had seen the expression on Bonaparte's face when he saw them; they noticed, but without comprehending it, the reprimand given to their captors; but what they did not understand they guessed.

Some ventured to say, “We are hungry;” others, “We are thirsty.” Water was brought for all, and a piece of bread for each, taken from the rations of the army. This distribution seemed to reassure them a little.

As general after general arrived from the town he received orders to go to the tent of the commander-in-chief. They all complained of the insufficiency of rations. The only men who had eaten and drunk their fill were those

who had entered the town and had the right to pillage; these were less than one fourth of the army. The rest muttered angrily when they saw their bread taken to feed enemies saved from their legitimate vengeance; for, according to the laws of war, Jaffa having been taken by assault, all soldiers who were in the town ought to have been put to the sword.

The council of war assembled. Five questions were laid before it: —

Should the prisoners be sent to Egypt? To send them to Egypt required a large escort, and the army was already too weak in a region so deadly hostile. Besides, how could they be fed, they and the escort, on their way to Cairo, through an enemy's country, which the army had just laid waste on its march? — for no rations could be issued to them for the journey.

Should they be embarked? There were no ships; all had been destroyed at Aboukir. The sea was a desert, or at least, no friendly sail was to be seen.

Should they be set at liberty? Such men would at once reinforce the pacha at Saint-Jean-d'Acre, or fling themselves into the mountains of Naplous, and then from each ravine the army would receive the fire of invisible sharpshooters.

Should they be incorporated disarmed among the Republican soldiers? But here again was the question of provisions; if the supplies were scarce already for ten thousand men, how could they support fourteen thousand? And again, look at the danger of such companions in an enemy's country; they would kill wherever they could in return for the life thus granted to them. What is a dog of a Christian to a Turk? To kill an infidel is a pious act and meritorious in the eyes of the prophet.

At the fifth question Bonaparte rose before it could be put.

“Let us wait till to-morrow,” he said.

What he waited for, he did not know himself. He really waited for one of those chance pieces of luck which pre-

vent a great crime, and are therefore called a blessing of Providence. He waited in vain.

On the fourth day it became absolutely necessary to settle the question postponed the evening before, —

Should the prisoners be shot ?

The complaints of the soldiers were many ; the difficulty was increasing ; the troops might take the matter into their own hands, and give an appearance of mutiny and murder to what was really an exigency of war.

The sentence was unanimous except for one vote. One member of the council did not vote. The unhappy men were sentenced to be shot.

Bonaparte rushed from the tent, and stood gazing at the sea. A tempest of human feeling rose in his heart. He had not yet acquired the stoicism of battlefields ; the man who witnessed Austerlitz, Eylau, and the Moscowa without blinking was not yet sufficiently familiar with death to cast so huge a prey to it at one stroke without remorse. On board the vessel which had brought him to Egypt, his compassion, like that of Cæsar, had surprised those who witnessed it. It was impossible in so long a passage that accidents should not happen, and some men fell into the sea. No sooner did Bonaparte hear the cry, "Man overboard !" than he rushed on deck, if he was not there already, and ordered the ship brought to. From that moment he had no rest till the man was rescued. Bourrienne received orders to give large rewards to the sailors who saved him, and if there was any among them who was undergoing punishment for faults of service, the general pardoned him and gave him money. One dark night the sound of a heavy body falling into the water was heard. Bonaparte as usual rushed on deck and ordered the vessel hove to. The sailors, who knew that there was not only a good action to do but a good reward to be earned, sprang into a boat with their usual courage and alacrity. At the end of five minutes, in answer to Bonaparte's incessant question, "Have they got him ? Have they saved him ?" a roar of laughter was

heard. The "man overboard" was a quarter of beef dropped from the galley.

"Give the men double, Bourrienne," said Bonaparte; "it might have been a man, and the next time they will stop to think whether it is n't half a bullock."

The order for the execution of the prisoners of course had to come from the commander-in-chief. He did not give it, and time went on. At last he ordered his horse, sprang into the saddle, took an escort of twenty men, and galloped away, saying:—

"Do it."

He could not bring himself to say: "Shoot them."

Such a scene as then passed is not to be described. The great massacres of helpless men which we read of in antiquity ought to have no place in modern history. Out of four thousand a few escaped, because, flinging themselves into the sea, they swam to a reef beyond the reach of guns.

Until the army reached Saint-Jean-d'Acre and military duty obliged the two young men to take the orders of the commander-in-chief, neither Eugène Beauharnais nor Croisier dared present themselves before Bonaparte.

On the 18th of March the army encamped before the walls of Saint-Jean-d'Acre. In spite of the English frigates lying broadside to the shore in the port, a few young men, among them the sheik of Ahar, Roland, and the Comte Mailly de Château-Renaud, asked permission to go and bathe from the shore. The permission was granted. Mailly, in diving, caught hold of a leather sack which was floating beneath the surface. He felt curious to see its contents, and the bathers drew it ashore. It was tied with a rope and seemed to contain a human body.

The rope was unfastened, the sack emptied on the sand, and Mailly recognized the head and body of his brother, sent with a flag of truce a month earlier, whom Djezzar had just had beheaded on seeing the dust raised by the approach of the French vanguard.

IV.

ANTIQUITY IN THESE DAYS.

As we have had the good fortune of finding readers intelligent enough to encourage us in writing a book of which the mere story is a secondary consideration, we trust those readers will permit us not only to give the present history of the places through which our heroes pass, but also the past history of those famous localities. There is an indescribable charm for the philosopher, for the poet, and even for the dreamer, in turning over a soil made of the ashes of generations long since passed away; and nowhere do we find more traces of great historic catastrophes than in Egypt and in Syria, — solemn events, of which time cannot fail to reduce the substance and efface the outlines until at last they will be lost like ruins and spectres of ruins in the thick and ever thickening darkness of the past.

Thus it is with the town from which we have just heard cries of anguish, ferocity, and carnage issuing from its battered walls and burning houses. The rapidity of our narrative and our desire to enter modern Jaffa with the young hero have prevented us from saying to our readers a few words on ancient Jaffa.

“Jaffo,” in Hebrew, means *beauty*. “Joppa,” in Phœnician, means *height*. Jaffa is to the eastern gulf of the Mediterranean what Djeddah is to the middle of the Red Sea. It is a city of pilgrims. All Christian pilgrims going to Jerusalem to visit the tomb of Christ pass through Jaffa. All pilgrim Mussulmans on their way to Mecca to visit the tomb of Mohammed stop at Djeddah.

As we read to-day the great work on Egypt, that work to which all the most learned men of our epoch have contrib-

uted, we are surprised to find so few of the luminous points which are scattered through the past to light and beckon the seeker after knowledge like a pharos.

We shall try to do what they have not done.

The author who gives to Jaffa—that is to say, to the Phœnician Joppa—its remotest antiquity is Pomponius Mela, who declares that the town was built before the Deluge. *Est Joppe ante diluivium condita*, he says. And it must really be true that Joppa was founded before the Deluge, because the historian Josephus in his “Antiquities” agrees with the Chaldean Beroses and with Nicolas of Damascus, not exactly that the Ark was built in Joppa (for that would have put him in contradiction with the Bible), but that it rested at Joppa. In their time, they say, its remains were still shown to incredulous travellers, and the inhabitants used, as an efficacious remedy for all diseases, a universal panacea, the tar powder to which the Ark was said to have been reduced.

It was at Joppa, according to Pliny, that Andromeda was chained to the rock to be devoured by the monster, and was delivered by Perseus mounted on the Chimæra and armed with the stupefying buckler of Medusa. Pliny also declares that during the reign of Adrian the staple-holes of the chains of Andromeda were still visible; and Saint-Jérôme, a witness whom no one will accuse of partiality, declares that he saw them.

The skeleton of the monster, forty feet long, was believed by the inhabitants of Joppa to be that of their divinity Ceto. The water of the fountain in which Perseus washed himself after destroying the monster continued to be stained with his blood. Pausanias relates this, and says that he saw the red water with his own eyes.

This goddess Ceto of whom Pliny speaks, *colitur fabulosa Ceto*, and whom the historians have transformed into Derceto, was she whom tradition declares to have been the mother of Semiramis. Diodorus of Sicily relates the fable of this unknown mother, giving it the antique

charm which poetizes fable without removing its sensuous attraction.

“There is,” he says, “in Syria, a town called Ascalon, overhanging a broad, deep lake in which the fish abound, and near which is a temple dedicated to a celebrated goddess whom the Syrians call Derceto. She has the head and face of a woman, the rest of her is a fish. The learned of the nation say that Venus, being offended with Derceto, inspired her with a love for a young priest like that she inspired in Phædra and in Sappho. Derceto had a daughter by him. She felt such shame for her misconduct that she caused the young man to disappear, exposed the child in a barren rocky place, and threw herself into the lake where she was transformed into a siren. That is why the Syrians revere the fish as gods and abstain from eating them.

“But the girl was saved and fed by doves, who came in great numbers and made their nests in the rocks among which she lay. A shepherd found her and brought her up with as much love as though she were his own child. He named her Semiramis, which means ‘the daughter of doves.’”

If we believe Diodorus, it was to this daughter of doves, to this haughty Semiramis, to this wife and murderess of Ninus, — who fortified Babylon and hung from its roofs those magnificent gardens, the wonder of antiquity, — it was to her that the Orientals owe the splendid costume which they wear even to our own day. When she reached the height of her power, having conquered the Arabia of Egypt, a part of Ethiopia, Libya, and all Asia as far as the Indus, she had found it necessary to invent for her journeys a style of clothing that was convenient and also elegant; in which she could not only accomplish the ordinary acts of life, but also ride a horse and fight a battle. This costume was so appropriate that it was adopted by all the peoples whom she conquered.

“She was so beautiful,” says Valerius Maximus, “that one day when a riot broke out in her capital just as she was

dressing, she went as she was to quell it, half-naked with flowing hair, and order was restored at once."

We may perhaps find the cause of Venus's hatred to Derceto in Hyginus; he says:—

"The Syrian goddess who was worshipped at Hieropolis was Venus. An egg fell from heaven into the Euphrates; the fish brought it ashore, where it was hatched by doves. Venus came out of it, and the Syrians made her their goddess. Jupiter, at her request, took the fish to heaven, while she, out of gratitude to her nurses, harnessed the doves to her chariot."

The famous temple of Dagon, where the statue of the god is seen, overthrown before the ark with both hands broken, is in the town of Azoth half way between Joppa and Ascalon. Read the Bible, that great book of history and of poesy, and you will see that the cedars of Lebanon were first brought to Joppa on their way to build the temple of Solomon. You will see, too, that it was from the port of Joppa that the prophet Jonah embarked for Tarsus, fleeing from the face of the Lord.

Then, turning from the Bible to Josephus, which we might call a continuation of the Bible, you will find that Judas Maccabæus, in order to avenge the deaths of his two brothers whom the inhabitants of Joppa had treacherously put to death, came with a sword in one hand and a torch in the other, and setting fire to the ships that were anchored in the harbor, he put to death by the sword all who escaped the flames.

"Now, there was at Joppa," says the Acts of the Apostles, "a woman named Tabitha, which in Greek is Dorcas: this woman was full of good works and alms-deeds which she did. It happened that falling sick, she died; and when they had washed her they laid her in an upper chamber. Now as Lydda is near Joppa, the disciples had heard that Peter was there, and they sent for him, asking him not to delay his coming. When he came they took him to the upper chamber where the body was; and all the

widows stood about him weeping and showing the tunics and other garments the good Dorcas had made for them. But Peter, putting them all out, knelt down and prayed. Then, turning to the body, he said: —

“ ‘Tabitha, arise!’ ”

“ She opened her eyes; and when she saw Peter she sat up. Peter gave her his hand and helped her to rise, and having called in the widows and the disciples, he presented her to them living. This miracle became known throughout all Joppa, so that many persons believed in the Lord. Peter stayed some days longer in Joppa, at the house of a tanner named Simon. It was there that the servants of the centurion Cornelius found him when they came to ask him to go into Cæsarea. And it was in Simon’s house that he had the vision that commanded him to preach the gospel to the Gentiles.”

At the time of the uprising of the Jews against Rome Sextius besieged Joppa, took it by assault, and burned it. Eight thousand of its inhabitants perished; but it was soon rebuilt. As the new town was a harbor of pirates who infested the coasts of Syria and continued their depredations to Greece and even to Egypt, the Emperor Vespasian took it, razed it to the ground from the first to the last house, and built a fortress there.

But Josephus, in his “History of the Wars of Jews,” relates that another town was immediately built at the foot of Vespasian’s fortress, which was made the seat of a bishopric, or, we should say, of a bishop, from the reign of Constantine (A. D. 330) to the Invasion of the Saracens (636).

This bishopric was in existence at the time of the first Crusade (1095), and was under the rule of the metropolitan of Cæsarea. It was erected into a county by Baudouin I., Emperor of Constantinople and Count of Flanders.

Saint Louis himself came to Jaffa, and we may read in his artless historian, Joinville, an account of his visit to the Comte de Japhe, as the worthy old chevalier calls his entertainer.

This "Comte de Japhe," was Gautier de Brienne, who did his best to clean and plaster up his town in honor of the visit, though even then its condition was so pitiable that Saint Louis was ashamed of it and undertook at his own charge to raise the walls and embellish the churches. He there received, one day, the news of the death of his mother.

"When the holy king," says Joinville, "saw the Archbishop of Tyre and his confessor enter his presence with sad faces, he turned and went into his oratory, which was his arsenal against all the trials of this world. Then, when they had told him the fatal news, he threw himself on his knees and clasping his hands, said, weeping : —

"I thank thee, O God, for having lent me my mother for so long as it pleased thee, and I thank thee that thou hast now, in thy good pleasure, recalled her to thee. It is true that I loved her above all other human beings, and she deserved it ; but since thou hast taken her from me, blessed be thy name forevermore."

The restorations of Saint Louis were destroyed in 1268 by Bibas, pacha of Egypt, who razed the citadel, and sent its woods and precious marbles to Cairo, to be used in the building of his mosque.

At the time when Monconys visited Palestine, he found nothing left of the place but an old castle and three caverns burrowed in the rock.

We have seen in what state Bonaparte found it, and the state in which he left it. We shall pass once more through Joppa, which for Bonaparte was neither Jaffa the Beautiful nor Joppa the Tall, but Jaffa the Fatal.

V.

SIR SIDNEY SMITH.

AT day-break on the 18th of March Bonaparte, accompanied only by the young sheik of Ahar, Roland de Montrevel, and the Comte de Mailly, whom he had not been able to console with many kind words for the death of his brother, galloped up while the French army was crossing the little river Kerdaneah on a bridge constructed during the night. Bonaparte, we say, thus attended, galloped up a little hill about six thousand feet from the town he had come to besiege.

From the top of this eminence he could survey the whole country and see not only the two British vessels, the "Tigre," and "Theseus," riding at anchor in the offing, but also the troops of the pacha, occupying all the gardens that surrounded Saint-Jean-d'Acre.

"Let them scatter that mob in the gardens," he said, "and drive those fellows into the town."

As he addressed no one in particular when he gave the order, all three of the young men darted away like three hawks after one prey. But, in his strident voice, he shouted:—

"Roland! Sheik of Ahar!"

The two young men, hearing their names, reined in their horses till the animals were on their haunches, and returned to their position by the general. As for the Comte de Mailly, he continued his way with a hundred sharpshooters, as many more grenadiers, and the same number of Voltigeurs, and, putting his horse at a gallop, he charged at their head.

Bonaparte had great confidence in omens of war. That was why he had been so hurt by Croisier's hesitation at their first engagement with the Bedouins and had blamed him so bitterly. From where he now stood he could see with his field-glass, which was excellent, the whole movement of the troops. He saw Eugène Beauharnais and Croisier (who had not dared to speak to him since the affair of Jaffa) take, one the command of the grenadiers, the other that of the sharpshooters, while Mailly, full of deference for his companions, took that of the Voltigeurs.

If the general-in-chief wanted the omen to be forthcoming speedily, he ought to have been satisfied. While Roland was biting the silver handle of his whip with impatience, and the sheik of Ahar, on the contrary, looked on with all the patience of an Arab, Bonaparte saw the three detachments pass through the ruins of a village, through a Turkish cemetery, and through a little wood which showed by its greenness that it grew about a spring, and fall upon the enemy, in spite of rapid volleys poured into them by the Arnaouts and the Albanians, whom he recognized by their gold-embroidered garments and their long guns mounted in silver. A moment more and that glittering enemy were overthrown at the first onset.

The musketry on our side was vigorous and continued as we chased the fugitives, the loudest noise of all being that of the grenades which our men threw with their hands after those they were pursuing. Both sides reached the foot of the walls together. But the posterns were instantly closed behind the Mussulmans, and the ramparts belched forth a sheet of flame. Our three hundred men were forced therefore to withdraw, having killed about one hundred and fifty of the enemy. The three young men had shown wonderful courage; emulating each other they performed prodigies. Eugène, in a hand to hand struggle, had killed an Arnaout a head taller than himself. Mailly, finding himself ten paces from a group that made stand to resist, fired both pistols into their midst and followed with a bound.

Croisier had sabred two Arabs who attacked him at once, splitting the head of one with his sabre and breaking its blade in the breast of the other, returning at last with the bloody fragment dangling from his wrist by the sword-knot.

Bonaparte turned to the sheik of Ahar.

"Give me your sabre in exchange for mine," he said, detaching his own weapon from his belt and offering it to the sheik.

The latter kissed the hilt of the sabre and hastened to give his own in exchange.

"Roland," said Bonaparte, "go and give my compliments to Mailly and Eugène; as for Croisier, give him that sabre and say exactly this: 'Here is a sabre the commander-in-chief sends you. He has seen you.'"

Roland departed at a gallop. The young men praised by Bonaparte bounded in their saddles with joy. Croisier, like the sheik of Ahar, kissed the sabre that was sent to him, flung away his broken blade and its scabbard, fastened that which Bonaparte had sent him to his belt, and answered:

"Thank the commander-in-chief for me, and tell him he shall be satisfied with me at the first assault."

The whole army was echeloned on the hillside, where Bonaparte sat motionless on his horse like an equestrian statue. The soldiers had uttered loud cries of joy as they saw their companions driving the Maugrabins before them as the wind drives the sands of the shore. Like Bonaparte himself, the army saw no great difference between the fortifications of Saint-Jean-d'Acre and those of Jaffa, and, like Bonaparte again, they had no doubt whatever that the town would be taken at the second or third assault.

The French were still ignorant that Saint-Jean-d'Acre contained two men who in themselves were worth more than a whole army of Mussulmans. They were the English commodore, Sir Sidney Smith, who commanded the "Tigre" and "Theseus," now so gracefully at anchor in the Gulf of Carmel, and Colonel Phélippeaux, who prepared and

directed the defences of the fortress of Djeddar the Butcher.

Phélippeaux, the friend and companion of Bonaparte at Brienne, his equal in college compositions, his rival in his wonderful mathematical successes, was now thrown by accident, chance, or fate among his enemies.

Sidney Smith, whom the victims of the 18th Fructidor knew in the Temple, and who, by a strange coincidence of fate, escaped from his prison at the very moment when Bonaparte left Paris for Toulon, reached London and was soon after sent to the Mediterranean in command of a squadron. Phélippeaux was the man who enabled him to escape; hazardous as the enterprise had been, he had succeeded in effecting it. False orders were drawn up purporting to remove the Englishman to another prison. The signature of the minister of police had been obtained for gold. From whom? Perhaps from himself; who knows?

Under the name of Loger and in the dress of an adjutant-general Phélippeaux presented himself at the prison and laid the warrant before the officer in charge. The latter examined it minutely and saw that it was all in order. But he said:—

“For a prisoner of this importance you ought to have at least six men as a guard.”

The false adjutant replied:—

“From a man of his importance I only need his word of honor.” Then, turning to the prisoner, he added: “Commodore, you are a naval officer and I am a military man; your word of honor that you will not attempt to escape me will be sufficient: if you will give it I shall not need an escort.”

Sir Sidney, who, like a loyal Englishman, could not lie, even to escape, replied:—

“Monsieur, if that suffices you, I can promise to follow you wherever you take me.”

And the adjutant-general took Sir Sidney Smith back to

England. The two men were now let loose, as it were, on Bonaparte. Phélippeaux was charged with the defence of the fortress. The English commodore supplied it with provisions and arms. Where Bonaparte expected to find only a stupid Turkish commander, as at Gaza and at Jaffa, he found all the science of a compatriot, and all the hatred of an Englishman.

That same evening Bonaparte despatched the major of engineers, Sanson, to reconnoitre the counterscarps. The latter waited till the night was darkest. There was no moon and all the conditions were favorable to the undertaking.

He started alone, crossed the ruined village, the cemetery, and the gardens from which the Arabs had been dislodged in the morning and driven into the town. Seeing that the shadow became deeper, owing to a great mass rising before him, which could be no other than the fortress itself, he began to crawl along on all fours, and to study the ground, foot by foot. Just as he came, feeling his way carefully, to a spot where the ground sloped rapidly, which proved to him that the moat was without revetment, he was seen by a sentinel whose eyes were probably accustomed to the darkness, or who had the faculty, like some animals, of seeing clearly at night.

The man challenged. Sanson made no answer. The same challenge was repeated once and again; then a shot was fired and struck the extended hand of the engineer officer. In spite of the horrible pain he uttered no sound, but crept backward cautiously, satisfied that he had discovered all that he needed to know about the moat and could make his report to Bonaparte.

The next day the trenching was begun. They profited by the gardens, by the moats of the ancient Ptolemais, of which we will relate the history, as we have related that of Jaffa, and by an aqueduct which crossed the glacis; but, unfortunately (being ignorant of the powerful scientific assistance our ill-luck had given to Djezzar pacha) they made these trenches scarcely three feet deep. When the

giant Kléber saw them, he shrugged his shoulders and said to Bonaparte: —

“That’s a fine trench, general; it comes just to my knee!”

March 24th Sir Sidney Smith seized two vessels which were bringing to Bonaparte his heavy artillery and munitions. This capture was seen by the whole French army without any power of opposing it, and we were thus in the strange position of besiegers thundered upon by their own guns.

On the 25th a breach was made and the assault attempted; but it was stopped almost immediately by a counterscarp and a fosse.

On the 26th the besieged, led by the Djezzar in person, made a sortie to destroy the works already begun; but they were instantly repulsed at the point of the bayonet and forced to re-enter the town.

Though the French batteries were armed only with four twelve-pounders, six eight-pounders, and four howitzers, this feeble artillery was unmasked on the 28th and battered down the tower against which the chief attack was directed.

Though the Djezzar’s cannon were of heavier calibre than ours, they were quickly dismantled, and the tower presented a practicable breach. When the wall fell and daylight was seen beyond it, a yell of delight went up from the whole French army. The grenadiers, who were the first to enter Jaffa, inspired by that recollection and convinced that it was quite as easy to take Acre as it had been to take Jaffa, clamored with one voice to be first at the breach.

Since morning Bonaparte and his staff had been in the trenches; but still he hesitated to give the order for the assault. At last, urged by Captain Mailly, who came to tell him that he could not restrain his grenadiers, Bonaparte decided, almost in spite of himself, to allow the attempt, and called out: —

“Very well, go on then!”

Instantly the grenadiers of the 69th brigade, led by

Mailly, sprang toward the breach; but, to their great astonishment, where they expected to find the slope of the moat, they encountered an escarpment of twelve feet. Then the cry: "Ladders! ladders!" was heard.

Ladders were thrown into the fosse; the grenadiers sprang to the height of the counterscarp. Mailly seized the first ladder and applied it to the breach; twenty others were applied beside it.

But the breach was filled with Arnaouts and Albanians, who fired point-blank and sent the assailants rolling to the bottom of the moat. Half the ladders were broken, toppling over, as they fell, the men who were mounting them. Mailly, wounded, fell from the top to the bottom of his. The fire of the besieged redoubled; the grenadiers were forced to retreat, and to use in remounting the counterscarp the ladders they had called for to scale the breach.

Mailly, wounded in the foot, could not walk; he entreated his grenadiers to take him with them. One of them lifted him on his shoulders, advanced ten steps and fell, with a ball through his head; a second man took his place and carried Mailly to the foot of the ladder, where he, too, fell with a broken thigh. Hastening into safety themselves, the soldiers paid no more attention to Mailly, whose voice was heard crying out, though no one stopped to listen to it:—

"Shoot me, at least, if you cannot save me!"

Poor Mailly did not suffer long. The moat was scarcely evacuated by the French grenadiers before the Turks swooped down into it, and cut off the heads of all who lay there, dead or wounded.

Djezzar pacha, intending to make a precious gift to Sir Sidney Smith, put those heads into a sack and sent them to the commodore.

Sir Sidney looked at the mournful trophy sadly, and said:—

"This is what it is to be allied with barbarians!"

VI.

PTOLEMAIS.

WHATEVER indifference Bonaparte may have shown in the matter of Jerusalem, which he passed within twenty miles without troubling himself to stop and see it, he was extremely interested in the spot on which he now stood. Not being able, or not wishing, to follow the example of Alexander, who went out of his way to visit the high-priest at Jerusalem after returning from the conquest of India, he nevertheless regarded it as a matter of interest to stand on the site of the ancient Ptolemais, and to pitch his tent where Richard Cœur-de-Lion and Philip Augustus had pitched theirs.

Far from being indifferent to such historical conjunctions, his pride delighted in them, and he chose for his headquarters the little hill from which, on the day of his arrival, he had looked at the fight, feeling sure that on that very spot the feet of the heroes who had preceded him must have stood. But he — the leader of a political Crusade, who bore the banner of his own fortunes and left behind him all the religious ideas which had led millions of men from Godfrey de Bouillon to Saint Louis to the spot where he then stood — he, on the contrary, brought with him the science of the eighteenth century, Volney and Dupuis, — that is to say, scepticism. Indifferent to the Christian tradition, he was, on the other hand, keenly alive to the historical legend.

The very night the first assault failed and poor Mailly perished by the same fate that overtook his brother, Bonaparte assembled in his tent all his generals and staff

officers and told Bourrienne to lay out the few books his library contained. Unfortunately there were not many on the history of Syria. Plutarch, and the lives of Cicero, Pompey, Alexander, and Antony were there, but as for books of political philosophy, there were only the Old and New Testaments and a Mythology. He put one of the books we have now enumerated into the hands of each of his best-informed generals and called for the historical recollections of the rest, which, added to his own, and to what might be found in those few books, was all the information he could obtain in this desert.

It will be observed that this information was very incomplete. We, who are more fortunate than he, having under our eyes a whole library of Crusades, we shall lift the veil of the centuries, and tell our readers the history of this little corner of the earth from the day when it fell to the share of the tribe of Asher to that when another Cœur-de-Lion endeavored to recover it a third time from the Saracens.

Its ancient name was Acco, which signifies *hot sand*. The Arabs now call it Acca. Subjected to Egypt by the kings of the Greek dynasty of Ptolemy, who inherited Alexandria on the death of the conqueror of India, it took, somewhere about 106 B.C., the name of Ptolemais.

Vespasian, preparing his expedition against Judea, stayed three months at Ptolemais and held a court of kings and princes from all the surrounding countries. It was there that Titus first saw Berenice, the daughter of Agrippa, and fell in love with her.

But all that Bonaparte possessed of this period was the tragedy of Racine, fragments of which he often made Talma declaim to him. The Acts of the Apostles relate: "From Tyre we sailed to Ptolemais, where our navigation ended, and there we saluted the brethren and stayed one day with them." As you probably remember, it is Saint Paul who says that, and who stayed a day at Ptolemais.

The first siege of Ptolemais by the Crusaders began in 1189. Boah-Eddin, the Arabian historian, says, in speaking of the Christians, that they were so numerous God alone could count their number. On the other hand, a Christian writer, Gauthier Visinauf, chronicler to Richard Cœur-de-Lion, declares that the army of Sala-Eddin was far more numerous than the army of Darius.

After the battle of Tiberias (of which we shall have occasion to speak in relating the battle of Mount Tabor), Guy de Lusignan, escaping from captivity, came to Ptolemais on his way to besiege Jerusalem, the fortifications of the town having just been rebuilt, strong towers defending it on the side toward the sea. One of these towers was called the Tower of Flies, because it was there the pagans offered sacrifices which attracted flies to the flesh of the victims. The other was named the Accursed Tower, because, says Gauthier in his "Itinerary of King Richard," it was in that tower that the pieces of silver for which Judas sold our Lord were minted.

It was also by this very tower — truly an Accursed Tower — that the Saracens, in 1291, forced their way into the city and seized it. Though ignorant of that fact, this was the tower which Bonaparte had now attacked, and from which his grenadiers had been obliged to fall back.

"Walter Scott, in one of his best romances, "The Talisman," relates an episode of that famous siege, which lasted two years. The Arabian histories, which are much less known, also contain very curious accounts of it. Ibn-Alatir, Sala-Eddin's physician, has left an interesting description of the Moslem camp.

"In the middle of the encampment," Ibn-Alatir is speaking, "was a vast open space, in which were the huts of the farriers, one hundred and forty of them. The proportions of the rest of the camp can be imagined from that. In a single kitchen were twenty-nine caldrons, each able to contain a whole sheep. I myself counted the shops which were registered by the inspector of markets. I

counted seven thousand. Remark that they were not shops like those we have in towns. One of those vast camp shops would have made a hundred of our small city ones. All were well stocked. I have heard say that when Sala-Eddin struck camp to retire to Karouba, it cost one single butter-man seventy pieces of gold to transport his butter, short as the distance was. As to the number of shops for new clothes and old clothes, it passes all imagination. There were over one thousand bath-houses in camp, kept by Africans; it cost a piece of silver to take a bath. As for the camp of the Christians, it was like a fortified city. All the trades and all the mechanical arts of Europe were there represented."

The markets were supplied with meats, fish, and fruit as plentifully as if the camp were the capital of a great kingdom. There were even churches with bell-towers; so that the Saracens knew when the Christians were called to prayer, and attacked them at those hours.

"A poor English priest," says Michaud in his "History of the Crusades," "built at his own cost on the plain of Ptolemais a chapel sacred to the dead. He laid out a vast cemetery round his chapel and had it consecrated. He himself chanted the offices for the dead, and there he buried more than one hundred thousand of the pilgrims. Forty seigneurs from Bremen and Lubeck made tents with the sails of their vessels to shelter the sick and wounded soldiers of their nation and nursed them while ill. This was the origin of the famous order which exists to the present day under the name of the Teutonic Order."

Whoever has travelled in the East, in Egypt, or to Constantinople, has made acquaintance with the famous Turkish polichinello, Caragus. The exploits of our Punch are not to be compared with his; our Punch would blush, cynic though he be, at even the most innocent jests of his colleague in a turban. It was during this siege — the one, we mean, in which Richard Cœur-de-Lion, Philip Augustus,

and Sala-Eddin played so grand a part — that the ancestor of the modern Caragus first appeared. He was an emir.

Another historic date not less interesting to verify is that of bills of exchange. Emad-Eddin tells of an ambassador from the Caliph of Bagdad, who was bearer of two cargoes of naphtha and of reeds, and who brought with him five persons skilled in distilling naphtha and projecting it, — naphtha and Greek fire being the same thing. Moreover, this ambassador also brought a *cedule*, or draft, on the merchants of Bagdad for twenty thousand pieces of gold. So that bills of exchange and drafts are not an invention of modern commerce, inasmuch as they were current at the East in 1191.

It was during the two years of this siege that the besieged invented the *zenbourech*, which the popes afterwards forbade the Christians to use against the Moslems. It was a species of arrow about a foot long and three inches thick; it had four faces, a sharp iron point, and feathers at the other end. Vinisauf relates that this terrible arrow driven by an instrument of powerful propulsion would sometimes go through the bodies of two men armed with their cuirasses, and, passing completely through them, would bury itself in a wall beyond.

It was at the close of this siege that the great quarrel arose between Richard, king of England, and Leopold, duke of Austria. Cœur-de-Lion, who sometimes came back from an assault so stuck with arrows that he looked, says his chronicler, like a pin-cushion, was justly proud of his courage and strength. Leopold, very brave himself, had run up his flag on one of the towers of the town into which he and Richard had penetrated together. Richard might have run up his beside that of Leopold, had he so chosen; but he preferred to pull down the Austrian flag, and fling it into the moat. The Germans all rose at this and wanted to attack the king of England in his quarters. But Leopold withstood them.

A year later, Richard, not wishing to return to England

through France, on account of his differences with Philip Augustus, crossed Austria in disguise. But he was recognized, made prisoner, and taken to the castle of Durenstein. For two years the world was ignorant of what had become of him. That mighty thunderbolt of war had passed like a meteor. Of Richard the Lion-hearted there was no longer a trace.

A gentleman of Arras, named Blondel, determined to find him, and started on the search. One day as he sat down to rest by the wall of an old castle, he began to sing a song he and Richard had composed together; for Richard was a poet in his idle moments. Richard, hearing the first couplet he and Blondel had composed together, was sure his friend was near and answered him by singing the second.

All the world knows the rest, which has given Grétry the opportunity to write his masterpiece.

Ptolemais surrendered to the Christians, as we have said, after a siege of two years. The garrison were given their lives on condition of restoring the true cross which they had captured at the battle of Tiberias. It is not necessary to add that, once at liberty, the Saracens did not keep their word.

A hundred years later Ptolemais was retaken from the Christians, and after that it never went back to them. This siege had its chronicles and its vicissitudes, which agitated all Europe, and its own spirit of devotion, signalized by more than one act of courage and self-abnegation. Saint Anthony relates a startling legend about it.

“There was,” he says, “a celebrated convent in Saint-Jean-d’Acre, belonging to the Sisters of the order of Saint-Claire. When the Saracens forced their way into the town, the abbess ordered the convent bell to be rung, which assembled the whole community. Then addressing the nuns, she said:—

“My very dear daughters and very excellent sisters, you have promised our Lord Jesus Christ to be his spotless

spouses. We are now in double danger, — danger to our lives, danger to our chastity. Our enemies are close upon us, — enemies not only of our bodies but of our souls. After staining our souls, they will destroy our bodies by the sword. We cannot now escape them by flight, but we can preserve our souls by an act that is painful, and yet sure. It is the beauty of women that seduces men. Let us destroy that attraction; let us make use of our faces to save our true beauty, to preserve our chastity intact. I will set you the example; let those who wish to go spotless into the presence of their immaculate spouse imitate their mistress's example.'

"Having said those words, she cut off her nose with a knife. All the others followed her example, and disfigured themselves bravely to appear in spotless beauty before Christ Jesus. By this means they preserved their chastity; for the Mussulmans, seeing their bloody faces, conceived a horror for them, and only put them to death."

VII.

THE SCOUTS.

DURING the evening we have mentioned, when Bonaparte collected his generals and his staff, not for a council of war, not for the arrangements of a battle, but as a literary and historical committee, several messengers arrived for the sheik of Ahar, who informed him that an army under orders of the pacha of Damascus was about to cross the Jordan and force Bonaparte to raise the siege of Saint-Jean-d'Acre.

This army, of about twenty-five thousand men, according to the report of the Arabs who always exaggerated, was bringing with it an immense baggage-train and proposed to cross the Jordan by Jacob's Bridge. The emissaries of the Djezzar had spread themselves over the whole coast region of Said and had raised contingents, which now joined those of Aleppo and Damascus, — all the more willingly because the Egyptian pacha caused it to be rumored about that the French were only a handful of men without artillery, and that the pacha of Damascus need only show himself and meet the Frenchmen once to exterminate their whole army.

At this news Bonaparte flung down the volume of Plutarch which he held in his hand, called Vial, Junot, and Marat; sent Vial to the north to take possession of Sour (the ancient Tyre); sent Murat to the northeast to make sure of the fort of Zaphet; and Junot to the south, with orders to seize Nazareth and watch the whole surrounding country from that village on a height.

Vial crossed the mountains of Cape Blanc, and came in sight of Sour on the 3d of April. From the heights above

the town, the French general could see the frightened inhabitants escaping from their houses in terror. He entered the place without a fight, promised the inhabitants peace and protection, reassured them completely, and persuaded those who remained in the town to bring back the others who had fled. At the end of two days he had the satisfaction of seeing them all back in their own homes. He then left a garrison of two hundred men behind him and returned to Saint-Jean-d'Acre.

Murat had been as fortunate as Vial. He had gone as far as the fort of Zaphet, from which two or three cannonballs had hunted half the garrison. The other half, who were Maugrabins, offered to take service under Murat. From there he had marched to the Jordan, and examined its right bank, and cast a look at the Lake of Tiberias. Leaving a French garrison in the fort, which was well provisioned, he returned to Saint-Jean-d'Acre on the 6th of April, bringing with him his Maugrabins.

Junot had taken possession of Nazareth, the birthplace of our Saviour; and there he had camped, partly in the village, partly out of it, waiting fresh orders from Bonaparte, who had told him not to come back till he was recalled.

In vain did Murat reassure the commander-in-chief as to the approach of an enemy. Bonaparte was filled with his own presentiments, supported by the assurances of the sheik of Ahar, as to the existence of the invisible army said to be marching toward him. He therefore accepted the sheik's proposal that he should be sent as scout along the Lake of Tiberias. Roland, who was weary of camp life, asked to be allowed to accompany the sheik in his exploration; and the favor was granted to him.

.That evening they started, profiting by the coolness and darkness of the night to ride as far as the plains of Esdreton, which offered them, in case of need, a double refuge, — on the right into the mountains of Naplous, on the left to those of Nazareth.

“On the 7th of April, 1799, the promontory on which is built the town of Saint-Jean-d’Acre, the ancient Ptolemais, seemed to be as much enveloped by thunder and lightning as was Mount Sinai on the day when, from the burning bush, the Lord God gave the Law to Moses. Whence came that thunder which shook the coasts of Syria like an earthquake? Whence that smoke which covered the Gulf of Carmel with a cloud as thick as if the mountain of Elias had changed into a volcano?”

Thus did we begin the first chapter of this episode. The succeeding chapters have so far only explained what preceded this campaign in Syria, — the eighth, and probably the last, Crusade.

Bonaparte was attempting his second assault. He had waited for the return of Vial and Murat to try fortune once more. He was in the trenches, not three hundred feet from the ramparts. Beside him was General Caffarelli, with whom he was conversing. Caffarelli had a hand on his hip to keep his balance, which was sometimes difficult with his wooden leg. The corner of his elbow projected beyond the trench.

The point of Bonaparte’s cocked hat was exposed, and a ball from the enemy knocked the hat off his head. He stooped to pick it up, and as he did so he noticed Caffarelli’s attitude.

“General,” he said, “we have to do with Arnaouts and Albanians, all excellent shots; my hat is a proof of it. Take care they don’t take off your arm as they have my hat.”

Caffarelli made a contemptuous gesture. He who had left a leg on the banks of the Rhine, did not seem to care what part of him remained on the banks of the Kerdaneah. He did not move. A minute later Bonaparte saw him quiver; he turned, and his arm was seen to hang helpless at his side.

At the same instant Bonaparte raised his eyes, and saw Croisier about thirty feet from him, standing upright on

the edge of the trench. It was useless bravado; and Bonaparte called out:—

“Come down, Croisier! you have no business there; come down, I say.”

“Did not you tell me, out loud one day, that I was a coward?” said the young man.

“I was wrong,” replied the general; “you have proved to me I was mistaken. Come down!”

Croisier made a movement to obey, but he did not come down; he fell. A ball had struck him in the thigh.

“Larrey! Larrey!” cried Bonaparte, stamping his foot impatiently. “Here, come here! There’s work for you.”

Larrey came up. Croisier was laid upon muskets and carried to the rear. As for Caffarelli, the surgeon-in-chief gave him an arm, and he walked away.

Let us leave the assault, begun under such sad circumstances, to follow its course, and cast our eyes toward the beautiful plain of Esdreton, covered with flowers, and toward the river Kishon, the course of which is marked out by a long line of oleanders.

On the banks of this river two horsemen were carelessly making their way. One was dressed in the green uniform of a chasseur, a sabre at his side, and a three-cornered hat on his head. He was whisking a perfumed handkerchief in his hand to make air, as he would with a fan. The tri-color cockade in his hat proved that he belonged to the French army.

His companion wore a red fez fastened round his head with a cord of camel’s hair; a loose headgear of dazzling colors was worn over it, and hung from his head upon his shoulders. A large burnous of white cashmere completely enveloped his person; but when it opened it showed a rich oriental caftan of green velvet embroidered with gold. He wore as a belt a scarf of many colors, blending in one harmonious whole, with that marvellous taste nowhere seen but in Eastern stuffs. Slipped through this belt were two pistols with silver-gilt handles exquisitely chased. The

sabre alone was of French manufacture. The rider wore wide trousers of red satin, the ends of which were lost in boots with green velvet tops embroidered like the caftan. In his hand he carried a long and slender lance, light as a reed, solid as an iron twig, and ornamented at its tip with a bunch of ostrich feathers.

The two young men stopped at a bend in the river, in the shadow of a little group of palm-trees; and there, laughing merrily, as became two good companions traveling together, they prepared their breakfast, consisting of a few bits of biscuit, which the Frenchman drew from his holsters and dipped for an instant in the river. As for the Arab, he looked about him and above him; then, without saying a word, he attacked with his sabre one of the palm-trees, whose soft and porous wood yielded rapidly to the keen blade.

"This is a fine sabre the general-in-chief has given me," said its owner. "I hope to try it soon on something else than a palm-tree."

"It ought to be good," said the Frenchman, crunching the biscuit with his teeth. "It came from the manufactory at Versailles. But is it only to try its strength that you are murdering that poor tree?"

"Look!" said the Arab, pointing upward.

"Ah!" cried the Frenchman; "it is a date-tree, and our breakfast will be better than I thought."

At that moment the tree fell noisily, putting within reach of the young men two or three magnificent clusters of dates that were fully ripe. They attacked this manna that the Lord had sent them with the appetite of their twenty-five years. While they were thus engaged, the Arab's horse began to neigh in a peculiar manner. His master made an exclamation, and sprang out of the copse, looking in every direction over the plain of Esdrelon, on which they were.

"What is it?" asked the Frenchman, carelessly.

"One of ours," said the other, "mounted on a mare; we shall probably get the news we have come in search of."

He came back and sat down by his companion, paying no attention to his horse, which galloped away in search of the mare his nostrils had scented.

Ten minutes later the gallop of two horses was heard, and a Druse, who had recognized his sheik's horse, drew up at the thicket of palm-trees, where the presence of a second horse showed him there was an encampment, or at least a halt.

"Azib!" cried the Arab leader.

The Druse sprang from his horse, threw the bridle on its neck, and walked toward the sheik, crossing his hands on his breast, and bowing profoundly. His chief exchanged a few words with him in Arabic, and then, turning to his companion, he said in French:—

"I was not mistaken; the advanced guard of the pacha of Damascus has just crossed Jacob's Bridge."

"That's what we are going to find out," replied Roland, whom our readers have no doubt recognized.

"Useless," said the sheik of Ahar. "Azib has seen them."

"It may be so," said Roland; "but perhaps Azib saw wrong. I shall be much more sure of it when I have seen for myself. That great mountain which looks like a patty must be Mount Tabor. The Jordan, consequently, is behind it. We are only a few miles from the base. Let us mount it and see for ourselves what there is to be seen."

Then without troubling himself to ascertain whether the sheik followed him or not, Roland sprang on his horse, refreshed by the halt he had made, and started at full gallop toward Mount Tabor.

A minute later he heard the sheik and Azib galloping behind him.

VIII.

THE BEAUTIFUL DAUGHTERS OF NAZARETH.

ROLAND rode about three miles across that splendid plain of Esdrelon, the broadest and most celebrated in all Palestine, after that of the Jordan. In ancient days it was called the paradise, and the granary of Syria, the plain of Jezrael, the fields of Esdrelon, the plain of Magiddo; under all of which names it is celebrated in the Bible. It saw the defeat of the Midianites and the Amalekites by Gideon. It beheld Saul camping beside the fountain of Jezrael to fight the Philistines assembled at Aphik. It beheld him, vanquished, throw himself upon his sword and perish, he and his three sons with him. It was on this plain that poor Naboth had his vineyard near to the palace of Ahab, and here that the wicked Jezebel had him stoned as a blasphemer, that she might seize his heritage. It was here that Joram's heart was pierced by an arrow from the bow of Jehu; and it is near the very spot where our young men have just been breakfasting that Jezebel was flung from a window by order of Jehu, and her body devoured by dogs.

In the Middle Ages this plain, the witness of so many historical events, was called the plain of Sabas. To-day it is called Merdj ibn Amer, — that is to say, the Pasturage of the Sons of Amer. It stretches to a width of fifteen miles between the mountains of Gilboa and those of Nazareth. At its extremity rises Mount Tabor, toward which the three horsemen were now galloping, without a thought of these great events on the celebrated soil their horses' hoofs were trampling.

Mount Tabor is accessible on all sides, and especially from that of Fouli, by which they were now approaching it.

They were obliged to climb to its summit (an easy task to Arabian horses) before their eyes could see above the tops of two foothills, which masked their view of the Jordan and Lake Tiberias. But the higher they went up, the clearer the horizon grew. Soon they perceived an immense azure sheet bordered on the one hand by golden sands, and on the other by low hills clothed with a wild vegetation. This was the Lake Tiberias, joined to the Dead Sea by the Jordan, which stretched along the plain like a yellow ribbon glittering in the sunlight. They now beheld the whole army of the pacha of Damascus, which was following the eastern bank of the lake and crossing the river Jordan at Jacob's Bridge. The advanced guard had already disappeared between the lake and the mountains of Tiberias.

It was impossible for the young man to estimate, even approximatively, the number of this multitude. The horsemen alone, marching in the fantastic manner of Orientals, covered many miles of ground. Though at a distance of at least twelve miles, they could see the glitter of the weapons through the dust raised by the feet of the horses.

It was about three o'clock in the afternoon. There was no time to lose; the sheik of Ahar and Azib, by halting their horses for an hour or two near the river Kishon, could reach the French army by daybreak and warn Bonaparte. As for Roland, he resolved to go to Nazareth and put Junot on his guard, — all the more because he saw a chance of fighting with more freedom of action than when restrained by Bonaparte.

The three men rapidly descended Mount Tabor. At the foot of the mountain they separated, the two Arabs continuing along the whole length of the plain of Esdrelon, and Roland riding in a straight line to Nazareth, the white

houses of which nestling like a flock of doves amid the dark verdure of the mountain, he had seen from Mount Tabor.

Whoever has visited Nazareth knows by what abominable roads it is reached. Sometimes to right, sometimes to left, the way is bordered by precipices; and the charming flowers which bloom wherever a trifle of soil allows their roots to live, embellish the road but do not make it less dangerous. Here are white lilies, yellow jonquils, blue crocuses, and roses of a freshness and sweetness of which we can form no idea without experience. "Nezer," which is the original of "Nazareth," means in the Hebrew "flower."

Roland saw and lost and saw again the little town of Nazareth three or four times before he reached it. At ten minutes' distance from the first houses, he met an outpost of the grenadiers of the 19th brigade. He made himself known to them and asked whether he should find the general in the town or the neighborhood. They told him the general was in Nazareth and had visited his outposts not twenty minutes earlier.

Roland was forced to put his horse at a walk. The noble beast had just done nearly sixty miles without other rest than that of an hour for breakfast; but his master was now sure of finding the general and would not press him further. When he reached the first houses Roland found a guard of dragoons, commanded by a friend of his, Desnoyers. He gave his horse to an orderly and asked to be told where he should find General Junot. It was then half-past five o'clock.

Desnoyers looked at the sun, which was just beginning to sink behind the mountains of Naplous, and answered, laughing:—

"It is just the time of day when the women of Nazareth go to draw water. General Junot will be found near the wells."

Roland shrugged his shoulders. No doubt he thought that the proper place for a general was in reviewing some-

thing else than the handsome daughters of Nazareth. However, he followed the directions given him, and was soon at the other end of the village.

The wells were about ten minutes' walk from the last houses at that end. The road that leads to them is bordered on each side by huge cacti which form an impenetrable wall. About two hundred feet from the fountain, and following with his eyes the women who came and went there, was Junot, attended by two aides-de-camp. Junot recognized Bonaparte's staff officer at once. Every one knew the affection the commander-in-chief felt for the young man, and that was a sufficient reason why all should treat him cordially. But his courteous familiarity and his proverbial courage would have made him friends even without the good-will of the commander.

Junot came up to him with outstretched hand. Roland, rigid observer of the proprieties, saluted as an inferior; for he always guarded against allowing it to be thought that he attributed the general's kindness to his own merits.

"Do you bring us good news, my dear Roland?" asked Junot.

"Yes, general," answered Roland; "inasmuch as I have come to tell you that the enemy is close by."

"Faith!" said Junot, laughing, "next to the sight of these handsome girls bearing their pitchers like the princess Nausicaa, I don't know anything so agreeable as a sight of the enemy. Just look, Roland; what a superb air those hussies have! Would n't you take them for the goddesses of antiquity? Well, how about the enemy?"

"You can meet him when you like, general; he's only about fifteen miles from here."

"What do you think they'll say to you if you tell them they are handsome?—'The Virgin Mary wills it.' This is the first time since we entered Syria that I have seen any pretty women. So you've seen the enemy, have you?"

"With my own eyes, general."

"Which way is he coming? Where is he going? What does he want of us?"

"He is coming from Damascus; he wants to fight us, I think; he is going to Saint-Jean-d'Acre, if I'm not mistaken, to raise the siege."

"Is that all? Then we'll cut him off. Will you stay with me, or go back to Bonaparte?"

"I'll stay with you, general. I've a monstrous desire to come to close quarters with those fellows. It is fearfully dull at the siege. Except for two or three sorties that Djezzar pacha was foolish enough to make, there has not been a bit of amusement."

"Well," said Junot, "we'll have some to-morrow, I promise you. By the bye, I forgot to ask how many of them there are."

"Ah, my dear general, I'll answer you like an Arab. 'As well count the sands of the sea.' They must be twenty-five to thirty thousand strong."

Junot scratched his forehead.

"The devil!" he said; "we can't do much with the handful of men I have here."

"How many have you?" asked Roland.

"Just one hundred more than the three hundred Spartans. But, after all, we can do as much as they did, and that's not so bad. Well, there's time enough to think about that to-morrow. Do you want to see the sights of the town, or will you have some supper?"

"Well," said Roland, "I suppose there are plenty of legends here in Nazareth; but, to tell you the truth, general, my stomach is more importunate than my eyes. I breakfasted this morning by the Kishon on a sea-biscuit and a dozen dates, and I must say, I'm both hungry and thirsty."

"Give me the pleasure of your company at supper, and we'll try to still your appetite." Then, addressing a young girl who passed them, he said in Arabic:—

“Water, — thy brother is thirsty,” and he signed to Roland.

The girl drew near, tall and majestic, and swathed in her tunic with its long, falling sleeves, which left the arms bare. Bending the pitcher, which she carried on her right shoulder, to the level of her left wrist, she offered the water it contained to Roland, with a gesture full of grace.

Roland drank deep, not because the girl was handsome, but because the water was cool and refreshing.

“Has my brother drunk his fill?” asked the girl.

“Yes,” said Roland in the same language; “and thy brother thanks thee.”

The young girl bowed her head, replaced the pitcher on her shoulder, and went her way toward the village.

“Why! you speak Arabic fluently,” said Junot, laughing.

“Wasn't I a whole month a prisoner and wounded among those brigands, at the time of the insurrection at Cairo?” said Roland. “I had to learn Arabic, — to my own injury, though; for ever since the general found out that I can splutter the prophet's language, he has a mania for sending after me on all occasions to interpret for him. Come, let us go to supper, general.”

And Roland took the road to the village without so much as casting a last glance at the beautiful daughters of Nazareth, whom General Junot and his aides stopped at every turn to admire.

IX.

THE BATTLE OF NAZARETH.

THE next morning at daybreak, — that is, at six o'clock, — drums and trumpets were beating and sounding the reveille. As Roland had assured Junot that the advanced guard of the Damascans was advancing toward Tiberias, Junot, anxious not to give them time to fasten on his mountain, passed over the notch in the heights above Nazareth and went down through the valley as far as Cana, which he did not see till he was close upon it, a spur of the mountain completely hiding it.

The enemy, he judged, must then be in the valley of Batouf, the one which extends to the foot of Mount Tabor. In any case, descending as he did from the high places, as Scripture calls them, he ran no danger of being surprised; on the contrary, he was more likely to be seen from afar.

The soldiers knew more about the miracle done by Jesus Christ in Cana than about his other miracles; and of all the places sanctified by his presence Cana was the one that was chiefly in their memory. It was at a wedding in Cana that Jesus changed the water into wine; and though our soldiers were glad enough on the days when they were able to get water, it is certain they would have been gladder still if the water could have been turned into wine.

It was at Cana, too, that Jesus did another miracle related by Saint John:—

“There was a nobleman of the court whose son was sick at Capernaum. Hearing that Jesus had come into

Galilee, he went to him and begged him to come down to Cana and cure his son who was at the point of death.

“Jesus said to him: ‘Go home, your son is cured.’”

“The man believed the words that Jesus had said to him and he went home. When he came within sight of his own house his servants met him and told him his son was cured.”

When Junot reached the first houses of the village of Cana, the Sheik El Beled came out to meet him and advised him not to go farther; for the enemy, he said, was in the plain, to the number of two or three thousand horsemen.

Junot had one hundred and fifty grenadiers of the 19th of the line, one hundred and fifty carbineers of 2d light infantry, and about a hundred horse commanded by Major Duvivier, belonging to the 14th dragoons. This made exactly four hundred men, as he had said the night before.

He thanked the Sheik El Beled, and, to the great admiration of the latter, he continued on his way. When he reached a branch of the little river which takes its rise near Cana, he skirted its banks upward to its source. On entering the defile which separates Loubi from the mountains of Cana he saw, sure enough, between two and three thousand horsemen divided into several parties advancing between Mount Tabor and Loubi.

To judge better of their positions he put his horse to a gallop and reached the ruins of a village which crowned the height, called by the country-people, Meschinah. At the same instant he saw a second corps marching on the village of Loubi. This body was composed of Mameluks, Turcomans, and Maugrabins, and was fully as strong in numbers as the other body; so that Junot, with four hundred men at his command, had as many as five thousand to deal with.

This last body was marching in a compact mass at short step and good order, contrary to the custom of Orient-

tals. An immense number of flags, banners, and horses' tails were visible in its ranks. These horses' tails, which served as ensigns to the pachas, had been an object of laughter to the Frenchmen, until they came to know the origin of this singular banner. They were told that at the battle of Nicopolis, Bajazet, beholding his own flag seized by the Crusaders, cut off the tail of his horse with a blow of his sabre, fastened it to a lance, and not only rallied his men around this novel standard, but actually won that famous battle, one of the most disastrous for Christendom.

Junot judged rightly that he had nothing to fear except from the troop which was marching in good order. He sent fifty of his grenadiers to hold in check the horsemen he had first seen, whom he knew to be Bedouins, and whose part it always was to hover on the outskirts of a fight, and harass the French troops. But to the regular body marching compactly, he opposed the remaining hundred grenadiers, and the one hundred and fifty carbineers, reserving under his own hand the hundred dragoons to hurl them wherever there might seem necessity.

The Turks, seeing this handful of men halting and apparently awaiting them, supposed they were motionless from fear. They advanced within pistol range; but then carbineers and grenadiers, each selecting his man, fired, and the whole front rank of the Turks fell, while many bullets, passing beyond them deep into the ranks, brought down men and horses in the third and even fourth lines.

This volley threw the Mussulmans into great disorder, and gave time to the carbineers and grenadiers to reload. But this time they only fired from their first rank, those of the second rank passing forward their reloaded muskets and those of the front passing back their discharged ones.

These continuous volleys made the Turks hesitate; then, remembering their own numbers, and seeing how few there were of their enemy, they charged with loud cries.

This was the moment for which Roland was waiting.

While Junot was directing his two hundred and fifty men to form in square, Roland, at the head of the hundred dragoons, flashed down upon the Turks, who were charging in disorder, and took them in flank. The Turks were not accustomed to the straight sabres, which stabbed them like lances at a distance to which their curved blades could not reach. The effect of this charge was horrible; the dragoons rode through the whole Mussulman body, appeared on the other side, gave time to the infantry square to fire its volley, then dashed down the lane that the balls had made, and pointing their weapons at all before them, enlarged the rift so much that the whole body of the enemy seemed to explode and the Turkish horsemen, instead of rallying together, began to scatter over the plain.

Roland had fastened upon the standard-bearer of the principal chieftains. His sabre being that of the chasseurs, with a curved blade, and not the straight and pointed weapon of the dragoons, he was on an equal footing with his adversary. Two or three times he dropped the reins on his horse's neck, guiding him with his knees, and putting his left hand into the holsters for a pistol; but the thought that it was unworthy of him to use such means arrested him in the act. Then he rushed his horse on that of his enemy, seized the man by the body, and a furious struggle ensued, while the horses, understanding that they too were enemies, bit and tore each other as best they could. For a moment those who surrounded the two combatants stopped and looked on as though they would fain see the end of such a struggle. But Roland, letting go his stirrups, spurred his horse vigorously so that the animal glided, as it were, from between his legs. Then his own weight dragged down the Turkish horseman, who fell head-foremost to the ground, hanging to his stirrup. In a second Roland rose, his bloody sabre in one hand, and the Turkish standard in the other. As for the Mussulman, he was dead, and his horse, pricked by Roland's sabre, dragged the body into the ranks of his companions, adding to the disorder.

Meanwhile the Bedouins of the plain of Mount Tabor were rushing forward at the sound of the musketry. Two chiefs, superbly mounted, preceded their troop by several hundred paces. Junot sprang forward to meet them, ordering his soldiers to leave those men to him.

At a hundred paces in front of the fifty grenadiers whom he had stationed, almost in derision, to hold the Bedouins in check, he stopped, being then at a short distance from the two horsemen he was charging, let his sabre hang by the sword-knot, took a pistol from the holsters, and seeing, between the two ears of the horse of one who was coming toward him at full speed, the flaming eyes of his enemy, he put a ball (we have already mentioned Junot's accuracy with this weapon) through the middle of his forehead. The rider fell; the horse, continuing its headlong course, was caught by one of the fifty grenadiers, while Junot, replacing the pistol in its holster, seized his sabre and cleft with one straight blow the skull of his other adversary.

Then every officer, electrified by the example of his general, left the ranks. Ten or twelve strange hand-to-hand combats, like that we have just described, began before the eyes of the whole army, who clapped their hands. In all of them, the Turks were vanquished.

The battle lasted from half-past nine in the morning till three in the afternoon, and then Junot ordered a retreat, step by step, into the mountains above Cana. In descending from them that morning, he had noticed a large tract of table-land which seemed to him favorable for his purpose; for he knew very well that with four hundred men he might make a brilliant fight, but he could not conquer the enemy. The fight was fought; four hundred Frenchmen had held their ground for five hours against five thousand Turks. They had killed eight hundred and wounded three hundred, with a loss of five men killed on our side and one wounded.

Junot ordered the wounded man to be carried on a litter by four of his comrades, relaying one another.

Roland had remounted his horse. He changed his curved sabre for a straight one, and his pistols were again in his holsters. Then he put himself, together with two of Junot's aides, at the head of the hundred dragoons which formed the general's cavalry, and the three young men ended their day with many picturesque adventures, which long contributed to swell the heroic anecdotes and joyous tales that were current among the bivouacs of the Army of the East.

By four o'clock Junot, safely ensconced on his tableland, having at his feet a little stream which falls into the sea near Carmel, and being in communication with the Greek and Catholic monks of Cana and Nazareth, was protected from attack by his position and sure of his supplies.

He could therefore wait tranquilly for the reinforcements which Bonaparte, informed of the state of things by the sheik of Ahar would certainly not fail to send him.

X.

MOUNT TABOR.

As Roland had supposed, the sheik of Ahar reached camp at dawn. In accordance with Bonaparte's standing order: "Always wake me for bad news, never for good," the commander-in-chief was roused.

The sheik, being brought into his tent, told him what he had seen, and that twenty-five to thirty thousand men had crossed the Jordan and were now on Tiberian territory. In reply to a question from Bonaparte as to what had become of Roland, he said that the young aide-de-camp had gone to warn Junot, at Nazareth, and wished him to say to Bonaparte that there was a broad plain at the foot of Mount Tabor, between that mountain and those of Naplous, where twenty-five thousand Turks might be laid out with ease.

Bonaparte ordered Bourrienne to be waked, asked for his map, and sent for Kléber.

When Kléber came, Bonaparte made the young Druse chief, to whom he gave a pencil, point out the exact course the Mussulmans had taken, and the one by which he, the sheik of Ahar, had returned to camp.

"You will take your division," he then said to Kléber, "which ought to be two thousand strong or thereabouts. The sheik of Ahar will show you the way, so that you may not take precisely the route he took with Roland. Follow the shortest road to Safarieh; to-morrow morning, early, you can be at Nazareth. Let your men each carry water enough for the march. I see a river marked on the map; but at this season I'm afraid it may be dried up. Give

battle, if you can, in the plain before or behind Mount Tabor, either at Loubi or at Fouli. We have a revenge to take for the battle of Tiberias, won by Saladin over Guy de Lusignan, in 1187. Don't be anxious about me. I will get there in good time."

Kléber collected his division; bivouacked that night at Safarieh, a town which is said to have been inhabited by Saint-Joachim and Sainte-Anne. The same evening he put himself in communication with Junot, who had left his main body on the table-land above Cana, and gone up to Nazareth, for which he had a weakness. Kléber learned from Junot that the enemy had not left his position at Loubi, and, consequently, that he could meet him at one of the points indicated by Bonaparte, that is to say, before Mount Tabor.

A mile from Loubi was a village called Seyid-Jarra, occupied by a portion of the Turkish army, in all, about seven or eight thousand men. Kléber made Junot attack them with half the division; while with the rest, formed in square, he charged the cavalry. At the end of two hours the pacha's infantry was driven from Seyid-Jarra, and his cavalry from Loubi. The Turks, completely routed, retired in disorder to the Jordan. Junot had two horses killed under him; finding nothing at hand but a dromedary, he mounted that, but the beast bolted with him into the midst of the Turkish horsemen, among whom he looked like a giant.

But the camel's hamstrings were soon cut, and it fell upon its knees. Happily, Roland had kept him in sight, and calling to Junot's aide-de-camp, Teinturier (the same who had been watching the beautiful women of Nazareth with him), they both fell like a thunderbolt on the mass of men surrounding the general, and cut their way through to him. Junot mounted the horse of a dead Mameluk, and together the three men, pistol in hand, pierced the living wall, and re-appeared to the troops, who thought them dead and were hastening to recover their bodies.

Kléber had made his march with such rapidity that his waggons had not kept up with him; he was therefore unable to pursue the enemy for want of ammunition. He retired to Nazareth and strengthened his position toward Safarieh. On the 13th he reconnoitred the enemy. The Mameluks of Ibrahim Bey, the Janissaries of Damascus, the Arabs of Aleppo, and the different tribes of Syria, had effected a junction with the Naplousians, and the whole mass were encamped on the plain of Fouli, that is to say, the plain of Esdrelon.

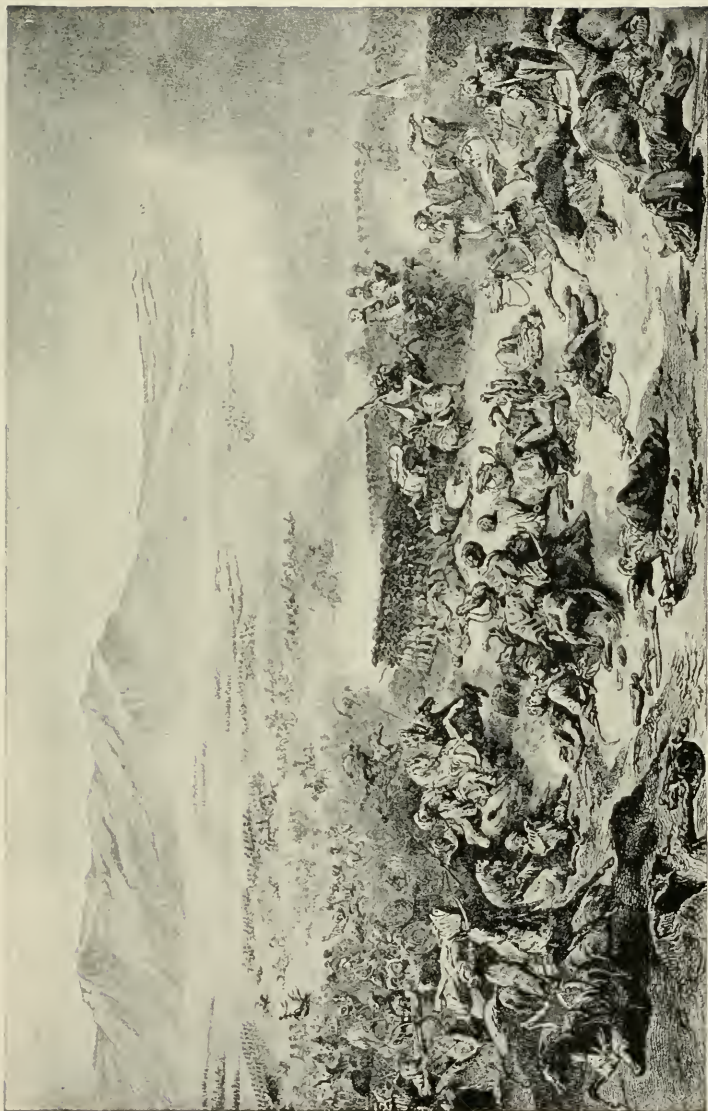
Kléber at once informed the commander-in-chief of all these details. He told him he had seen the whole army of the enemy, which probably amounted to thirty thousand men of whom twenty thousand were cavalry; and he also told him that he intended on the following day to attack this multitude. His letter ended as follows: "The enemy is exactly where you wished him. Try not to miss the ball."

The sheik of Ahar was selected to carry this dispatch, but as the plain was covered with the enemy's couriers, it was thought advisable to send copies by three different messengers. Out of the three dispatches, Bonaparte received two, — one at eleven at night; the other at one the next morning. The third messenger was never heard of again.

Bonaparte had no intention of missing the ball. He was indeed most anxious to come to a general action, and fight a decisive battle in order to drive back the formidable mass who might very well crush him before the walls of Saint-Jean-d'Acre.

Murat was sent forward at two in the morning with a thousand infantry, one piece of light artillery, and a detachment of dragoons. He had orders to march until he reached the Jordan, where he was to take possession of Jacob's Bridge, and prevent the retreat of the Turkish army. It was a thirty-mile march.

Bonaparte himself started at three in the morning. He took with him everything that was not strictly necessary to



BATTLE OF MT. TABOR.

hold the besieged within their walls. By daybreak he was bivouacking on the heights of Safarieh, where he issued a ration of bread and water and brandy to his men. He had been obliged to take the longest route, because his artillery and waggons could not have followed him along the banks of the Kishon.

At nine o'clock he resumed his march, and soon after ten he was at the foot of Mount Tabor. There, on the vast plain of Esdrelon, at a distance of nine miles, he saw Kléber's division of barely twenty-five hundred men engaged, as we have said, with the whole army of the enemy which surrounded it on all sides. In fact, it seemed like a black patch in a centre surrounded by fire. More than twenty thousand cavalry were hovering around it like a whirlwind; sometimes darting down like an avalanche. None of those Frenchmen, who knew war well, had ever seen so many horsemen moving, charging, curveting, around them. And yet each soldier, his foot pressed against that of his neighbor, preserved the steady coolness which alone could save him, and received the Turks at the muzzle of his gun, — not firing until he was sure of bringing down his man, bayoneting the horses when they came too near, but reserving his fire for the riders.

Each man had received fifty cartridges, but by eleven o'clock fifty more were issued. One hundred thousand shots had been fired. Around them was a rampart of dead men and horses; they were sheltered by that horrible abatis, that bloody wall, as if in a trench.

That is what Bonaparte and his army saw as they debouched on Mount Tabor. At the sight, a cry of enthusiasm escaped all breasts: —

“To the enemy! to the enemy!” they shouted.

But Bonaparte cried “Halt!” He forced his men to take fifteen minutes' rest. He knew that Kléber could hold out for hours yet if necessary, and he meant that the triumph of the day should be complete.

He now formed his six thousand men in two squares of

three thousand each, and divided them in a way to take the whole savage horde, cavalry and infantry, in a triangle of fire.

The combatants were so desperately intent upon their work that, like the Romans and Carthaginians at the battle of Thrasymene who did not feel the earthquake, neither Turks nor Frenchmen saw the approach of the two armed bodies which rolled along their flanks like thunderbolts still mute, though the flashing of their brilliant arms was the precursor of the storm about to break.

Suddenly one cannon-shot was heard. It was the signal Bonaparte had agreed upon with Kléber.

The three squares were now less than three miles apart, and their triple fires were about to plunge into the mass of the enemy. The firing burst forth on all three sides simultaneously. The Mameluks, Janissaries, and all the horsemen whirled about upon themselves, not knowing how to escape the furnace; while the ten thousand infantry, ignorant of all military science and theory, broke their ranks instantly, and ran hither and thither against the triple storm.

Those who were fortunate enough to take a course between the squares escaped. In less than an hour's time they had all disappeared, like dust swept onward by the wind, leaving the plain covered with their dead, abandoning their camp, their standards, four hundred camels, and a vast booty.

The fugitives thought they had escaped; those who took to the mountains of Naplous did, in fact, find refuge; but those who attempted to cross the Jordan, by which they had come, fell into the hands of Murat and his thousand men. The Frenchmen did not stop the slaughter until they were weary of killing.

Bonaparte and Kléber met on the battle-field, and fell into each other's arms amid the acclamations of their men. It was then, according to the accepted military tradition, that the colossal Kléber, laying a hand on the shoulder of Bonaparte, whose head came only to his breast, said these words, which since then have been hotly disputed:—

“General, you are grand as the world!”

Bonaparte had a right to be satisfied. On the very spot where Guy de Lusignan was vanquished, he was victor; there, on the 5th of July, 1187, the Frenchmen, having, as the Arab historian says, exhausted everything “even to the water of their tears,” made their last desperate stand against the Moslem army commanded by Sala-Eddin.

“At the beginning,” says the same author, “they fought like lions, but, in the end, they were dispersed like sheep.” Surrounded on all sides, they were driven back to the foot of the mountain of the Beatitudes, on which our Lord, instructing the people, said: “Blessed are the poor in spirit; blessed are they who mourn; blessed are they who suffer persecution for the right,” and where he also taught them: “When ye pray, say, Our Father, who art in heaven.”

The whole action turned upon this mountain, which the Infidels called the mountain of Hittin. Guy de Lusignan took refuge upon it, and defended there as long as he could the True Cross; but he was unable to prevent its falling into the hands of the Mussulmans, who killed the Bishop of Saint-Jean-d’Acre, who bore it.

Raymond of Toulouse cut a passage through them for himself and his men, and fled to Tripoli, where he died of grief. So long as a handful of knights remained, they returned again and again to the charge, until they melted away among the Saracens like wax in a brazier.

Finally, the banner of the king himself fell, never to rise again; Guy de Lusignan was made prisoner, and Saladin, taking from the hands of the man who brought it the sword of the “King of Jerusalem,” dismounted from his horse and gave thanks to Mohanmed for his victory. Never did Christians, in Palestine or elsewhere, suffer so terrible a defeat. “Seeing the number of the dead,” says an eye-witness, “it was difficult to believe that prisoners could have been made; seeing the number of prisoners, it was difficult to believe that any could have been killed.”

The king, after swearing to the renunciation of his king-

dom, was sent to Damascus. All the Knight-Templars and Hospitaliers were beheaded. Sala-Eddin, who feared that his soldiers might feel a pity he did not feel, and spare some of the Christian soldiers, paid fifty gold pieces for the head of every one that was brought to him.

Of the whole Christian army scarcely a thousand men were left alive. "They sold," says an Arab author, "they sold a prisoner for a pair of sandals, and in the streets of Damascus the heads of the Christians were exposed for sale like melons."

Monseigneur Mislin relates, in his fine work on the "Holy Places," that one year after this horrible carnage he crossed the fields of Hittin and saw the mounds of bones still heaped there; and he adds that the mountains and valleys in the neighborhood were covered with the bleaching bones of the bodies dragged there by beasts of prey.

After the battle of Mount Tabor the jackals of the plains of Esdrelon had no cause to envy the hyenas of the mountain of Tiberias.

XI.

THE VENDOR OF BULLETS.

SINCE Bonaparte's return from Mount Tabor, that is, for more than a month, there had not been a day when the batteries ceased to thunder, not a day when there was truce between besieged and besiegers.

It was the first resistance that luck had made to Bonaparte.

The siege of Saint-Jean-d'Acre had now lasted sixty days; there had been seven assaults and twelve sorties. Caffarelli was dead from the results of the amputation of his arm. Croisier was still languishing on his bed of pain. A thousand men had been killed, or had died of the plague. There was powder enough left, but bullets were getting scarce.

The rumor of this fact began to spread through the army; it is impossible to hide such matters from soldiers. One morning, when Bonaparte was visiting the trenches with Roland, a sergeant-major walked up to the latter.

"Is it true, captain?" he said, "that the commander-in-chief is short of bullets?"

"Yes," replied Roland, "why do you ask?"

"Oh!" said the sergeant, twisting his neck with a motion peculiar to him, which probably dated from the days when he first wore cravats and felt how they cramped him, "because if he does, I can procure some."

"You?"

"Yes, I — and not dear, too: only five sous."

"Five sous! they cost the government forty."

"So you see it is a good bargain."

"Are you joking?"

"Goodness! we don't joke with officers."

Roland went up to Bonaparte and repeated the proposal of the sergeant-major.

"Those scamps sometimes have good ideas," said Bonaparte; "call him up."

Roland signed to the sergeant to advance. He came up at a marching step and planted himself eight feet from Bonaparte with his hand to his shako.

"Are you the man in the bullet trade?" asked Bonaparte.

"Yes; that's to say, I sell bullets, I don't make them."

"And you sell them for five sous?"

"Yes, general."

"How do you manage it?"

"Ah! that's my secret; if I told it everybody would be selling bullets."

"How many can you furnish?"

"All you require, general," said the sergeant-major.

"Do you want any help?"

"Only the permission to take a bath, for me and my company."

Bonaparte burst out laughing; he understood.

"Very good," said he, "you have it."

The sergeant-major saluted and went off at a run.

"There's a fellow," said Roland, "with tolerable conceit."

Bonaparte smiled, but did not answer. Presently the company which had received permission to bathe marched by, with the sergeant-major at its head.

"Come and see something droll," said Bonaparte to his aide-de-camp.

Taking Roland's arm he made his way to a little eminence from which he could overlook both the bay and the shore. There the sergeant-major was seen setting the example of rushing into the sea, as he might have set that of rushing under fire. He stripped off his clothes, so did one half of his men, and together they went into the

water, while the rest of the company scattered themselves along the beach.

Until then, Roland had not understood the performance. But hardly had the sergeant-major got so far in executing his manœuvre, when from the two English frigates in the offing and from the ramparts of the town, began a rain of bullets; but as the soldiers in the water and those on the sand were careful to keep at a good distance from each other, the bullets fell harmlessly between them, and were instantly picked up, not one being lost, — not even those that fell into the water, for the beach sloped gently and the men had only to stoop and gather them up.

Roland could stand by no longer. He was one of those men whom the sound of cannon excites and the smell of powder intoxicates. With two bounds he was on the shore; flinging his clothes upon the sand he plunged into the sea. Twice Bonaparte called to him to come back, but he pretended not to hear. Bonaparte followed him with his eyes. He passed the lines of bathers and swam out almost under the guns of the "Tigre."

Muskets were fired at him; the balls sent the water spurting about him, but he paid no attention to them.

His action seemed so like bravado that the officer on the deck of the "Tigre" ordered a boat lowered. As it was not Roland's intention to be captured, he swam vigorously toward the reefs which run out into the bay from the walls of the town; there no boat could follow him.

Roland disappeared for a few moments and Bonaparte began to fear that some accident had happened, when he suddenly saw him reappear at the foot of the walls under fire of the musketry. The Turks, seeing a Christian well within range, fired with a will; but Roland seemed to have made a treaty with the balls; not one touched him as he walked leisurely back along the edge of the sea. The sand on one side, the water on the other glowed and glittered. He regained the spot where he had left his clothes, put them on, and turned to rejoin Bonaparte. A *vivandière*,

who had followed the company and was distributing the contents of her barrel among the bathers, offered him a "little glass."

"Ah! is it you, Goddess Reason?" said Roland. "You know I never drink brandy."

"I know that," she said, "but once in a way isn't a habit, and what you have just done needs a drop, citizen captain," and again she offered him a glassful of the liquor. "To the health of the commander-in-chief and to the taking of Saint-Jean-d'Acre," she said.

Roland raised the glass toward Bonaparte; then he offered a piece of money to the *vivandière*.

"No," she said, "I only sell my brandy to those who want to buy courage; not to you. Besides, my husband is doing a good business."

"What business?"

"He sells bullets."

"Well, at the rate they are firing now he'll make his fortune before long. Where is your husband?"

"Over there," she said, pointing to the sergeant-major of the bathing company.

As she did so, a shell buried itself in the sand not four feet from the speculator. The sergeant, who seemed to be familiar with all projectiles, flung himself flat down on the earth and waited. At the end of three seconds the shell exploded, sending up a cloud of sand.

"On my soul! Goddess Reason," cried Roland, "I'm afraid you're a widow."

But almost immediately from the cloud of sand and dust raised about him, the sergeant-major rose. He seemed to issue from the crater of a volcano.

"Vive la République!" he cried, shaking himself.

And all along the shore and in the sea the sacred cry was echoed, — the sacred cry that made the dead immortal.

XII.

HOW THE CITIZEN PIERRE-CLAUDE FARAUD WAS MADE
SUB-LIEUTENANT.

THIS harvest of bullets lasted four days. By that time the English and Turks had guessed the speculation, which they supposed at first to be bravado. When the number of bullets was counted there proved to be three thousand four hundred of them.

Bonaparte ordered Estève, the paymaster of the army, to pay the exact amount at once.

"Ah!" said Estève, recognizing the sergeant, "so you are still speculating on the artillery? I paid you for a cannon at Frœschwillers, and now I am to pay you for three thousand four hundred bullets at Saint-Jean-d'Acre."

"Bah!" said the sergeant, "I'm not a bit the richer for it. The six hundred francs for the cannon at Frœschwillers went, with our share of the Prince de Condé's treasure, to the widows and orphans made at Dawendorff."

"And this money, what are you going to do with it?"

"It has its destination."

"May I know what that is?"

"Yes, and all the more, citizen paymaster, because you will have to attend to it. This money is intended for the old mother of our brave Captain Guillet, who was killed at the last assault. He died bequeathing her to the company. The Republic is n't rich, and it might forget to give her a pension. Well, in default of a pension, the company is going to collect her a little capital. I'm sorry those English devils and Turkish idiots guessed the trick so soon; for we thought we should make a thousand francs out of it

for the poor old soul. Well, it can't be helped, for you know, citizen paymaster, that the handsomest girl in the world can't give anything but what she's got, and company 3 of the 32d brigade, though she is the pick of the army, has only a hundred and seventy francs to offer."

"Where does the old mother live?"

"At Châteauroux, capital of the Indre. Ah! he was a faithful one to his regiment, our brave Captain Guillet!"

"Very good; I will see that the money goes to her in the name of Company 3, 32d brigade, and of — What is your name?"

"Pierre-Claude Faraud, executor testamentary."

"Thank you. Now, Pierre-Claude Faraud, I am directed to say that the commander-in-chief wants to speak to you."

"When he likes," said the serjeant-major, with his own peculiar twist of the neck; "Pierre-Claude Faraud is never at a loss for words."

"He will send you word when you are to go to him."

"I'll be ready."

The serjeant-major pivoted on his heels, and marched off to the camp of the 32d brigade to wait till he was sent for.

Bonaparte was at dinner in his tent when they told him that the serjeant-major he had ordered to be summoned was waiting his good pleasure.

"Bring him in," said Bonaparte.

The serjeant-major entered.

"Ha! so it is you, is it?"

"Yes, citizen general," said Faraud; "did n't you send for me?"

"What brigade do you belong to?"

"32d."

"What company?"

"Third."

"Captain?"

"Captain Guillet, deceased."

"Not replaced?"

“Not replaced.”

“Which is the bravest of the two lieutenants?”

“No one is bravest in the 32d; they are all brave together.”

“The oldest, then?”

“Lieutenant Valats; he stayed at his post with a shot through his breast.”

“The second lieutenant was not wounded, was he?”

“It wasn't his fault.”

“Very good. Valats is promoted captain, and the second lieutenant is made first lieutenant. Now, is there any sub-lieutenant who has distinguished himself?”

“Everybody has distinguished himself.”

“But I can't make everybody sub-lieutenant, animal!”

“That's true — well, there's Taberly.”

“Taberly? who is Taberly?”

“A brave fellow.”

“Would his promotion be liked?”

“Applauded.”

“In that case there would be a sub-lieutenancy vacant. Who is oldest sergeant-major?”

The individual to whom the question was addressed seemed in danger of strangling in his neckcloth, so curiously did his neck twist.

“His name is Pierre-Claude Faraud,” he replied.

“What have you to say about him?”

“No great things.”

“Perhaps you don't know him?”

“It's just because I do know him.”

“Well, I know him, too.”

“You, general! do you know him?”

“Yes, he is an aristocrat from the Army of the Rhine —”

“Oh!”

“A quarrelsome fellow —”

“General!”

“— whom I caught fighting a duel at Milan with a brave Republican.”

"It was a friend, general; it is always allowable to fight a friend."

"I sent him to the guard-house for forty-eight hours."

"No, twenty-four, general."

"Then it ought to have been forty-eight."

"They can still be done, general."

"When a man is sub-lieutenant he does n't go to the guard-house, he is simply under arrest."

"General, Pierre-Claude Faraud is n't a sub-lieutenant; he is only a sergent-major."

"You are mistaken; he is a sub-lieutenant."

"Ho! that's a good one! and since when, pray?"

"Since this morning; see what it is to have friends and protectors."

"Protectors? I?"

"Oh! then it is you, is it?" said Bonaparte.

"Yes, it is I, and I would like to know who has been protecting me."

"I," said Estève; "for I have twice seen you give away generously the money you had earned."

"And I," said Roland, "who want a brave fellow to second me in an expedition from which not so many will get back."

"Take him, Roland," said Bonaparte, "but I advise you not to make him sentinel in a country where there are wolves."

"General! how came you to know that story?"

"I know everything, monsieur."

"There! general, you'll have to do my twenty-four hours in the guard-house!"

"How so?"

"You called me *monsieur*."

"Ha! ha! you're a smart lad," said Bonaparte, laughing, "and I sha'n't forget you. Meantime drink a glass of wine to the health of the Republic."

"General," said Roland, laughing, "the citoyen Faraud prefers to drink that health in brandy."

"Unluckily I have n't any," said Bonaparte.

"I've foreseen that," said Roland, going to the door of the tent. "Come in, Goddess Reason," he said.

The citoyenne Reason entered. She was still handsome though the sun of Egypt had tanned her complexion.

"Rose here!" cried Faraud.

"Ha! then you know the citoyenne," said Roland, laughing.

"I should think I did; she's my wife," said Faraud.

"Citoyenne," said Bonaparte, "I saw you at your work when the bullets were flying. Roland wanted to pay you for the little glass you gave him when he came out of the water, and you refused to take the money. So, as I am quite out of brandy in my stores and my guests want some, Roland said, 'Let us send for the Goddess Reason, and pay for it all together.' That's why you are here. Pour out, now."

The citoyenne Reason turned her little keg and poured out a glass for each person present, omitting Faraud.

"Every one must drink when it is to the health of the Republic," said Roland.

"But they are at liberty to drink water if they like," said Bonaparte, raising his glass. "To the welfare of the Republic," he said, solemnly.

The toast was echoed by all.

Then Roland drew a parchment from his pocket.

"This, citoyenne," said he, "is a note of hand on posterity; only it is made out in the name of your husband. You can endorse it, but he must draw it."

With trembling hands the Goddess Reason opened the document, which Faraud gazed at with sparkling eyes.

"Here, Pierre," she said, holding it out to him, "read! it is your commission as sub-lieutenant in place of Taberly."

"Is that true?" asked Faraud.

"Look for yourself."

Faraud looked.

“Cré mille tonnerres! Faraud sub-lieutenant!” he shouted, “Long live General Bonaparte!”

“Twenty-four hours under arrest for shouting Long live General Bonaparte! instead of Vive la République!”

“There! I positively could n’t escape them,” remarked Faraud. “But those twenty-four hours, general, will be done with pleasure.”

XIII.

THE LAST ASSAULT.

DURING the night which followed Faraud's nomination as sub-lieutenant Bonaparte received eight siege guns and plenty of ammunition. Faraud's three thousand four hundred bullets served to repulse a sortie. The Accursed Tower was now almost wholly destroyed. Bonaparte resolved on a final effort, — in fact, circumstances required it.

On the 8th of May a Turkish fleet of thirty sail, under convoy of British men-of-war, was seen on the horizon. Day had scarcely dawned when Bonaparte was told of this. In his opinion the fleet came from the Island of Rhodes and was bringing a reinforcement of troops, ammunition, and provisions to the besieged. It was therefore of the first importance to carry the town by assault before the ship could reach an anchorage and double the resources of the garrison.

As soon as Roland saw that the attack was really decided on, he asked the general to give him two hundred men and *carte blanche* to do what he liked with them. Bonaparte demanded an explanation. He had great confidence in Roland's courage, which might be called temerity, but on account of that very temerity he hesitated to trust the lives of two hundred men to him on any mysterious errand.

Roland then explained that on the day he was in the water he saw a breach in the wall which could not be seen from the land, and about which the besiegers gave themselves no uneasiness,—defended as it was by an interior battery and by the guns of the British ships. By this

breach he could enter the town and make a diversion when the chief assault took place. Bonaparte gave him permission. Roland then chose two hundred men of the 32d brigade, among whom was the new sub-lieutenant Faraud.

Bonaparte now ordered a general attack. Murat, Rampon, Vial, Kléber, Junot, generals of division, generals of brigade, corps commanders, all were to rush to the assault.

By ten o'clock in the morning the exterior works retaken by the enemy were again recovered; five flags were captured, three cannon taken, and four spiked. Never was greater audacity, greater valor, more impetuous ardor, more obstinate courage shown in any struggle for the possession and defence of a city. Never, since the days when religious enthusiasm placed the sword in the hands of the Crusaders, and Mohammedan fanaticism the scimitar in that of the Turks, had so deadly, so murderous, so bloody a struggle terrified the population of a town, one third of which was praying for the Christians, the other two thirds for the Djezzar. From the ramparts, which our soldiers had in some places scaled, women could be seen running through the streets and uttering cries which strangely resembled both the screeching of owls and the yelping of hyenas, — cries which those who have once heard them will never forget, — and flinging dust into the air with invocations and curses.

Generals, officers, soldiers fought pell-mell in the trenches. Kléber, armed with an Albanian gun which he had wrenched from its owner, was using it as a club, lifting it above his head as a thresher does a flail; and each time it descended it killed a man. Murat, his head uncovered, his long hair waving, was swinging a sabre whose finely tempered blade cut down everything that came in its way. Junot, with sometimes a gun, sometimes a pistol in his hand, shot a man dead each time that he fired.

The commander of the 18th brigade, Boyer, had fallen in the struggle, with seventeen of his officers and more than a hundred and fifty of his men; their bodies served for a

breastwork, over which Lannes, Bon, and Vial led their men

Bonaparte, not in the trench but on the parapet of it, standing motionless, and plainly a target from all sides, directed the artillery himself until at the end of an hour the breach was practicable. Fascines not being at hand to fill in the moat, dead bodies were thrown in; Turks, Frenchmen, Mussulmans, and Christians were flung from the openings of the tower until they formed a bridge to the top of the ramparts.

Cries of "Vive la République!" were heard, together with shouts "To the breach! to the breach!" The bands played the Marseillaise and the whole army took part in the struggle.

Bonaparte sent one of his staff, named Raimbaud, to tell Roland the time had come to make his movement. When Raimbaud learned what that movement was he asked permission to stay with Roland instead of returning to Bonaparte. The two young men were intimate, and on the battle-field such requests are never refused.

Fraud had managed to procure for himself the coat and epaulets of a dead sub-lieutenant and was sparkling at the head of the company. The Goddess Reason, prouder even than her husband of his rank, marched on a line with him, with pistols in her belt.

Roland no sooner received the order than he took command of his two hundred men and dashed into the sea with them, turned the corner of the bastion where the water was up to his waist and arrived at the breach, bugles blowing.

This attack was so unexpected from that quarter that the guns which protected it were not even manned. Roland seized and spiked them, having no gunners with him to serve them. Then, amid cries of "Victory! victory!" he and his two hundred rushed through the narrow and tortuous streets of the Eastern town.

The cries were heard by the besiegers on the ramparts and redoubled their ardor. For the second time Bonaparte

believed himself master of Saint-Jean-d'Acre, and rushed in person into the Accursed Tower which had been captured with so much difficulty.

But when he reached it he saw to his despair a second line of defences which arrested our soldiers. It was erected by Colonel Phélippeaux, his old companion at Brienne, behind the outer line of the fortifications.

Leaning half out of an embrasure he shouted to his soldiers to encourage them. The grenadiers, furious when they saw this new obstacle, tried, in default of ladders, to mount on one another's shoulders; but, suddenly, while the assailants were met in front by the enemy who swarmed at the top of the second wall, they were taken in flank by a battery which almost annihilated them. A terrible fusillade burst forth on all sides, from the houses, from the streets, from the barricades, even from the walls of the Djezar's seraglio. A dense smoke rose from the interior of the town. This was caused by Roland, Raimbaud, and Faraud, who set fire to the bazaar. From the midst of the smoke they were seen to emerge on the terraced roofs of the houses in order to put themselves in communication with their friends on the ramparts. Amid the glare and smoke of the conflagration and the musketry their tricolor plumes were seen to wave, as from roof to rampart came, for the third time, the cry of "Victory!" — the third time, and the last.

The soldiers on the ramparts who had been ordered to make their junction with Roland and Raimbaud (a part of whom had dropped into the town, while some still fought on the wall and some in the fosse behind them), being, as we have said, almost annihilated by the triple fire, hesitated as the whistling balls that fell as hail passed over them like a hurricane. Lannes, wounded in the head, fell on his knees and was carried back by the grenadiers. Kléber, like a giant, invulnerable, stood firm amid the blast. Bon and Vial were driven into the moat. Bonaparte looked about him to see whom he could find to support Kléber; but there was none. All were engaged Weeping with

rage, he himself gave orders to retreat, for he could not doubt that all who had entered the town with Roland and all who had dropped over the second wall to join him — three hundred men at least — were cut to pieces. On the morrow what a harvest of heads would be poured into the ditch!

He was the last to retire, and when he reached his tent he gave orders that no one should enter it.

It was the first time in three years he had ever, for one moment, doubted his luck. What a splendid page the historian might write who could tell what passed in that soul, in that mind, during that dreadful hour.

XIV.

THE LAST EPISODE.

DURING this time Roland and his men, and the hundred or so of others who had managed to cross the wall and form a junction with him were expecting to be supported. They now began to fear they were abandoned.

In fact, the cries of victory which had answered to their own were, little by little, silenced; the musketry and the cannonading lessened, and at last, in about an hour, ceased entirely. Among the many noises by which he was surrounded, Roland thought he could distinguish the French drums and trumpets sounding the retreat. Then, as we have said, all sounds ceased.

Like a tidal wave rising on every side, Turks, Mameluks, Albanians, Arnauts, and English, the whole garrison of eight thousand men, seemed to rise around the little troop of Roland's three hundred.

Then Roland, forming them into a square, one face of which rested against the door of a mosque, put fifty of his troops within the building, and made a fortress of it. There, after making his men swear to defend their lives to the death against enemies from whom they could expect no quarter, he waited — with fixed bayonets.

The Turks, depending, as usual, on their cavalry, rushed them upon Roland's square with such fury that although the French fire knocked over some sixty men and horses, those who followed rode up the mound of bodies as they would a hill, and fell upon the still smoking bayonets. But there they were forced to stop. The second rank of Frenchmen had had time to reload, and now fired at short range.

The horsemen were compelled to retreat; but, as they could not go back over the mound of dead as they came, they escaped to the right and to the left. Two dreadful volleys followed and decimated them.

Again they returned, only the more incensed, and a frightful struggle began, — a hand-to-hand fight, in which the Turkish horsemen, facing the fire at close quarters, came up to the very bayonets of our soldiers and fired their pistols. Others, seeing that the reflection of the sun on the glittering bayonets frightened their horses, backed them against the square, forced them to rear and fell back with them upon our men; while the wounded, dragging themselves along the ground like serpents, cut their hamstrings.

Roland, armed with a double-barrelled gun, as his custom was in such fights, laid low some Turkish leader at each discharge. Faraud, in the mosque, directed the firing, and more than one arm raised to give a sabre-cut fell helpless, struck by a ball from a window in the gallery of the minaret. Roland, seeing that a number of his men had fallen, and that in spite of the triple row of dead bodies of men and horses which made a rampart for his little troop, he could not long continue such a struggle, had the door of the mosque opened, and then, with the utmost composure, and still continuing the murderous fire, he made his men enter the building and then followed them.

The fire began again through every aperture of the mosque. But the Turks brought up a piece of cannon and pointed it at the door. Roland was at a window, and the first three artillery men who approached the touchhole with a match were shot dead by his hand. Then a horseman rode up at speed and fired his pistol into the touchhole; the piece exploded, horse and rider rolled on the ground, but the door was blown in.

But from the broken door there poured such volleys of musketry that the Turks were three times driven back when they tried to enter. Furious, enraged, they rallied

and returned a fourth time, but this time only a few guns answered their death-cries. The munitions of the little troop were exhausted. The grenadiers awaited the onset of the enemy with fixed bayonets.

"Friends!" cried Roland, "remember that you have sworn to die rather than be the prisoners of Djezzar the Butcher, who cut off the heads of our comrades."

"We swear it!" cried Roland's two hundred, with one voice.

"Vive la République!" said Roland.

"Vive la République!" echoed all around him.

Every man prepared to die, but to kill as he died.

At this moment a group of officers appeared in the doorway; at their head was the English commodore, Sir Sidney Smith. Their swords were sheathed. Sir Sidney raised his hat and made a sign that he wished to speak. All were silent.

"Messieurs," he said, in excellent French, "you are brave men, and it shall never be said that men who behave as heroes are massacred in my presence. Surrender; I pledge you your lives."

"That is too much, or not enough," replied Roland.

"What do you demand?"

"Kill us to the last man or send us back."

"You are exacting, messieurs," said the commodore, "but nothing can be refused to men like you. You must allow me, however, to give you an English escort to the gates of the town; otherwise, not one of you will get there living. Is that accepted?"

"Yes, monsieur," said Roland, "and we can only thank you for your courtesy."

The commodore left two English officers to guard the door and then advanced himself into the mosque and offered his hand to Roland. Ten minutes later the English escort arrived. The French soldiers with their bayonets on their guns, the officers sabre in hand, crossed the town amid the imprecations of the Mussulmans, the

howls of the women and the cries of children, to the gate which led to the French encampments.

Ten or a dozen wounded, among them Faraud, were borne on litters made with muskets. The Goddess Reason marched beside that of the sub-lieutenant, pistol in hand.

The commodore and his marines accompanied them till they were well out of range of the Turkish fire, and as the little troop of grenadiers defiled before the red-coats at parting, the latter presented arms.

Bonaparte, as we have said, had retired into his tent. He had asked for Plutarch, and was reading the biography of Augustus; but he thought of Roland and his brave two hundred, now, without doubt, being put to death, and he muttered with Augustus at the battle of Teutberg, "Varus, restore to me my legions!" But there was no one that Bonaparte could call on to restore his legions, — no one but himself; he was his own Varus.

Suddenly a great uproar was heard and the stirring sounds of the Marseillaise reached him. Why did they rejoice and sing, those soldiers, when he himself was weeping with anger and regret? He sprang to the door of his tent.

The first persons whom he saw were Roland, his aide-de-camp Raimbaud, and sub-lieutenant Faraud standing on one leg like a heron, for the other had a ball through it; the wounded man was leaning on the shoulder of the Goddess Reason. Behind came the two hundred men whom Bonaparte had thought exterminated.

"Ah! my dear friend," he cried, pressing Roland's hands, "I have mourned you; I thought you lost. How the devil did you get out of it?"

"Raimbaud will tell you all about it," said Roland, out of temper at owing his life to an Englishman. "I am too thirsty to talk. I want something to drink."

He took a water-pitcher from the table and drained it at a draught, while Bonaparte went out to welcome the group of soldiers whom he had fully expected never to see again.

XV.

VANISHED DREAMS.

NAPOLEON said at Saint Helena, when speaking of Saint-Jean-d'Acre : —

“The fate of the East was in that paltry place. If Saint-Jean-d'Acre had fallen, I should have changed the face of the world.”

This regret, expressed twenty years later, gives an idea of what Bonaparte must have suffered when, realizing the impossibility of taking the town, he issued the following order of the day to all the divisions of the army.

As usual, Bourrienne wrote it under Bonaparte's dictation.

“Soldiers! You have crossed the desert which separates Asia from Africa with more rapidity than the Arabs themselves.

“The army which was on its march to invade Egypt is destroyed. You have captured its general, his field equipage, his baggage, gourds, and camels.

“You have seized all the strongholds that defend the wells of the desert.

“You have dispersed on the plain of Mount Tabor the cloud of men gathering from all parts of Asia in hopes to pillage Egypt.

“And now, after having, a mere handful of you, sustained a war for three months in the heart of Syria, taken forty cannon, fifty flags, and six thousand prisoners, after razing the fortifications of Gaza, Jaffa, Kaïfa, and Acre, we shall now return to Egypt; my presence is needed there for the disembarkations of the coming season.

“Were we to remain a few days longer, you might justly hope to capture the pacha in his own palace; but at this

season the taking of Acre is not worth the delay of a few days, and I want the brave men whom I should certainly lose here for more important operations.

"Soldiers, we have before us much fatigue and many dangers. After taking from the East all power to hinder us in this campaign, we shall now, perhaps, be forced to repulse the efforts of a portion of the West.

"You will find in these new fields new opportunities for glory; and if, among so many battles, each day is marked by a brave man's death, other brave men must be ready to take his place in the little group of heroes who give impetus in danger, and who master victory."

After dictating the last words Bonaparte rose and left the tent, as if to breathe more freely.

Bourrienne followed him, uneasy. Events did not usually make so deep an impression on that iron heart. Bonaparte mounted the little hill which overlooked the camp, and there sat down upon a stone, gazing fixedly at the half-ruined fortress and the ocean lying before him to the far horizon. After a long silence he said:—

"Those who write my life will never understand why I have been so eager for that wretched town. Ah! if I could only have taken it, as I hoped!"

He dropped his head into his hands.

"And if you had taken it?" said Bourrienne, interrogatively.

"If I had taken it," cried Bonaparte, seizing Bourrienne's hand, "I should have found the pacha's treasure in the town, and arms and munitions for three hundred thousand men; I should have raised and armed all Syria; I should have marched on Damascus and Aleppo; I should have swelled my army with all the malcontents, and proclaimed to the people the abolition of slavery and the tyrannical government of the pachas; I should have reached Constantinople with my armed masses, overthrown the Turkish sovereignty, founded in the East a new and grander Empire,

and fixed my name forever in posterity, and — possibly — returned to Paris by Adrianople and Vienna, after annihilating the House of Austria.”

It was, as we see, simply Cæsar’s project at the moment when he fell beneath the daggers of his murderers; it was merely his war begun in Parthia which this other Cæsar intended to end in Germany.

Great as the distance had been between the victor in Italy and the man of the 13th Vendémiaire, greater still was that between the conqueror of the Pyramids and the victor in Italy. Proclaimed in Europe as the greatest of contemporaneous generals, he strove, on the shores where Alexander, Hannibal, and Cæsar fought, to equal if not to surpass those captains of antiquity; and he does surpass them, because what they only dreamed of doing, he attempts to do.

“What would have happened to Europe,” says Pascal, speaking of Cromwell’s death from stone, “if that small grain of sand had never got into his bladder?”

What would have been the result to the world if that paltry little town of Saint-Jean-d’Acre had not resisted Bonaparte?

He sat there absorbed in this great mystery of the Unknown, when his eyes were attracted by a small black speck between two mountains of the Carmel range, which was evidently getting larger and larger. As it came nearer it seemed to be a soldier of the Dromedary corps created by Bonaparte, with which, after a battle, he gave chase to fugitives. The man was coming on at the long swinging pace of his quadruped.

Bonaparte took his field-glass from his pocket.

“Good!” said he, “here’s news from Egypt.”

And he stood up.

The messenger recognized him and turned his beast in the direction of the hill. Bonaparte went to the foot of it, sat down on a stone, and waited. The soldier, who seemed to be a good rider, put his dromedary to a gallop. He wore the badge of a sergeant of cavalry.

"Where are you from?" shouted Bonaparte, impatient for the moment when he would get within speaking distance.

"Upper Egypt," shouted the sergeant in return.

"What news?"

"Bad, general."

Bonaparte stamped his foot.

"Come here," he said.

In a few seconds the man on the dromedary rode up; the beast knelt down and the rider slid to the ground.

"Here, citizen general," he said, giving him a paper. Bonaparte passed it to Bourrienne.

"Read it," he said.

Bourrienne read:—

To the Commander-in-chief Bonaparte:

I do not know, citizen general, if this dispatch will reach you, or, supposing that it does reach you, whether you will be in a position to avert the disaster with which I am threatened.

While General Desaix is pursuing the Mameluks in the direction of Seyout, the flotilla, consisting of the felucca "Italie," and several other armed boats, bearing nearly all the munitions of the division, many articles of artillery, and all the sick and wounded, has been detained above Beyrout by the wind.

The flotilla is about to be attacked by Shereef Hassan and some three or four thousand men. We are not in a position to resist, but we shall resist.

Nothing less than a miracle can save us. I prepare this dispatch now, and will add the details of the battle as they occur.

The Shereef is now beginning the attack with a sharp volley of musketry. I have returned the fire. It is half-past two in the afternoon.

Three o'clock. After horrible carnage from our guns, the Arabs return to the charge a third time. I have lost one third of my men.

Four o'clock. The Arabs have flung themselves into the water and seized all our small boats. I have only a dozen men left; the rest are dead or wounded. I shall wait till the Arabs board the felucca and then blow her up, Arabs and ourselves together.

I intrust this dispatch to a brave and capable man, who has promised me, in case he is not killed, to place it in your hands.

Ten minutes more, and all will be over.

MORANDI, *captain.*

“What next?” asked Bonaparte.

“That is all,” replied Bourrienne.

“But Morandi?”

“He blew himself up, general,” said the messenger.

“And you?”

“I did n’t wait till he blew up; I swam off, putting the dispatch in my tobacco box, and keeping under water till I got to a place where I could hide in the reeds. As soon as it was dark I got out of the water and crept along to the camp on my hands and knees; there I came upon a sleeping Arab and stabbed him, took his dromedary, and made off at full speed.”

“Then you have come all the way from Beyrout?”

“Yes, citizen general.”

“Without an accident?”

“If you call shots accidents, I was n’t badly off for them, neither I nor my camel; he got three balls in his thigh, and I got one in my shoulder, and we were very thirsty and hungry, too; he did n’t get anything to eat, but I ate some horse. However, here we are; you are well, general, and it’s all right.”

“But about Morandi?”

“Damn it! as he put the match to the powder himself, I don’t suppose there’s a bit of him as big as a nut left.”

“And the felucca?”

“Not enough of her to make a box of matches.”

“You are right, my friend; you have brought me bad news. Bourrienne, you will say I am superstitious; did you hear the name of the felucca that was blown up?”

“‘Italie.’”

“Well, hear this, Bourrienne. Italy is lost to France. I know it. My presentiments are never mistaken.”

Bourrienne shrugged his shoulders.

“What possible connection is there between a boat that blows up on the Nile, two thousand five hundred miles from France, and Italy?”

“I have spoken,” said Bonaparte, in a prophetic tone, “and you will see my words come to pass.”

Then, after a moment’s silence, he added, signing to the messenger:—

“Take this lad, Bourrienne; give him thirty talaris and make him dictate to you his account of the affair at Beyrout.”

“If instead of the talaris, citizen general,” said the sergeant, “you would give me a drink of water, I should be very grateful.”

“You shall have the thirty talaris and a whole gourd of water to yourself; and also, you shall have another sabre of honor if you no longer have the one which General Pichegru gave you.”

“He remembers me!” shouted the sergeant.

“I never forget a brave man like you, Falou; only, don’t fight any more duels, or—look out for the guard-house.”

XVI.

THE RETREAT.

THAT evening, in order to conceal its movements from the enemy and to avoid the heat of the day, the army began its march. The order was given to follow the coast of the Mediterranean for the benefit of the sea breezes.

Before the start Bonaparte called up Bourrienne and dictated an order that every one should go on foot, and that the horses, mules, and camels should be given exclusively to the sick and wounded.

An anecdote will sometimes give a better idea of the condition of a man's mind than any possible description. After Bonaparte had issued this order, his equerry, the elder Vigogne, came into the tent, and, carrying his hand to his cap, asked:—

“Which horse shall be reserved for you, general?”

Bonaparte looked askance at the man; then he struck him a blow with his whip across the face.

“Did n't you hear the order, imbecile? Everybody goes on foot, I as well as the rest. Begone!”

Vigogne disappeared.

There were three men ill of the plague on Mount Carmel; they were too ill to be moved, and they were therefore left to the generosity of the Turks and the care of the Carmelite fathers. Sir Sidney Smith, unhappily, was not there to save them, and the Turks cut their throats. The news reached Bonaparte before he had gone six miles. Then he flew into a passion of which the blow given to Vigogne was but the preface. He stopped the caissons and issued torches to the army, giving orders to light

them and burn the small towns, villages, hamlets, houses, that were on the line of march.

The fields of barley were just ripe. They were set on fire. The sight was magnificent and yet terrible. The whole coast was in flames for a space of thirty miles; and the sea, like a gigantic mirror reflected the vast conflagration. The army seemed to march between two walls of fire, so faithfully did the waters of the sea reproduce the image of the coast. The shore, covered with sand, alone unburned, seemed like a bridge across the Cocytus.

But even so, this shore presented a deplorable spectacle. Some of the badly wounded men were carried on litters, others on mules, horses, and camels. Chance had given to Faraud, wounded the previous evening, the horse which Bonaparte himself was in the habit of riding. The latter recognized both man and beast.

"Ha! is that how you serve twenty-four hours of arrest?" he cried.

"I'll do 'em at Cairo," returned Faraud.

"Have you anything to drink, Goddess Reason?" said Bonaparte.

"A glass of brandy, citizen general."

He shook his head.

"Ah, no!" she said. "I know what you want."

And rummaging to the bottom of her little cart she brought forth a watermelon, gathered in the gardens of Carmel.

"See!" she said.

It was a regal gift. Bonaparte stopped, and sent for Kléber, Bon, and Vial to share his luck. Lannes, wounded in the head, passed them on a mule. Bonaparte stopped him, and the five generals finished their breakfast by emptying a pitcher of water to the health of the Goddess Reason.

When he resumed his place at the head of the column, Bonaparte was horror-stricken.

Intolerable thirst, a total lack of water, excessive heat,

and the toilsome march along the burning sands, had demoralized the men and changed all feelings of generosity to cruel selfishness and brutal indifference. And this, too, without an interval of even one day.

They began by getting rid of those who were stricken with the plague, under pretext that it was dangerous to carry them. Next they abandoned the wounded. These poor fellows remonstrated, crying out: —

“I’m not sick of the plague; I am only wounded.” And they opened their wounds and showed them.

The soldiers paid no heed. “Your fate is settled,” they said, as they mounted the horses and passed on.

Bonaparte saw all this and shuddered. He stopped the column, and forced every well man mounted on a horse, mule, or camel, to give up his animal to the sufferers.

The army reached Tentoura on the 20th of May, in stifling heat. In vain they looked about them for a little verdure, or a little shade from the brazen sky. Some lay down on the sand, but the sand burned them. Men fell at every moment, never to rise again. A wounded man, borne upon a litter, called piteously for water. Bonaparte approached him.

“Who is this you are carrying?” he said to the men, who bore the litter.

“We don’t know, citizen general, — a double epaulet, anyhow.”

The voice was silent; it ceased to complain and beg for water.

“Who are you?” asked Bonaparte.

The wounded man made no answer.

Bonaparte raised the side of the awning, and recognized Croisier.

“Ah, my poor boy!” he cried.

Croisier sobbed.

“Come, come,” said Bonaparte, “take courage!”

“Oh!” said Croisier, lifting himself in his litter, “do you think I am weeping because I am going to die? I

weep because you called me a coward; and because you called me a coward, I tried to get myself killed."

"But," said Bonaparte, "since then I sent you a sabre; did not Roland give it to you?"

"Here it is," said Croisier, grasping his weapon which lay beside him in the litter, and carrying it to his lips. "Those who are carrying me know I want it buried with me. Order them to do so, general."

And he clasped his hands in supplication.

Bonaparte dropped the curtain of the litter, gave the order, and passed on.

The next day, on leaving Tentoura, they came upon a quicksand. This they were obliged to cross; there was no other road. The artillery attempted it; the cannon sank at every step. They laid the wounded on the firm ground, and added their horses to those of the artillery. It was useless; the gun carriages and the caissons sank to the hubs of their wheels. The well men added their strength to that of the horses; but it was all in vain. They exhausted themselves without result. Weeping, they were forced to abandon those iron friends so often blessed, the witnesses of their triumphs, whose echoes had, again and again, made Europe tremble.

On the 22d of May they reached Cæsarea. So many of the sick and wounded were now dead that horses were no longer scarce. Bonaparte, who was ill himself, came near breaking down that night with fatigue. Those about him entreated so earnestly that he would ride that he consented on the following morning to mount his horse. He had hardly ridden three hundred yards out of Cæsarea before, toward daybreak, a man rushed from the bushes, fired at him almost at close quarters, and missed him.

The soldiers who were near the general rushed into the wood and caught the man, who was a Naplousian, and condemned him to be shot instantly. Four men pushed him to the edge of the sea with the end of their carbines and fired; but not a weapon went off. The night had been very damp, and the powder was spoilt.

The Syrian, astonished to find himself alive, recovered his presence of mind. Plunging into the water, he swam rapidly to a distant reef. In the first moment of stupefaction the soldiers watched him without remembering to fire upon him. But Bonaparte, thinking of the ill-effect so likely to be produced on the population if such an attempt remained unpunished, ordered a company of men to aim at him.

They obeyed; but by that time the man was out of range. The balls skipped on the water, but did not reach the rock. The Naplousian pulled a dagger from his breast and flourished it with a threatening gesture. Bonaparte ordered the men to put a charge and a half of powder in their guns, and fire again.

"Useless," said Roland. "I am going."

Already the young man had thrown off his clothes.

"Stay here, Roland," said Bonaparte; "I won't have you risk your life for that of an assassin."

But whether he did not hear, or did not choose to hear, Roland, who had already taken the dagger of the sheik of Ahar (who was retreating with the army), flung himself into the sea, with the dagger between his teeth. The soldiers, who knew the young captain for the boldest man in the army, stood round in a circle, and cried "Bravo!" Bonaparte was compelled to stay and witness the duel that was about to take place.

The Syrian, seeing that only one man pursued him, did not try to flee farther. He waited. The man was a fine sight to behold as he stood there on his rock, with one hand clenched, and his dagger in the other. He was like the statue of Spartacus on its pedestal.

Roland swam to him in a direct line, straight as an arrow. The Naplousian made no attempt to attack him till he had gained a foothold on the rock. Roland issued from the water, young, beautiful, and dripping like a marine god.

They faced each other. The ground on which they

were about to fight rose from the sea like the shell of an immense tortoise. The spectators expected a struggle, in which each combatant, taking precautions against his adversary, would give them the spectacle of a long and wary fight. The result was different from their expectations.

Hardly had Roland planted his feet firmly and dashed from his eyes and hair the water that was blinding him, when, without protecting himself against the dagger of his adversary, he rushed at him, not as a man darts at another man, but as a jaguar springs upon a hunter. The blades of their weapons were seen to sparkle and then both men, as if uprooted from their pedestal, fell headlong into the sea.

The water swirled furiously. Then a head was seen to reappear, — it was Roland's blond head. With one hand he clung to the crannies of the rock; then one knee gained a resting-place. A moment more, and he stood erect, holding aloft, by a lock of its long hair, the head of the Napolousian. Was it Perseus with the head of the Gorgon?

An immense hurrah burst from the throats of the spectators and lasted until Roland, with a smile upon his lips, reached the shore.

The army had halted. The well men thought no longer of heat and thirst; the wounded forgot their wounds; even the dying had strength to rise on their elbows. Roland landed within ten steps of Bonaparte.

"There!" said he, flinging his bloody trophy at the general's feet; "there is the head of your assassin."

In spite of himself, Bonaparte recoiled; but, as for Roland, calm as if he had only taken his ordinary bath, he went straight to his clothes and dressed himself with all the care of a dainty woman.

XVII.

IN WHICH WE FIND THAT BONAPARTE'S PRESENTIMENTS
WERE NOT MISTAKEN.

ON the 24th of May, the army reached Jaffa. There they remained till the 28th.

Jaffa was indeed a city of ill-luck to Bonaparte.

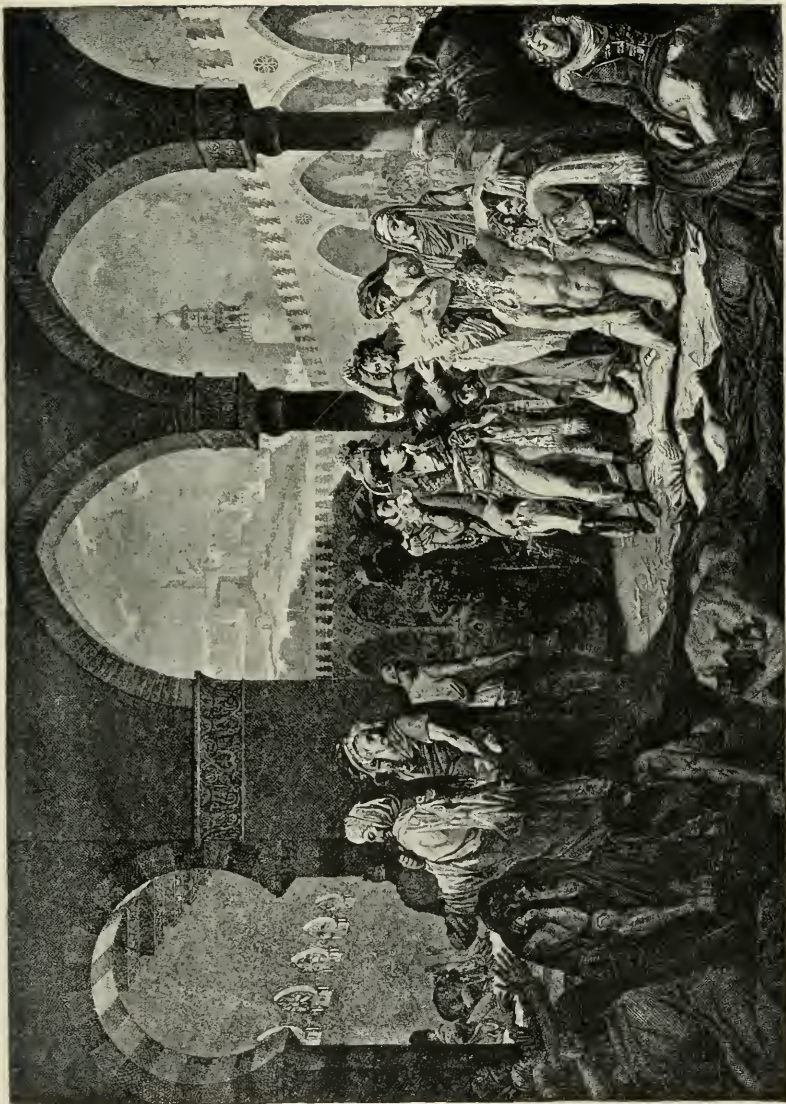
Our readers will remember the four thousand prisoners of Eugène Beauharnais and Croisier, who could not be fed, or guarded, or sent to Cairo, and were therefore shot. A more serious and painful necessity — perhaps a necessity — awaited Bonaparte on his return.

A pest-house, or hospital for the plague, was at Jaffa.

We have in the Museum of the Louvre a magnificent picture by Gros representing Bonaparte touching his plague-stricken soldiers in this hospital at Jaffa. Though it represents a fact that never existed, the picture is none the less fine.

Here is what M. Thiers has to say about this matter of the plague at Jaffa. We regret to find ourselves, a puny novelist, once more in opposition to the giant of history. The author of the “*Révolution*” and of the “*Consulat et l’Empire*” says: —

“When he returned to Jaffa Bonaparte blew up the fortifications. There was in the town a hospital for our men who were ill of the plague. It was impossible to remove them; if not removed, they were left to certain death, either from disease, or hunger, or the cruelty of the enemy. Bonaparte said, therefore, to the surgeon-in-charge, Desgenettes, that it would be more humane to give them opium than to let them live; to which the surgeon answered: ‘My



BONAPARTE IN THE PEST-HOUSE AT JAFFA.

business is to cure them, not to kill them.' The opium was not administered, and this fact has been used to promulgate an unworthy calumny, which is now forever silenced."

I humbly ask pardon of M. Thiers, but that answer of Desgenettes (whom I knew intimately, as I did Larrey, as I did all the Egyptians, the companions of my father on that memorable expedition), — that answer of Desgenettes is as apocryphal as the famous answer of Cambronne. God preserve me from "calumniating," that is M. Thiers's own term, the man who illuminated the first years of the nineteenth century with the torch of his glory, and when we reach the end of Pichegru and of the Duc d'Enghien it will be seen whether I make myself the echo of infamous rumors; but truth is a unity, and it is the duty of whosoever speaks to the masses to tell it openly.

We have said that the picture by Gros represents an incorrect fact; let us prove this. Here is Davout's report, written under the eyes, and by the order of the commander-in-chief in his *official despatch*: —

"The Army reached Jaffa the 5th Prairial (24th of May). It remained there till the 8th (27th). That time was employed in punishing the villages that had so ill-conducted themselves. The fortifications of Jaffa were blown up. All the iron of the artillery was flung into the sea. Our wounded were removed by land and sea. There were but few ships, and in order to give time for the evacuation by land the army was compelled to delay its departure till the 9th (28th). Kléber's division formed the rear-guard, and did not leave Jaffa till the 10th (29th)."

Not a word about the plague, not a word about the hospital, much less about the touching of the plague patients. Not a word on these matters is in any official report.

Bonaparte, whose eyes, ever since he had left the East, were continually turned toward France, would scarcely have shown such unnecessary modesty as to have suppressed a fact so remarkable, and one which would have done much honor, not perhaps to his good sense, but to his courage.

Here is how Bourrienne, an eye-witness and a very impressionable one, relates the facts: —

“Bonaparte visited the hospital. There were cases of amputations and other wounds and many men afflicted with ophthalmia, all of whom made lamentable complaints, and others ill with the plague. The plague patients lay to the right of the first ward we entered. I was beside the general, and I affirm that I did not see him touch a plague patient. Why should he have done so? They were all in the last stages of the disease; not one of them spoke. Bonaparte knew very well that he was not exempt from contagion. Would he have tried to tempt fortune? Fortune, indeed, had not been so friendly to him the last few months that he would now have trusted blindly to her favors. I ask this: would he have exposed himself to almost certain death, to the risk of leaving his army alone in the desert we had just created by our ravages, in a wretched town of half-demolished hovels, without succor, and no prospect of receiving any, — he, so necessary, so indispensable, it cannot be denied, to his army; he on whose head now rested, beyond a doubt, the lives of all those who had survived this last disaster and who had just proved to him by their devotion, their sufferings, privations, and unalterable courage, that they would do for him all that he could ask of human nature, and also that they had confidence in him alone?”

In all this, Bourrienne is logical; what follows is convincing: —

“Bonaparte passed quickly through the wards, tapping the yellow tops of his boots with the whip that he carried in his hand. He said aloud, as he walked rapidly along: —

“‘The fortifications are destroyed; fortune was against me at Saint-Jean-d’Acre. I am obliged to return to Egypt in order to protect it from enemies who are on their way there. The Turks will be here in a few hours. Let those who are able to rise, come with us. They shall be transported in litters or on horseback.’

“There were scarcely more than sixty plague patients in the hospital; all that has been said about a greater number is an exaggeration. Their absolute silence, their utter prostration, their complete loss of vital energy, showed that their end was approaching. To take them away in such condition would only inoculate the rest of the army with the disease.”

The world demands the history of conquests, glory, and brilliant deeds. It ought also to understand the true nature of misfortunes. When it thinks it has reason to blame the conduct of a leader, driven by reverses and disastrous circumstances to direful extremities, it ought, before declaring judgment, to identify itself with his known position, and then ask, with its hand upon its conscience, whether it would not have acted in like manner itself. If it would, then it ought to compassionate him who is forced to do what must seem cruel. And it is bound to absolve him; for victory—let us say this frankly—victory is won only by these horrors or others like them.

Here is how Bourrienne, who had every interest in telling the truth, goes on:—

“He ordered an examination into what was best to do. The report was that six or eight men were so dangerously ill that they could not live more than twenty-four hours; and, moreover, in their stage of the disease, they would spread the plague among the soldiers who came in contact with them. Several of them begged to be killed. It was thought an act of mercy to advance their death by a few hours.”

Can there be any further doubt? Napoleon himself shall now speak in his own person:—

“What man would not have preferred a quick death to the horror of being exposed to the tortures of those barbarous wretches? If my son—and I think I love him as much as a father can love his children—if he were in a situation like that of those unfortunate men, my desire would be that the same action should be taken; and if I myself was in that position, I should demand to be treated in that way.”

Nothing can be clearer, it seems to me, than these few lines. How happened it that M. Thiers never read them; or, if he read them, how happens it that he denies a deed acknowledged by the man who had the greatest interest in denying it?

In thus re-establishing the truth, we are not blaming Bonaparte, *who could not do otherwise than as he did*; we are simply showing to the devotees of pure history that *pure history is not always true history*.

The little army, in returning to Cairo, followed the same route it had taken on leaving it; only, the heat was far greater and increasing every day. Leaving Gaza it was 35° centigrade, and if the thermometer touched the sand the mercury went up to 45°.

Shortly before arriving at El Arish, in the middle of the desert, Bonaparte saw two men filling up a grave. He thought he remembered having spoken to them a fortnight earlier. When questioned, they replied that it was they who had carried Croisier's litter. The poor fellow had just died of tetanus.

"Have you buried his sabre with him?" asked Bonaparte.

"Yes," answered both of them at once.

"Quite sure?" insisted Bonaparte.

One of the men jumped into the grave, and feeling about in the loose sand he drew up the hilt of the weapon and showed it to Bonaparte.

"Very good," said the general; "go on with your work."

He remained standing by the grave until it was filled; then, fearing it might be rifled, he called out:—

"A volunteer as sentry here till the army has passed."

"Here," said a voice above him; and looking up Bonaparte saw the cavalry-sergeant Falou perched on his dromedary.

"Ah, is that you?" he said.

"Yes, citizen general."

"What are you doing on a dromedary when everybody else is afoot?"

"Two men died of the plague on the back of my dromedary, and nobody is willing to mount him."

"You are not afraid of the plague, it seems?"

"I am not afraid of anything, general."

"Oh, you are not?" said Bonaparte; "I shall remember that. Find your friend Faraud, and come and see me, both of you, at Cairo."

"We'll be there, general."

Bonaparte lowered his eyes once more to Croisier's mound.

"Sleep in peace, poor Croisier!" he said; "your humble grave will seldom be disturbed."

XVIII.

ABOUKIR.

ON the 14th of June, 1799, after a retreat across the burning sands of Syria that was almost as disastrous as that from Moscow through the snows of the Beresina, Bonaparte re-entered Cairo amid a vast throng of people. The sheik who awaited him brought as a gift a magnificent Arab horse and the Mameluk Roustan.

Bonaparte had said, in his proclamation dated from Saint-Jean-d'Acre, that he returned to Egypt to oppose the disembarkation of a Turkish army forming in the Island of Rhodes. His information on this point was correct. On the 11th of July the look-outs at Alexandria descried on the horizon seventy-two sail, twelve of which were vessels of war flying the Turkish flag.

General Marmont, who commanded at Alexandria, sent courier after courier to Cairo and to Rosetta, ordered the commandant at Ramanieh to send him all his available troops, and despatched two hundred of his own men to the fort of Aboukir to strengthen the garrison.

The same day the commander at Aboukir, Godard, wrote to Marmont, saying: —

“The Turkish fleet is anchored in the roadstead; my men and I will be killed to the last man sooner than surrender.”

The days of the 12th and 13th were spent by the enemy in awaiting their lagging vessels. By evening of the 13th one hundred and thirteen sail were counted in the roadstead, — thirteen ships-of-the-line of seventy-four guns, nine frigates, and seventeen gunboats; the rest were transports.

By the following evening Godard and his men had kept their word; they were all dead, but the redoubt was taken. Thirty-five men remained, shut up in the fort. They were commanded by Colonel Vinache; he held out two days against the whole Turkish army.

Bonaparte received this news at the Pyramids. He instantly started for Ramanieh, where he arrived on the 19th of July.

The Turks, masters of the fort and also of the redoubt, had disembarked their whole artillery; Marmont, in Alexandria, having nothing to oppose to them but eighteen hundred troops of the line and two hundred marines of the Nautical legion, was sending courier after courier to Bonaparte.

Happily, instead of marching on Alexandria, as Marmont feared, or on Rosetta, as Bonaparte feared, the Turks, with their usual indolence, contented themselves by occupying the promontory and digging a long line of intrenchments from the left of the redoubt to Lake Madieh. In front of the redoubt, at a distance of perhaps six thousand feet, they had fortified two hillocks (mamelons), and put one thousand men into one, and two thousand into the other. There were eighteen thousand men in all; but they seemed to have come to Egypt for no other purpose than to be besieged, for they made no demonstration inland.

Bonaparte awaited them; but seeing that Mustapha pacha made no movement toward him, he resolved on attacking the enemy himself. On the 23d of July he ordered the French army, which was only two hours' march from the Turkish army, to put itself in motion.

The advanced guard, comprising Murat's cavalry and the three battalions of General Destaing, with two pieces of artillery, formed the centre. The division of General Rampon, under whose orders were Generals Fugière and Lanusse, marched on the left. To right, along the shores of Lake Madieh, was General Lannes's division.

Davout, placed between Alexandria and the army with

two squadrons of cavalry and one hundred dromedaries, was charged with holding in check Murad Bey, or any other force coming to the assistance of the Turks, and to maintain the communication between Alexandria and the army.

Kléber, who was expected at every moment, was to form the reserve; and Menou, who was on his way to Rosetta, reached the extremity of the bar of the Nile, close to the passage of Lake Madiéh, at sunrise.

The French army was thus within sight of the intrenchments before the Turks even knew of its neighborhood. Bonaparte formed three columns of attack. General Destaing, who commanded them, marched straight to the fortified mamelon on the right; while two hundred of Murat's cavalry, which was stationed between the two mamelons, were detached, and describing a curve, cut off the retreat of the Turks attacked by General Destaing.

During this time Lannes marched upon the left mamelon, which was defended by two thousand Turks, and Murat slipped two hundred more of his cavalry behind it. Destaing and Lannes attacked almost at the same moment and with equal success. The two mamelons were taken at the point of the bayonet. The flying Turks, meeting our cavalry to right and left of the promontory, flung themselves into the sea.

Destaing, Lannes, and Murat then moved to the village which stands in the centre of the peninsula, and attacked it in front. A column issued from the Turkish camp at Aboukir and advanced to the support of the village. Murat drew his sabre, which he never did till the supreme moment came, waved on his cavalry, charged the column, and drove it back to Aboukir.

During this time Lannes and Destaing carried the village. The Turks fled on all sides, meeting Murat's cavalry which returned upon them. Four or five thousand bodies were already heaped upon the battlefield. The French had only one man wounded; he was a mulatto, from my

father's own town, and major of the squadron of the Guides Hercules. The French were now in face of the main road, which covered the Turkish front.

Bonaparte could have driven the Turks into Aboukir, and while awaiting the divisions of Kléber and Regnier, have crushed them with shells and cannon-balls, but he preferred to continue the attack in the open and defeat them once for all. He ordered an advance on their second line.

It was still Destaing and Lannes, supported by Lanusse, who bore the brunt of the battle and took the honors of the day. The redoubt which covered Aboukir was an English work, and, consequently, constructed according to the rules of engineering science. It was defended by nine to ten thousand Turks; a lateral trench connected it with the sea. The Turks had not had time to complete the corresponding trench on the other side, connecting with Lake Madieh. A space of some three hundred yards was therefore left open; but it was occupied by the enemy and could be swept by their cannon.

Bonaparte ordered an attack on the front and right. Murat, stationed in a wood of palm trees, was to attack on the left, and crossing the open space where the lateral trench stopped, under fire of the guns, was to drive the enemy before him.

The Turks, seeing the disposition of the French, made a sortie from the town in four bodies of about two thousand men each and came to meet us. The battle was likely to be terrible, for the Turks, finding themselves hemmed in to their peninsula, had nothing behind them but the sea, or before them but a wall of our bayonets.

Meantime a vigorous cannonading, directed against the redoubt and the intrenchments on the right, indicated a new attack. Bonaparte then sent forward General Fugière. He followed the shore at a run to cut off the right of the Turks; the 32d brigade, which occupied the left of the village lately taken, held the enemy in check and supported the 18th.

Then it was that the Turks left their intrenchments and advanced upon us. A cry of joy went up from our men; this was what they wanted. They flung themselves on the enemy with fixed bayonets. The Turks discharged their guns, then their pistols, and finally drew their sabres. Our soldiers, not arrested by the double discharge, met sabres with bayonets. It was then that the Turks discovered what sort of men and weapons they had to deal with.

With their guns behind their backs, their sabres hanging to the sword-knots, they began a desperate hand-to-hand struggle, striving to wrench from the muskets those terrible bayonets which went through their breasts at the very moment they stretched out their hands to seize them.

But nothing arrested the 18th brigade; on it marched with even step, pushing the Turks before it to the foot of their intrenchments, which it attempted to carry by main force. But there our men were driven back by a plunging fire which took them diagonally. General Fugière, who led the attack, received in the first instance a ball in the head, but the wound was slight and he marched on still encouraging his soldiers; but a second bullet took off his arm and he was forced to retire.

The adjutant-general, Lelong, who now came up with a battalion of the 75th, made desperate efforts to lead his men against that hurricane of fire. Twice he brought them up, twice they were repulsed; again, for the third time he dashed forward, but at the very moment when he crossed the intrenchments he fell dead.

For a long time Roland, who was standing beside Bonaparte, begged for a command, but the latter hesitated about giving it. Now, however, he knew that the moment had come for a mighty effort; turning to him, he said: —

“Go!”

“Follow me, 32d brigade!” cried Roland.

Forward dashed the heroes of Saint-Jean-d’Acre, with their major, d’Armagnac, at their head. Sub-lieutenant Faraud, cured of his wound, was in the front rank.

During this time another attempt had been made by Colonel Morange, but he, too, was repulsed and wounded, leaving thirty or more men on the glacis and in the ditch.

The Turks believed themselves victorious. Enticed by their constant habit of cutting off the heads of the dead and wounded, for which they were paid fifty paras each, they poured out of the redoubt pell-mell and began their bloody work. Roland pointed them out to his brigade.

“All those men are not dead!” he cried, “they are only wounded. Let us save them!”

At this moment Murat saw, amid the smoke, what was happening. He rode through the fire of the batteries with the cavalry, got beyond them, and, cutting off the redoubt from the village, fell upon the bloody wretches who were doing their horrid work on the other side of the redoubt, while Roland, attacking in front, flung himself upon the Turks with his usual foolhardiness and mowed down the butchers.

Bonaparte, seeing the Turks shaken by this double onset, sent forward Lannes with a couple of battalions. Lannes, impetuous as ever, approached the redoubt on the left, by the gorge. Pressed on all sides, the Turks tried hard to gain the village of Aboukir; but between that village and the redoubt were Murat and his cavalry; behind them were Roland and the 32d brigade; to their right, Lannes and his two battalions.

No refuge remained to them but the sea. Into it they rushed maddened with terror; giving no quarter to their prisoners they expected none, and preferred the sea (which offered a chance of regaining their vessels) to death at the hands of Christians whom they loathed.

When this stage of the battle was reached we were masters of the two mamelons at which the attack began; of the village where the remnant of their defenders had taken refuge; of the redoubt which had just cost the lives of so many brave men; and we were now face to face with the Turkish camp and its reserves.

Our troops fell upon them. Nothing could arrest their onset; they were drunk with carnage. They flung themselves upon the tents and against the reserves. Murat and his cavalry, like a whirlwind, like a hurricane, like the simoon itself, plunged upon the pacha's guard.

Ignorant of the fate of the battle, amazed at these cries and the sudden tumult, Mustapha mounted his horse, put himself at the head of his body-guard, and charging forward, met Murat himself, fired on him, and slightly wounded him. With a first sabre-cut Murat cut off two of the pacha's fingers, and was about to split his head open with a second when an Arab flung himself before his chieftain to protect him, received the blow, and fell dead. Mustapha then held out his scimitar; and Murat sent him prisoner to Bonaparte.

This is the scene of Gros's magnificent picture.

The remnants of the Turkish army retired into the fort of Aboukir; the bulk of it was killed or drowned. Never, in the history of war, since two armies met each other, was such destruction seen. With the exception of two hundred Janissaries and one hundred others still in the fort, nothing remained of the eighteen thousand Turks who had lately disembarked.

Kléber arrived at the close of the battle, informed himself of what had happened, and asked where was Bonaparte.

Bonaparte was standing, dreaming, on the farthest extremity of the promontory of Aboukir. He was looking at the gulf which had swallowed up his entire fleet, — that is to say, his only means of returning to France.

Kléber went up to him, clasped him round the body, and, while Bonaparte's vague veiled glance was still upon the sea, he said to him: —

“General, you are grand as the world!”



PORTRAIT OF KLEBER.

XIX.

DEPARTURE.

DURING the year this Eighth Crusade (the Ninth unless we count Saint Louis's two attempts as one) had lasted Bonaparte had done all that a human being could do. He had seized Alexandria, conquered the Mameluks at Chebreïss and at the Pyramids, taken Cairo, achieved the conquest of the Delta and that of Upper Egypt, had taken Gaza and Jaffa, and destroyed the Turkish army of Achmet the Djezzar on the plain of Mount Tabor; and lastly, he had now annihilated a second Turkish army at Aboukir. The three colors floated triumphantly on the Nile and on the Jordan.

But he was ignorant of what was passing in France; and that was why, on the evening of the battle of Aboukir, he gazed so dreamily at the sea where his vessels were engulfed. He had sent for Sergeant Falou, now a sub-lieutenant, and questioned him a second time as to the fight at Beyrout, the disaster to the flotilla, and the blowing up of the felucca "Italie," and again his presentiments assailed him.

In the hope of obtaining news of some kind he sent for Roland de Montrevel.

"My dear Roland," he said, "I have half a mind to open a new career to you."

"What career?" asked Roland.

"Diplomacy."

"Oh! what a horrid idea, general!"

"You will have to accept it, nevertheless."

"Won't you allow me to refuse?"

"No."

“Say on, then.”

“I am going to send you with a flag of truce to Sir Sidney Smith.”

“What are my instructions?”

“You will try to find out from him what is going on in France; you must be careful to distinguish the true from the false in what he tells you; and that is not so easy.”

“I’ll do my best. What is the pretext of the embassy?”

“Exchange of prisoners. The English have twenty-five of our men; and we have two hundred and fifty Turks; I’ll return him the two hundred and fifty Turks for the twenty-five Frenchmen.”

“When shall I start?”

“To-day.”

It was then the 16th of July; Roland started, and returned the next evening with a bundle of newspapers. Sir Sidney had recognized the young hero of Saint-Jeand’Acre, and made no difficulty whatever in telling him what was happening in Europe. Then having read incredulity in Roland’s eyes, he gave him all the English, French, and German newspapers on board the “Tigre.”

The news they contained was disastrous. The Republic, beaten at Stockach and at Magnano, had lost, at Stockach, Germany; at Magnano, Italy. Masséna, withdrawn into Switzerland, had made himself impregnable on the Albis. Piedmont was invaded, and the department of the Var threatened.

The next day Bonaparte said to Roland: —

“What did I tell you?”

“About what?”

“I told you that Italy was lost; I knew it.”

“Then we must take it again,” said Roland.

“We will try to,” replied Bonaparte. “Call Bourrienne.”

When Bourrienne came, —

“Find out from Berthier exactly where Gantheaume is,” said Bonaparte.

“He is at Ramanieh, superintending the building of the flotilla for the Upper Nile.”

“Are you sure?”

“I had a letter from him yesterday.”

“I want a brave and trusty messenger,” said Bonaparte to Roland. “Send for Falou and his dromedary.”

Roland went out.

“Write these few words at once, Bourrienne,” continued Bonaparte.

On receipt of this letter Admiral Gantheaume will immediately proceed to General Bonaparte’s headquarters.

July 28th, 1799.

BOURRIENNE.

Ten minutes later Roland returned with Falou and his camel.

Bonaparte gave a glance of satisfaction at his chosen messenger.

“Is your steed in as good condition as you are?” he demanded.

“My dromedary and I, general, are in a condition to do seventy-five miles a day.”

“I only ask you to do sixty.”

“Mere nothing!”

“You are to carry this letter.”

“Where?”

“Ramanieh.”

“It shall be delivered to-night.”

“Read the address.”

“‘To Admiral Gantheaume.’”

“Now if you lose it —”

“I sha’n’t lose it.”

“It is proper to suppose everything. Listen to what it contains —”

“Is it very long?”

“Only a sentence.”

“Oh! that’s all right then; what is it?”

“‘Admiral Gantheaume is requested to come immediately to General Bonaparte.’”

“That’s not difficult to remember.”

“ Then be off.”

Falou made his dromedary kneel, clambered on its hump, and started at a trot, shouting : —

“ I am off ! ”

In fact he was already at some distance.

The next evening he reappeared.

“ The admiral is following me,” he said

The admiral arrived late at night; Bonaparte had not gone to bed. Gantheaume found him writing.

“ Get ready for sea the two frigates ‘ La Muiron,’ and ‘ La Carrère,’ ” said Bonaparte, “ and two small vessels, ‘ La Revanche,’ and ‘ La Fortune; ’ provision them for forty or fifty men for two months. Not a word about it to any one. You are to come with me.”

Gantheaume retired, promising not to lose a moment.

Bonaparte sent for Murat.

“ Italy is lost ! ” he said. “ The scoundrels ! they have squandered the fruits of our victories. We must go back. Choose me five hundred safe men.”

Then turning to Roland, he added, “ See that Faraud and Falou are among them.”

Roland nodded.

General Kléber, to whom Bonaparte intended to leave the command of the army, was invited to meet him at Rosetta, “ to confer with the commander-in-chief on important matters.”

Bonaparte gave him a rendezvous which he did not mean to keep; he wanted to evade the reproaches and the stern frankness of Kléber, and he therefore wrote him all that he had to say, — giving as a reason for not keeping the appointment that he was in momentary fear the British cruisers might appear, and he judged it best to sail at once.

The vessel Bonaparte had chosen was again to bear Cæsar and his fortunes. This time it was no longer Cæsar advancing toward the Orient to add Egypt to the conquests of Rome; it was Cæsar revolving in his mind the vast

designs which led the victor of the Gauls to cross the Rubicon. Bonaparte returned to France, — not shrinking for an instant from the idea of overthrowing a government for which he had fought on the 13th Vendémiaire and which he had maintained on the 18th Fructidor.

A gigantic dream had vanished before the walls of Saint-Jean-d'Acre; but a dream perhaps more mighty still glowed in his mind as he left Alexandria.

On the 23d of August, of a dark night, a boat put off from the land of Egypt and carried Bonaparte on board "La Muiron."

THE END.

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